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George Sand

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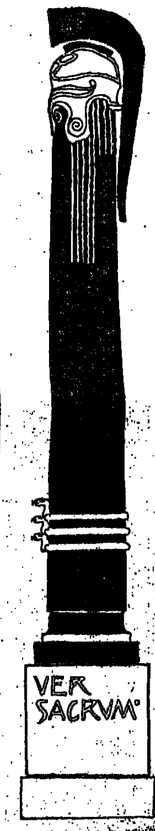

AUSTRIA

Habsburg myths, Republican realities

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Night thoughts from Nohant

By Anita Brookner

RUTH JORDAN:
George Sand
A Biography
368pp. Constable. £5.95.

It may be useful to remember that George Sand was the great-grand-daughter of Maurice de Saxe, whose magnificent tomb by Pigalle in Strasbourg shows that hero of love and war descending into an apparently unredeemed abyss with total elegance and regal disdain. It cannot truthfully be claimed that George Sand contributed a great deal either to the archives of literature or of sexual behaviour but, like her *great ancestor*, she preserved her autonomy *through* a life of adventure, disappointment, and psychic tension which was in many ways the nineteenth-century equivalent of an eighteenth-century battlefield. Balzac, given to exclamations of the order of "*Je vis comme sur un champ de bataille*", became a close friend. Stendhal, predictably, did not.

Perhaps the most familiar picture we have of the châtelaine of Nohant is the composite one given by most of her biographers and other more cynical promoters of her image. Dusk has fallen on her highly desirable property. Her unsatisfactory husband has been returned to the parental home; her drunken brother has been shut up in a room conveniently near the servants' quarters; her children have been rendered quiescent; amateur theatricals have taken place; Balzac or Delacroix or Chopin or Dumas have been entertained with food and conversation and walks in the marvellous gardens.

Finally, the guests retire, George Sand goes to her room and there, with unfurrowed brow, all through the night, and in the famous *style coulant* so despised by Baudelaire, she covers reams of paper with her heart-breakingly simple stories of jealous husbands and chaste lovers, of feudal socialism and virtuous passion, love stories in which the central if shadowy character always inhabits a château or "castel" or, at the very least, a *manoir normand*. These fantasies, filling some sixty novels, combine into a mirage almost as oppressive as her own problematic life, and many of her biographers prefer not to read them, confining their attention to the letters and the *Histoire de ma vie*, an equally awesome document of self-justification and obfuscation, redeemed here and there by a flash of the most acute intelligence.

Her reputation was enormous, her fame unparalleled. Sainte-Beuve called *La Mare au diable*, written in four days (or nights), "un petit chef d'œuvre". Biographers still contend with each other to rescue her from opprobrium, an opprobrium much envied by those who conform to simpler rules of conduct. Only the uncomfortable Anthony West treats her as capable of both giving and receiving mortal wounds, and even he runs out of justificatory material before George Sand herself does. Experts on *la condition femmine* have wisely left her alone for she was feckless, inconstant, self-righteous, and such a hopeless romantic that she proved ultimately to be of no use to anyone's cause but her own. (It is worth remembering her oddly stigmatial reputation of the extremely vocal [illegible] authoress.)

Following on the massively sympathetic biography of Curtis Cate, published in 1975, comes Ruth Jordan's agreeable but superficial book which has been timed to coincide with the centenary of George Sand's death this year. Fortunately the lady was shrewd enough to survive those latter-day ministers to her reputation who had the good sense to conclude her memoirs when she was still relatively young and attractive, although pretending to be elderly and pious, and in later years was able to put forth maxims as sage as those of George Eliot. Thus, in *Impressions et souvenirs*, published in 1873, she pronounced: "Il ne faut plus songer à autre chose dans la pratique de la vie qu'à l'amélioration des mœurs et à la réconciliation des intérêts." This is the *devise* of emotional maturity, not of recurrent amorous despair.

After a fairly battered childhood, a religious crisis, and loyalties divided relentlessly between her aristocratic grandmother and her plebeian mother, Aurore Dupin was obliged to marry as a solution to future problems of money and status. Unfortunately the husband, not quite the fool he was made out to be, as his behaviour over the affair with Aurélien de Sèze was to prove, preferred drink and simple lechery, while the wife gave herself wholeheartedly to romance. Like many another woman in love with this concept, her romances needed the full panoply of romantic *effects*: long journeys, exotic scenery, the agency of intermediaries, twenty-page letters written and received daily, problematic consummation.

Despite her impressive roll-call of lovers—all of them young, well-bred, frail in health and character, and undeniably gifted, sometimes to the point of genius—she was not endowed with exceptional appetites. She confided to Balzac that she had the misfortune to attract the sexually inadequate, but that is only one half of the story; it seems that she herself preferred the maternal role, which she perceived in an unremittingly roseate light. Her outrageous overtures would subside fairly rapidly into a pattern of solicitude, reproof, forgiveness, but never absolution. She purported to be looking for the sort of union that could in her circumstances only be found outside marriage: something voluptuous to contemplate, something for which no one was to blame, something which would enable her to have her own way. It is a regressive fantasy and of necessity relied on the collusion of much younger partners. Oddly enough—and this should command our respect—she possessed one quality which most romantics lack, considerable organizational acumen. It is numbing to think of her explaining to Musset's mother that she was taking him to Venice for his health (he suffered from schizophrenia), or negotiating the half-dead Chopin back from Valldemosa although no member of the party could speak a word of Spanish, and best of all, getting free legal advice from her current lover, Michel de Bourges, over the matter of separating from her husband. There can be no doubt that she was irresistible.

Her public platform was not so much a woman's right to take lovers as a woman's right not to have to take a husband. In her lifetime she evolved multiple short-term solutions to her problem without ever reviewing it other than illogically. Literature and passion were to be her therapeutic agents: a shrewd assessment. But she poured out too much smothering self-regard for these exacting exercises and she never put herself to the real test—there were rarely less than twenty people around to help her through the day. She was also the owner of a rich and beautiful estate and it may be in this capacity that she exerted her most potent appeal, lovers and aspirants past and present regrouping at Nohant as if it were some private spa or resort. There is no doubt that she merited the title of *la bonne dame de Nohant*, for an entire household of emotional dependants ran on her physical and emotional energy. She thrived into a sensible and affectionate old age and the whole region turned out for her funeral, at which Flaubert could be observed in floods of tears. It seems a totally self-justifying existence, meriting no further exegesis, and yet there is an uneasiness at the heart of it: too many passionate imbroglios, too many banal, even conservative, solutions. The attempt to turn her own life into a simulacrum of her novels was as successful as it could have been. But she never had the courage to tell the whole truth and has left us with the enigma of a woman who poured out billions of words on love and not a whisper on what happens next.

Here the novels are very instructive for they are fantasies on a fairly awesome scale. Indiana (who lives in a "castel") is married to the dreary and choleric Colonel Delmare. The doctors are alarmed by her wasted condition, as well they might be, for there is nothing wrong with her that a divorce would not cure and the lady is clearly nonviable outside the marital home, her only skill being embroidery, which she bathes with her tears. Indiana knows that the cure consists of a love equal to that of which she feels herself to be capable, although she has never given any sign of it. Precision enters her life in the shape of Raymon de Raulière, a Parisian rake who has already seduced her maid and who now lays siege to the heroine, with distressing results ("Ses joues avaient une teinte verdâtre et ses lèvres sèches semblaient paralysées"). Delmare, inefficient in business as in everything else, is obliged to leave France for the colonies, taking with him his broken-hearted wife. After wasting away a little more, Indiana returns to France to find Raymon married to the daughter of a wealthy Indian trialist. She awakes from a lengthy swoon in the arms of Sir Ralph, her cousin and childhood sweetheart; sombre and tight-lipped, as befits an Englishman, he tells her that Colonel Delmare has died of apoplexy in the colonies. They agree that the only solution to their unhappiness is a double suicide and several days and pages are spent discussing various methods. They opt for drowning, but not in the Seine; they must return to the tropics. A suitable location is reached. As the supreme moment approaches, Sir Ralph, "cette âme stoïque", bursts into tears and confesses to Indiana that he still loves her. In a delirium of happiness they fall into each other's arms and hurl themselves to their death.

Indiana explains her distaste for marriage with those words: "Elle n'était pas son mari, par la seule raison peut-être qu'on lui faisait un devoir de l'aimer, et que résistant montalement à toute espèce de contrainte morale était devenu chez elle une seconde nature, une loi de conscience." This is innocent, spirited and defensible. But take the case of Mademoiselle Merquem, an old maid of thirty who lives in a *manoir normand* and who has forsworn marriage for reasons so weak that they barely register on the page. Naturally, Monsieur de Montrogor falls hopelessly in her with her, but a glance from her piercing eye informs them both that he is not worthy. Young Armand du Blossay, a visitor to the district, determines to conquer this paragon of virtue and independence, "cette femme d'élite". Discreet research reveals her to be a patroness to the entire village; not only does she teach the peasants the rudiments of science but during the equinoctial gales she does life-saving gear and directs operations on the seashore. It is during one of these episodes that the entire community, including Mlle Merquem and Armand, is mobilized to rescue a shady Brazilian nobleman who has contrived to land on a distant outcrop of rock. The terrible Jealousy that assails Armand, who suspects that the Marquis de Rio Negro lies at one time been Célio Merquem's lover, prompts him to declare his love for her. She replies with a veritable torrent of words, so exalted in tone that her argument is a little difficult to follow.

After a general diatribe against marriage, she concludes that she cannot love Armand unless she receives permission to do so from Monsieur de Montrogor, for to disillusion him in this matter would be to kill him. "Bélise sublime", thinks Armand sympathetically, preparing to wait it out, Mlle Merquem dispatches him to Yport for a fortnight's reflection, so that she may assess Montrogor's susceptibility. The latter's reaction is unfavourable; a friendly peasant informs Armand that a long habit of heavy drinking has weakened his brain and made him a dangerous man. While the embattled suitors hurl insults at each other, Mademoiselle Merquem resolves the situation by falling into an illness so grave, but at the same time so celestial, that all action is suspended. Armand's young cousin Ernesta, a cynical and flighty girl who may be modelled on George Sand's daughter Solange, offers to marry Montrogor who is rich enough and stupid enough to satisfy her every whim. As no obstacles now remain to prevent the marriage of Armand and Mademoiselle Merquem, one expects her to die astonishingly she recovers and the whole party repairs to the south of France for a quiet wedding. But this is not quite the indicated end-

Occasion in the Abbey

In the park a few creep under
Yellowing trees, under
Umbrellas. Deck-chairs
Are empty. Pelicans
By the lake crouch
Palely yellow and wet.
It is over London grey.

Inside now everything rises
And levels. Gently the frilled boys
Are singing music by Haydn: Quid
Prodest, quid prodest, O mortalis?

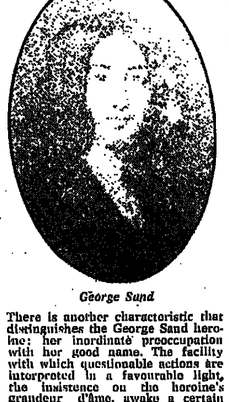
Microphones cannot bring to the last
Stalls of the choir of gold
The old actor's voice intoning
" In the prison of his days

Teach the free man how to praise."
And we are blessed now. And I
Am not one to say no to a blessing. And
Now it is over. We tread recognizing
Each other. Deaden the pain to pain
Black stone, and on it read
For ourselves your lines we scarcely
Could hear. Poets are talking.

One is off; he says, in the morning
To Prague, his manner eager, his hair
Needing a wash, his glasses half out
Of his pocket in a frayed case.

No rain now outside, no
Rain. Instead in the park
A blessed low interference
Of sunlight magicking grass
And the yellowing trees, Rare One,
For a while into a
Heaven, so that I do not
Care to repeat Quid prodest, quid
Prodest, O mortalis?

Geoffrey Grigson



George Sand

the rigours which Mlle Merquem has undergone have affected her senses: she and Armand are forced to live "chastemnent", although speaking the language of complete devotion, she now imposes on her husband the tyranny of the sex having forgone, with her independence, the tyranny of the sexes.

The unqualified sympathy that George Sand reveals for the lamentable Indiana, the bizarre Mademoiselle Merquem, the unhinged Léila and so many others, indicates a feminism which goes a long way in explaining her marital impatience and her amorous self-sufficiency. In her novels women are admirable, whatever they do, and men are reduced to awestruck puppets who promptly cease sowing their wild oats in order to languish through whole volumes in the hope of being finally accepted. Yet George Sand's heroines have no mystical powers; they do not fascinate or subjugate. They are always virtuous and they speak the language of the salvation of souls. Their extreme casuistry, which may be a morbid form of flirting, is always at variance with the crude action of their stories: suicide, self-immolation, the death of grieving mothers cannot disturb their angelic fortitude. And yet all they talk of is love, a love so great that it can never be made flesh.

There is another characteristic that distinguishes the George Sand heroine: her inordinate preoccupation with her good name. The facility with which questionable actions are interpreted in a favourable light, the insistence on the heroine's grandeur d'âme, awake a certain anxiety in the reader, an anxiety cleverly mitigated by the inexorable *style coulant* so that eventually one does not so much read the novel as submit to them, as one would to a dubious sea passage.

It is possible that there is a subtext to these irreconcilable elements. It is possible that in spite of the elevated pleas for freedom from marital constraint, for sublime love, for impossible union, there is a grim desire for autonomy. It is possible that what George Sand is actually predicating is not the right of a woman to fall in love but the sadder and much more serious business of a woman's right to fall out of love. She found herself in this situation many times and fought her way out of it cleverly and hypocritically. She was an extremely plausible woman, and her verbal skills and powers of ratiocination were immense. But she was also an extremely sensible woman, even cautious in her way. Just as she perceived that France was not ready for socialism (and that she herself had much to lose as well as to gain from, it) she also perceived that there was no reader's market for honest female inconstancy—or perhaps that there is no honest inconstancy. Maybe she even perceived that she was not honest, that the very limited veracity of her words was totally divorced from the brute truth of her conduct. If this hypothesis is correct, there is room for yet another biography of George Sand.

Victims and verdicts

By Rayner Heppenstall

ROGER L. WILLIAMS:
Manners and Murders in the World of Louis-Napoléon
206pp. University of Washington Press. £6.

In order to have a murder trial, it is unfortunately necessary that someone should be murdered and that the person thought to have done it should stand or sit in the dock, *le box*, as the French quaintly say. The victim plays no part in the proceedings and the main interest in the defendant has to do with whether he really was the murderer, how he came to be discovered or suspected and whether he will be got off or have the charges against him sandpapered down. How good the show is will depend on the performances of lawyers and, to a smaller extent here than in France, on the behaviour of journalists and the public, including the jury.

The spirit and the manners of an age are nowhere displayed more sharply than in its law courts. They may be displayed with peculiar sharpness at a murder trial is clearly a thought which occurred to Roger L. Williams, chairman of the history department at Wyoming University, whose special field is nineteenth-century France. In fact, he gives us in *Manners and Murders in the World of Louis-Napoléon* only one proper murder trial, that of Jean-Baptiste Troppmann, whose murders of a whole family of fellow Alsatians caught the Victorian fancy here, whose trial and execution were closely followed by Turgenev, and who as recently as 1936 was the subject of an essay by our very own Malcolm Muggeridge in a compilation called *The Fifty Most Amazing Crimes of the Last 100 Years*, but whose case is strangely described here as "virtually unknown even to specialists". There is, indeed, some account of a murder for which the suspect, another Alsatian, was vainly sought, and in 1869 a charge of murder was brought against the tiresome Pierre Bonaparte for shooting dead a radical journalist known by the name of Victor Noir, who had certainly provoked the embarrassing cousin and whose life had certainly not been taken with malice aforethought.

It would have been murder if Felice Orsini had succeeded in his attempt on the life of Napoleon III at the opera in 1858. It had been murder when Louis Veuger, an unemployed priest, knifed the Archbishop of Paris in church the previous year, but in that case the facts were not disputed, and what with us would have been a plea of not guilty was urged only on grounds of insanity. The cases studied in Professor Williams's other vignettes (his own word) are those against Louis-Napoléon himself and his associates after the abortive Boulogne landing in 1840, and against *Le Figaro* for libelling General Trochu when the Second Empire had already ended. This last is interesting, but it belongs rather to military and constitutional than to social and not at all to criminal, though certainly to juridical, history. It effectively illustrates law's permanencies rather than the manners of an age.

The personalities to whom Professor Williams gives most sympathetic attention are Trochu and Jules Favre, though Louis-Napoléon comes out of it all not too badly. We see both Trochu and Favre before the courts, Trochu as plaintiff, Favre as defence counsel, fourteen years earlier, for Orsini (whose life, it is clear, the emperor would have preferred to save, but was not allowed to by the unanimity among his ministers). It was in respect of his defence of Paris that Trochu was to be attacked by *Le Figaro*. When, at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, Trochu became head of the government of national defence and specifically governor of Paris, Favre was his deputy. The one an Orléanist, the other a Republican, both were glad to see Napoleon III out of the way; yet they were men of scrupulous honour and knew they owed Louis-Napoléon a great deal of consideration at least.

It is perhaps not important to note that at the time of the coup d'état as a result of which the Second Empire came into existence, Favre was closely associated with Victor Hugo. But literary history Professor Williams ignores. That is his privilege, just as it is his privilege, in criminal history, to pick Troppmann rather than, say, Dr de la Pommerais, Avinain or Voirbo (the last of whom, it is true, escaped trial by committing suicide). From a pageant of the proceedings in Second Empire law courts it seems, nevertheless, a little perverse to omit all mention of the prosecution of *Madame Bovary*.

The essay Villiers de l'Isle-Adam wrote on the death of Pierre Bonaparte might have discouraged Professor Williams from dismissing as a *figurante* the grieving fiancée in Victor Noir's funeral procession. Villiers knew Noir and, by his own account, was at the man's house, with his fiancée, when the body was brought home, the table being then laid for celebration of the betrothal. The reference, it Professor Williams means it, is *Nouvelles Reliques de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam*, 1968, page 31. The essay was originally published in *L'Etoile française* for April 11, 1881.

Orion the hunter

By Graham Martin

RENE CHAR:
Aromates chasseurs
80pp. Paris: Gallimard. 19fr.

René Char is a great poet, and a very difficult one. *Aromates chasseurs* is among his more intellectual productions: these are poems to live with, brood upon and slowly explore. "Le contraire découvre est d'entendre", one by one the *pensées* fall glittering from the pen, and it is left to the reader to trace the lines which connect them. To these difficulties are added Char's usual preciosity and hard loftiness of tone: "La brûlure du bruit, Louise! soit la neige qui pervient à en éteindre la cuisson."

Char makes no concessions, and withdraws even those which the concreteness of his imagery might make. No doubt, too, one should mention his Surrealist background, still present even today in such splendid images as "Le train disparu, il gare part en riant à la recherche du voyageur". And his concern to unite negative and positive so as to give a total picture of Maison mentale. "Il faut en saisissant ensemble les pièces, les rendre sur ces maisaines . . ." is a mystification of the intellect that often seem lucrutable. This poetry comes from a great distance, from intellectual heights and subterranean depths.

Char's effort to combine experience in a new unity, subsuming its oppositions, is here explicitly proposed in a brief eleven-line foreword as a third alternative to the liabmual Western outlook, which divides the subjective from the objective. This third path would be that of Orion the hunter, given his sight back by the blinding sun, a demizen of the stars but resident by choice among us (in Char's distortion of the myth). Rather than using the myth, Char attaches it as a label to *Aromates chasseurs*, as an indication that the poet, Orion, stands outside the poems, and that our imagination is not to be circumscribed even by the poems themselves. The appeal for a third way expresses Char's opposition to the European liking for dichotomies, such as that between idealism and materialism. But it arises too from a sense of foreboding, because our dichotomies may breed monsters, and "Stellus est perpétuellement imminent". Time and death threaten us: "L'ombre du sablier enterre la nuit." If there is hope, it resides for Char in the proud and very personal language of our emotions: "Nous avons besoin pour survivre de l'éventail au complot de nos sentiments." It is the desperate struggle to unite mind and feeling which is at the centre of this, as of Char's previous work.

A small paradise

By J. I. M. Stewart

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS:
Oxford in the Twenties
Recollections of Five Friends
136pp. Heinemann. £4.50.

Christopher Hollis went up to Balliol in 1920 and down from it in 1923; it is these three years (in the course of which he became President of the Union) that he is chiefly recalling in his book. Anybody who, as I did, became an undergraduate as late as 1925 is likely to feel as he reads that here is an unfamiliar scene. Of the five men of whom Mr Hollis writes, only the youngest, Harold Acton, was still on view in our time; he was to be observed almost nightly in the George restaurant: formally attired but with a scarf thrown negligently round his neck, dazzlingly affected in speech and gesture. Evelyn Waugh had departed to a precocious fame, and was only briefly to be glimpsed, a notably slim youth, in the Spread Eagle at Thame. Maurice Bowra, certified by Mr Hollis as "the leading wit among the resident undergraduates" of his generation, had discreetly withdrawn for a time to the obscure station of a circumspect young don. Leslie Hore-Belisha and R. C. Robertson-Glasgow had dived so deep that we hadn't even heard of them; although one was to surface as a latter-day St Christopher, protector against the hazards of pedestrian crossings, and the other was to contribute notably to the literature of cricket.

The celebrated Warden Spooner of New College was accustomed, it seems, to remark sombrely that "undergraduates recur". But Mr Hollis and his five friends did not recur, nor ever will again. By 1927 the Oxford of Harold Acton had become the Oxford of Wystan Auden, and its immediate predecessor was on the way to join the Oxford of Max Beerbohm, who had arrived there in 1890. Mr Hollis is mildly aware of Auden (a 1925 entrant on the scene) as "a very agreeable young man", inclined to smoke too much, but laudable as admiring G. K. Chesterton. Here, nevertheless, are disparted worlds.

We are told that the five friends "in their different ways were reasonably representative of the Oxford of their years". They are certainly a mixed lot both in temperaments and interests; only one like Mr Hollis, whose versatility answers his charm, could have brought them successfully together either round a dinner-table or in a book. What could Robertson-Glasgow, who wanted only to get "a cricket Blue and a good degree" have in common with Sir Harold Acton, who was beaten at Eton "with a stick called a pop-cane" for refusing to acquaint himself with the football colours of the various houses, and who at Christ Church was equally reluctant to agree with his tutor, Roy Harrod, that flatly contradictory propositions do not go well within the bounds of a single essay?

What in fact was common to all these men was a disposition to treat Oxford in Mr Hollis's words as "primarily a place of social adventure". In brains and wit and general liveliness they were far ahead of the generality of undergraduates and they afford as a consequence a small paradise for the anecdotal writer. There are good stories, bizarre incidents, funny or outrageous limericks or clerihews on almost every page of this book and wise hosts will place it by the bedside of every past or present Oxford man (or even woman) who permeates beneath their roof. Yet as a picture of Oxford life in the 1920s or any other recent time it is defective in some substantial regards. The university is duller and more humdrum than it is here painted; and it is in various ways more serious, even perhaps estimable, as well. Mr Hollis is aware of a balance to be struck and he has sandwiched his sparkling recollections between two short chapters of a more or less historical and reflective cast. These are entitled "Oxford before the Twenties" and "Oxford since the Twenties". The first takes us back to medieval times and notes such milestones as Archbishop Laud's attitude to the university and the effect of the great revolution of 1688. This is a review on the sunnier side and not without occasional superficialities, as when we are told with reference to the early years of the present century that "the main difference between undergraduate life in those years and that of the 1920s was the absence of buses".

The concluding chapter, on the other hand, contains much acute observation. In places it turns back to the anecdotal mode: we are told that H. A. L. Fisher's parents judged John Betjeman an unsuitable friend for their son, since he "was not of sufficiently high social class". But here, on the whole, is a shrewd if not particularly friendly scrutiny of Oxford today. Thus Mr Hollis judges that "there is no call for an undergraduate, qua undergraduate, to have a special opinion" on such matters as abortion or war in Vietnam. I feel some impulse to dispute this. The undergraduates of Oxford, as of every other British university, constitute a large part of the future clerisy of their country. It is surely eminently proper that they should hold and express—even if by tirade some means at times—serious convictions on grave issues. It is something the undergraduates of the earlier 1920s appear to have been a little indisposed to attempt. Mr Hollis's final thought is that he and his contemporaries "lived fuller lives and enjoyed them more" than do a latterday youth. When tempted to agree with him in this I remind myself that it was probably the opinion of two other elderly persons, Justice Shallow and Justice Silence.

Old Bohemia

By Paul Bailey

VIVA KING:
The Weeping and the Laughter
248pp. Macdonald and June's. £5.95.

It is rumoured that the Honourable Laura Norder, author of the dogedly radiant *Twas but Yesterday*, does not entirely approve of Viva King's autobiography *The Weeping and the Laughter*. When offered the book at her "local" in Curzon Street, her peach blossom face powder was seen to turn beetroot. Through pursed lips she announced that she did not take kindly to people who let the side down. "There are some things one *can* say on the printed page, and some things one can't. That hostess, or whatever she is, has broken the Golden Rule."

She has indeed. Mrs King says a lot of things in her memoir that you will not find in the usual run of upper-crust scribblings. Her stroll down Memory Crescent occasionally takes her into the shadows. She is often very candid, and sometimes a downright bitchy, unlike La Norder, who always pitches with the proper goodness. Her husband, Willie, was for many years an alcoholic—an unpleasant fact she does not linger from dwelling on in some detail. The boredom of living with someone who was invariably three-quarters cut is conveyed with a wholly commendable lack of restraint. In *Twas but Yesterday*, Laura Norder writes of her better half, who was permanently paralytic: "Darling Bertie enjoyed his little tipple. But then, unlike red-blooded man does, not I".

Viva King is at her most entertaining when she has her claws stuck into her beloved Willie's parents, whom she loathed. Colonel King had an eye for his daughter-in-law's boobs, which he grabbed in the garden shed after a game of croquet. The Colonel's lady was not best pleased when Hubby made his intentions clear; she was a stickler for the fifteen of *sole*. Towards this strange couple Mrs King is never less than totally uncharitable: a sentence such as "One happy day in 1934, the news came that Willie's father had had a stroke" is curiously bracing.

The late Olga Lynn comes in for some well-merited malice, too. This pillar of society had some odd habits, not the least of which was hiding her girlfriend, Maud, in the bathroom when her posh acquaintances came to call. What transpired when the titled persons cleared their elegant systems of champagne, Mrs King does not—for once—say. Were greetings exchanged? Did Maud—who, like "Ogile", had once set her heart on an operatic career—oblige with a song? These, and other related, questions will give the inquisitive food for thought.

For most of its length, *The Weeping and the Laughter* justifies its existence between hard covers. The early chapters, in which Mrs King recalls her not untroubled childhood, are particularly absorbing. The family—thanks to spendthrift, perpetually randy Father—lived from hand to mouth in a manner that must have driven Mother to near-suicidal despair at times. These chapters contain a great deal of fascinating information about life at the turn of the century in such unglamorous places as Bruges and Yorkshire. It is only when Mrs King has become an established hostess that she indulges in the *Twas But Yesterday* manner. All the old names are dropped and all that tedious well-heeled bohemianism is once again lauded for its outrageousness. Nothing that Mrs King writes about them can dissuade me from the view that all but a tiny minority were anything more than a bunch of sponging creeps. Nothing stales quicker than the gaiety of yesteryear: I could not, hard though I tried, raise a titter over the antics of the likes of Cara, Lady Harris, who—in her sixties—took to dressing up as a cannibak. As Laura Norder wrote in her scarcely remembered *Balls Ne'er Forgot*: "How we laughed!"

Mrs King is now in her eighties. *The Weeping and the Laughter*, at its best, captures her exuberance; her enviable appetite for life. In her seventies she had an affair with an illiterate young sailor, who robbed her of some of her most valued possessions. She remembers him with gratitude, and tells the story of her last great fling with enchanting good humour.

Revenge

IRA LEVIN:
The Boys from Brazil
254pp. Michael Joseph. £3.50.

In his latest novel Ira Levin, of *Rosemary's Baby* fame, has turned from supernatural to scientific horror, to almost even more chilling effect. The book is cast in the form of a riddle: why has the most notorious Nazi still alive, Dr Mengele, chief doctor at Auschwitz, where he was called the "Angel of Death", dispatched six former members of the SS from his hidden retreat in Paraguay to kill ninety-four sixty-five-year-old men, all civil servants, living in England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Italy?

Mengele is a sadistic pedantic for the reader, but horribly real for the aging Yakov Liebermann, dedicated pursuer of Nazi war criminals, who is now finding it more and more difficult to raise funds for his crusade. Liebermann, ashen and horrified, finds the answer (one clue: Mengele experimented with twins) two-thirds of the way through the book and after that, inevitably, the tension relaxes. A final twist, however, keeps the quick prickling even after the novel is finished. The initial idea, was a brilliant one, and Ira Levin has made the most of it: Liebermann and Mengele, opponents to the death, are especially well drawn, the latter, comic yet terrifying because a sinister brother of Nabokov's Pnin, he wanders through Washington in pursuit of his enemy.

T. J. Binyon

The family pack

By Richard Usborne

DORNFORD YATES:
Berry and Co
244pp.
Jonah and Co
235pp.
Adèle and Co
240pp.
Ward Lock. £3.50 each.

The car fled on.

Soon the ground rose sharply by leaps and bounds, the yellow road swerving to right and left, deep tilted meadows on one side with a screen of birches beyond, and on the other a sloping rubble of timber, whose foliage made up a tattered motley, humble and old and bastard, yet, with it all, so rich in tender tones and unexpected feats of drapery that Adèle cried that it was a slice of fairyland and sat with her chin on her shoulder, till the road curled up into the depths of a broad pinewood, through which it cut thin, and dead straight, and cool, and strangely solemn. In a flash it had become the nave of a cathedral, immense, solitary. Sombre and straight and tall, the walls rose up to where the swaying roof sobered the mellow sunshine and only let it pass dim and so, sacred. The warm breeze, caught in the maze of tufted pinnacles, filtered its chastened way, a pensive organist, learned to draw wind-litanies from the boughs and reverently voice the air of sanctity . . .

In the 1935 Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine*, a Ward Lock property, there was a Dornford Yates Berry story up front and, at the back, a half-page advertisement for a forthcoming Berry book. The copy said: "This is one of the purest English that is written today of all that is most attractive in English country life under the pleasant guise of a lively adventure-book—his first book dedicated one of his books (alas, my collection is dispersed) to the Harrow master who had taught him "to draw the line and to love the English language" and, I heard, the master was *not* flattered by a public tribute from that particular pupil-bowman.

The stuff floods back at one after all these years. I loved it once, and if I laugh at it now instead of with it, I confess that there was hardly a page of these three resuscitated books whose last line I could not continue by heart to the end of the sentence on the next page *without* looking over. (I would not use those italics if I had not relearnt some of the old Yates tricks these last days.)

Ward Lock chose well to start the reissue with these three: *Berry and Co* (1929), frivolous short stories set in fashionable London; *Jonah and Co* (1932), more frivolous short stories set in Jonah's Bay, Bournemouth; and *Adèle and Co* (1930), a novel with a Malory-like quest, which ends in Provence. Yates's short stories, set in London, are especially well done; the latter, comic yet terrifying because a sinister brother of Nabokov's Pnin, he wanders through Washington in pursuit of his enemy.

Jonah leading the enlarged Jonah Pack (Boy now married to Jill to Piers, Duke of Padua, twin-baby issue, the Marquis and Lady Elaine [illegible] pursuit of the felons. In books to come bossy Jonah will leading solemn Lieutenants Chandos, Hanbury; and to add manservant—in more lethal suits of more felons, and more and walled-up European prisons. And always a Rolls-Royce, or Ward Lock sensibly adorn jackets of these new-old books, a gleaming Phantom 2 Rolls illustrating the picture.

Revenge is a strong strand in the plots of Yates's novels and short stories. The happy Jonah Ladies family does down a Dunkelsbaum, Mr Dougie Bader, Mr Bason, Major von Blutgeld, Cusca de Falk and a succession of foreignish upstarts, generally at a comfortable odds of five to one. Romance: Boy gets off with a succession of peerless, chilly damsels until Adèle from Philadelphia nails him, nearly for keeps. Don't look now, but that pair apart in a much later book is Boy than marries his little green-eyed cousin, Jill, the duke's bereft, who has lost her duke and the twins in a single stroke. Money: Leisure. Cohabitation: the loving family of cousins living together at White Ladies in Buckinghamshire, in Cholmondeley Square, Mayfair, in Gracedieu near Toulouse, the Pyrenees, and in Rome at a hotel for three weeks every year in May and June. The faithful servants follow them, "with the heavy luggage", and their doings rise above all quarantine rules of a grave [illegible].

Olly is twenty-seven when Sam crowns, sailing off the coast of Maine, and the first part of the novel is about her adjusting to widehood. It is thoughtful, probing and reminds one of the classier women's columns:

As the days went by I realized that grief is metabolic: it crawls through you like disease and takes your energy away. Then it gathers and hits you like a sudden migraine, like being hit by a car, like having a large, flat rock rolled at your chest . . .

So insight, all right, but only to the bottom of the swimming pool, not to the ocean-bed.

Olly moves to New York, and Part 2 deals with her relations with Sam's brother Patrick. Here for a few pages it seems as though another Mike Gulgrath might fit—"How shall I hold my soul to you, Olly, if you will not impinge on yours?", but again nothing so metaphysical transpires, even though, as they have been intended. It turns out, gradually but not quite unpredictably, that Patrick, too, royedly loved Olly all along, although she has always thought him remote, aloof, now with much reluctance and displays of pride and rage, she discovers that she loves him too. This story was curiously written wrote *Much Ado*, but when Patrick takes Olly to bed for the first time the corny grows as [illegible] eye.

Patrick is killed in the early spring, and Olly decamps to Charmes, their farmhouse, to lick her wounds. Fortunately, she falls for the school-teacher who, as the descendant of the Marquess of Canteloupe.) But the sentence also serves as a warning: nasty and offensive matters are going to be discussed. *The Survivors* is largely concerned with the discovery and interpretation of an eighteenth-century manuscript, a record of evil deeds which still have an effect upon the world of the 1970s—in effect, for instance, on the question of whether Captain Detterling is entitled to be Marquess of Canteloupe. When this manuscript is discovered, the most noticeable thing about it is a delicate watercolour painting of a cluster of crocuses, "in the middle of which burgeoned a flower that was not a crocus but an erect phallus, beautifully and variously tinted over the bulb by a band of primary chancres". This drawing is again both attractive and repulsive to its discoverers: they are not sure whether it is an indication that the manuscript will be extremely interesting or whether it is a warning, a danger signal.

Should anyone be warned off *The Survivors*? Possibly, readers who are troubled by pederastic or pedophiliac tendencies should steer clear of it, since a recurrent theme in this novel is the erotic appeal of children—sometimes expressed in a straightforwardly horrid manner, but sometimes with a sort of oily grace. The manuscript itself tells the story of an English aristocrat who seduced and corrupted the boys and girls of a respectable Italian family: his descendant, the rightful heir to the Canteloupe title, is discovered living in poverty in an Italian village, a pretty but creatinous boy who behaves with great indecency.

Girl gets second boy

By Gabriele Annan

LAURIE COLWIN:
Shine on Bright and Dangerous Object
184pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.50.

The long wait for Daughter of "Love Story" is over. Here it is, only this time it is the young husband who dies. Sam is a patrician WASP Boston lawyer, and Olly is Jewish instead of Italian Catholic. The class difference has gone, though: her parents are as well-heeled, civilized, fastidious and casual as his, and neither lot loses any sleep over barriers of race or religion. For all the hearing their difference of background has on the story, Sam and Olly might as well both be Swedes. Perhaps the irrelevance of their origins is meant to function as a signal that this is a story of the inner life (there is a quotation from Rilke after the title page), or to emphasize the spirit of decent optimism which informs the book.

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The iridescence of decay

D. A. N. Jones

SIMON RAVEN:
The Survivors
184pp. Blond and Briggs. £3.95.

The tenth and final novel in Simon Raven's sequence, *Alms for Oblivion*, begins with a four-letter epitaph in block capitals. The well-written blurb describes the characters in the series: "soldiers, spivs, men of business, politicians, writers and plain shits are drawn, in the main, from the Upper and Upper-Middle Classes, which Simon Raven regards with an especial affection and contempt". Affection and contempt, attraction and repulsion, these are the poles between which Simon Raven's troopship zicks and zigzags. He lists at the end of *The Survivors* more than a hundred of the characters who have appeared and reappeared in these novels, and we may decide for ourselves which of them may be disclosed as "plain shits"—if we must use this ugly, clubmen's word. It is appropriate, if ominous, that the manuscript of *The Survivors* should read: "'Shit', said Captain Detterling."

The sentence is rather like the splavic come-all-ye: "'Hell', said the Duchess." The combination of noble blood and bad language has long been recognized as a likely way to attract the public's attention. Captain Detterling is, of course, an aristocrat: in the course of the novel he inherits the title of Marquess of Canteloupe.

The manuscript is acquired through the agency of another pretty boy, the Sicilian protégé of a pederastic Greek gambler. This boy gives it to the novelist, Fielding Gray, and the scholar, Tom Llewellyn, who are the principal characters in the series: Gray has suffered a great deal for his pederasty throughout the sequence, but Llewellyn has only in recent volumes begun to suffer—in his case, through the pedophiliac excesses of his wife, Patricia. Her mania for pretty boys, we learn in *The Survivors*, has culminated in an atrocity: she has bitten off a boy's ear in her passion.

Tom and Patricia have a schoolgirl daughter called Baby Llewellyn. At one point in *The Survivors*, she delivers a sturdy, moralistic little speech about the bad education she is getting at her progressive school. So Captain Detterling arranges for her to go to a traditional boarding school, run by a woman who looks like the Duke of Edinburgh. When she gets there, baby admires the boyish uniforms of the other schoolgirls, and Detterling tells Baby what a fine boy she would make. Detterling and Baby then quote bits of *Twelfth Night* to one another, as if they were Orsino and Viola.

The principal characters in these novels tend to become serious, stern and moralistic when they are discussing matters like the badness of progressive education or the rebellousness of students. When their own sexual malpractices are discussed, however, they are poker-faced and complacently amoral. Yet brooding over it all is a sense of guilt or shame or sin—and a fear of punishment. The roles played by Greeks and Jews in the series indicate the clash between the values inculcated by a classical education and a Judeo-Christian morality. Hedonism and stoicism are menaced by a fear of a God of Wrath.

Simon Raven is inclined to hint that his novels are only "entertainments". He makes his novelist-hero Fielding Gray speak in a dismissive tone about his own work: "He was an entertainer by profession. . . . He was not a scholar . . .". But there are strong indications of a larger ambition in this gallantly completed novel sequence. The final volume is as neat and efficient as a crossword puzzle or a detective story, both of which it deliberately resembles. Nevertheless, the entertainer's macabre imagination and his strange ability to write elegantly about disgusting matters have contrived to produce, on occasion, a truly powerful vision of evil and corruption. This is an achievement which can hardly be dismissed as mere entertainment.

An Ibo girlhood

BUCHI EMECHETA:
The Bride Price
168pp. Allison and Busby. £3.50.

A bride price was the sum which a Nigerian man had to pay to buy a girl from her parents. In all respects the reverse of a dowry (it is assumed the woman was an asset rather than a drag, and was intended to free her from her parents rather than ingratiate them with her new husband), its implications were also more malign: if the bride price was not paid, the bride would not survive the birth of her first child. The custom is neatly used by Buchi Emecheta—herself born in Lagos, now living in London—as a focus for her study of pre-independence Ibo girlhood.

The heroine, Aku-nna, is thirteen when her father's death brings life in a one-room Lagos apartment to an end. With her mother and brother she returns to the family village, Ibuza, to be "inherited" by her father's brother—an amiable, toothless old man who regularly tries to make his sister-in-law pregnant. Abunna is allowed to continue at school only on the grounds that it will increase her bride price. Unfortunately, she falls for the schoolteacher who, as the descendant of a slave—his grandmother was buried alive with her master—is considered a very inappropriate suitor. Their chaste romance triumphs over the more frontal assaults of various villagers, but—in an ending which turns the story into folklore—traditional superstition finally swamps them.

The quality of *The Bride Price* depends less on plot or characterization than on the information conveyed about a set of customs and the ideas which underlay them. Characters are differentiated in the baldest possible way, classified almost like natural-history specimens: one has a limp, another a loud voice. Aku-nna herself is clear but shy glance. This lack of inquiry—which reflects the often-repeated fact that inquisitiveness is considered bad manners by the Ibos—produces some oddly old-fashioned statements about "natural, untutored elegance" and "confusion in his young heart". It does, however, leave plenty of space for observations about the way things look and at its best the novel gives a real sense of different experience—an old man's gap-toothedness makes his mouth like a "black crocodile", eyes are "as red as palm fruit".

Susannah Clapp

A reversal of fortune

By Marigold Johnson

SASHA MOORSOM:
A Lavender Trip
204pp. Bodley Head. £3.50.

On the second page of her first novel, Susha Moorsom takes us into her confidence:

> Why am I telling this story in the third person? I don't know. I seem to be relating these events to myself in the third person. . . . Is it a way of being more honest, of saying things I wouldn't be able to say otherwise, or more dishonest, of leaving out the parts I don't want to remember?

This is not, of course, the disclaimer it might seem; indeed, the burden of the book is precisely to rediscover an identity for the person who is Hannah/narrator/author and to question the complicated role-playing which until the crisis summed up in *The Lavender Trip* has provided an apparently enviable existence.

Hannah and Philip are a NW1 couple of our time—Mozart in the charcoal and white sitting-room, after his long day of meetings and her stint as "counsellor" in the local comprehensive, two nice kids tucked up in bed and so on. This year, Philip finds an idyllic Provençal cottage among the goats and invader fields so that Hannah can relax with the children while he is away on an important visit to the oil shieks. But Hannah's job leads her into fixing an abortion for bedraggled fifteen-year-old Molly Malone, and the clash of worlds causes her a distress incomprehensible to Philip.

Provence initially offers a dream-like escape, not simply into slow rustic peace but into yet another Hannah, the willing sensualist, intoxicated by desire for her sculptor landlord, Marc. But Molly, escaping the hard way, also fits easily into Marc's hedonist world, and is apparently untouched by the passionate jealousy which she evokes in Hannah.

Is it the "chaos, the powers of darkness", for so long buried inside her, which, detonated by contact with Molly's world, now explode in catastrophe? There is a fatal accident, the lavender idyll ends, and Hannah the educated, Hannah the privileged, Hannah the efficient wife-mother-counsellor finds what it is like to be one of the 2 per cent whose body outwits the "foolproof" methods, one of the lepers who seek out the "Special Clinic". She betrayed wife or an ambitious husband, a bereaved mother. The best answer, with a continuous struggle for survival ahead, is, she feels, to "eliminate the negatives of her former self" and to ensure that there is no more "skating busily on the surface".

Slow to get going, or perhaps deliberately episodic at the start, Miss Moorsom gradually builds Hannah's story into a passionately engaging account of a reversal of fortune. She is not afraid to stress the familiar sentiments of the women's movement—outrage at conventional domestic demands made by self-important males and their bullying and wistful ignorance as to who pays the price of pleasure, at the suffocating abnegation of independence on the women's part. Yet this is not a tract to satisfy the converted: Guilt—covers the unborn child, the family, the old and poor preferring to acquiesce—and acceptance of frailty are as much part of Hannah as her rising anger. And it is especially good to find, in what is an unusually emotional book, some excellent comedy at the expense of just such couples as Philip and Hannah.

The Armenian connection

By Russell Hoban

MICHAEL J. ARLEN:
Passage to Ararat
293pp. Chatto and Windus. £5.50.

Birth is a matter of record even when there are no written records; begetting is not. So it is in the nature of things that fathers are mostly a matter of faith, and faith on many levels beyond that of the name in the registry. But faith is never quite enough, and there comes a time when every man must in some way find his father, find what of his father has come forward with him and what of him reaches back to the father. More often than not the quest is a symbolic one: the father-name refers to some other mystery in which both father and son are points of darkness on a line unseen. To say that the son who is searching for his father is searching for himself is of course true but it is too simple: the word *self* does not sufficiently define what he is after.

Passage to Ararat begins: "At a particular time in my life, I set out on a voyage to discover for myself what it is to be Armenian." Michael J. Arlen's father, the Michael Arlen who wrote *The Green Hat*, was born Kirkan Konyoumjian, but not until young Arlen was nine years old, and the headmaster's wife at an English boarding school asked him if he spoke Armenian, did he think of himself as anything but English. His father's "Armenianness was a hazy and remote matter that rarely intruded into family conversation: a youthful stage of his life that he had apparently long since passed through..." "Your father's family have Armenian blood", said his mother, "but he is English and so are you." And she showed him his father's passport to prove it. So there came a time when the son had to find out what it was that his father had made both of them remote from. At the age of forty, like his grow flying backwards to its bow, he went to Armenia, now Soviet. In Erevan, the capital, in sight of Mount Ararat, he looked and asked and listened and read. And, presumably, wrote. Arlen's writing is spare and taut; he is prone to chapter endings like: "The journey had begun" and "I watched him go, feeling the roughness of his face against mine". In Erevan "The dust from the dirt paths rose beneath our feet. Children's laughter sounded in the leaves. I wanted to embrace them—to embrace somebody. But I could not. A voice inside me spoke: You have come this far. You must make a connection."

Like the Armenians and the American Indians, said the Germans and the Jews, the Turks and the Armenians offer a paradigm of murderous symbiosis. In the reign of the thirty-fourth Ottoman Sultan, Abdul-Hamid II, 300,000 Armenians were slaughtered between 1894 and 1896. In 1915 and 1916 a million more, half of all the Armenians in Turkey, were wiped out by methods that foreshadowed those of the Third Reich.

Arlen in Conrad's destructive element immerses, in the dream of life and in life's dream of history. He gives us colophons, notes appended by scribes to their completed manuscripts in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries:

> Thus saith Vardan, the humble priest, the scribe of God: I, the poor priest, wrote the present book in the place between stones; they call the flock of Christ as food for the dogs.
>
> Like the threshing-floor of fields, they threshed the children with their horses; and, in place of grain, rivers of blood began to spring forth, and, in place of straw the bones flowed forth like dust.

From 1915 he gives us eyewitness reports of tortures (tortures still going on at this moment in other places) and the massacres beginning then:

> Early in July, 2,000 Armenian *amelas*—such is the Turkish word for soldiers who have been reduced to workmen—were sent from Hargout to build roads. The Armenians in that town understood what this meant. They pleaded with the Government for mercy. But this official instruction (that the men were not to be harmed) and he even called the Armenian Minister, Mr Rhetig Ghalib, a liar. Then they brought the Bolshevik Armenian Minister, Mr Ghalib, to quiet the panic, giving that gentleman his word of honor that the ex-soldiers would be protected. . . . Yet practically every man of these 2,000 was massacred, and his body thrown into a cave.

First the men, then inevitably the women and children, in long trains of cattle-cars:

> At every station where we stopped, we came side by side with one of these trains. It was made up of cattle-trucks, and the faces of little children were looking out from behind the tiny barred windows of each truck.

Talaat, Minister of the Interior, said: "I have accomplished more toward solving the Armenian problem in three months than Abdul-Hamid accomplished in thirty years."

The American ambassador, Henry Morgenthau, "attempted to put pressure on the Turks through the German Ambassador", Wangenheim. Wangenheim was not sympathetic. "The Armenians", he said, "have shown themselves in this war to be enemies of the Turks. It is quite apparent that the two peoples can never live together in the same country. The Americans should move some of them to the United States, and we Germans will send some to Poland and in their place send Jewish Poles to the Armenian provinces—that is, if they will promise to drop their Zionist schemes."

Humann, the German naval attaché in Constantinople, said: "One of these races has got to go. And I don't blame the Turks for what they are doing to the Armenians. I think that they are entirely justified. The weaker nation must succumb."

Other people said other things. The world, busy with its war, did nothing, and international obscurity overtook the dead. Years later Adolf Hitler, discussing imminent invasion of Poland with Hermann Göring, said, "Who still talks nowadays about the extermination of the Armenians?" The world had accepted genocide as a political fact.

Arlen cites incidents that preceded the mass murders: the Armenian Volunteers at the Kerl Pass who fought against the Turks to help a trapped Russian force to escape in 1914; the "insurrection" at Van in 1915. From an earlier period he offers the evidence of ominous social patterns in the Ottoman empire when the Turks left finance and commerce to the Armenians, and unsalaried government officials developed "a debtor-creditor relationship with Armenian merchants and bankers". We all know what that sort of thing leads to.

Diligent as Arlen has been in his research, the causes remain unclear, the genocide equation remains unmade. One might say that banking is a good thing for minorities to avoid, were it not for the fact that warrior minorities have been equally favoured with extinction. Neither will the caution of property and the business to live a hunting-and-gathering life of an fixed abode buy us as the wandering Bushmen will detest. The lesson is that the safest course for a minority is to become a strong, vigilant majority, in which they will undoubtedly be guilty of aggression and oppression of some kind or another, but those are venial sins. The world will doubtless avert its eyes from a great deal of things but it never quite forgets those who get themselves exterminated and make the rest of us feel awkward about it.

Arlen finds what there is to be found: there is no past; there is only the forgotten and the remembered. Anyone who takes it upon himself to know and remember becomes a witness, and those who are forgotten are revealed as be present. Stones and potsherds in the world over; one hand lifts them up, one mouth speaks and there is no past.

Arlen begins to understand what it means to be "hared unto God" and what his father made of it, and his son remote from him. In a museum, in an eighteenth-century portrait of a merchant of Erevan he sees his father's face: "... eyes seemed to burn out at me. Burning eyes in a frozen face."

Before he leaves Erevan, Arlen visits for the second time a monument on the plain of Ararat where a perpetual flame burns for the Armenian dead. Looking into the fire he feels in his hand

> the hand of a man which I held briefly in my own one afternoon in New York, the hand of my father dying. His hand had been so frail in mine that afternoon, so frail, and even much smaller than mine—and I remember how the feel of that hand had been such a shock to me then (more than his fading speech, or pale features, or any sign of recognition): this was not my father, who was refusing to, releasing himself from me, leaving me from him (as if either of us were possible between father and son). And I had not known how to grip him back. But here in his hand was again. I felt that I held it in mine. I felt that such how I had brought him here—this place.

Arlen apparently achieved the aim stated on the first page: he discovered for himself what it is to be Armenian. Yet I was left wanting, ungenerously perhaps, by meritorious emotion and commonplain family details. Arlen's father died when Arlen was twenty-one. What happened between father and son in those twenty-one years? What about his mother, mentioned only once? What was Arlen going from, when he went to Erevan "at a particular time" in his life? One does not know. In this book the curtain rises on a prepared dramatic event and it drops on the close of the presentation. One hopes for an offstage Arlen in the next book.

Decline and fall

J. F. RICHARDS:
Mughal Administration in Golconda
350pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £10.

J. F. Richards's book is a recent example of the work of what has been termed the "Aligarh" school of historians, whose best-known exemplar is Irfan Habib. Based on a most meticulous study of Indian archival material, in this instance (primarily from the province of Hyderabad, and checked where necessary from European sources, principally those of the English, Dutch and French East India Companies), *Mughal Administration in Golconda* provides a densely documented study of administrative, political and economic developments there between the capture of Golconda by Aurangzeb in 1687 and the founding of Hyderabad State by the Asaf Jah family in the early years of the eighteenth century. Three chapters deal with the seventeenth century. They are in some ways the most interesting in the book, since this Muslim dynasty managed to achieve a very satisfactory symbiosis with the Hindu Telugu subjects, which made this kingdom an enviably prosperous one, despite an onerous land tax system whose revenue was collected in cash. The Mughal annexation of 1687-1724 was, on the contrary, a period of decline and decay, despite the efforts of some notable governors, of whom Muberiz Khan (1712-24) was the chief, to arrest this process of disintegration. The author is particularly at home in describing the ramifications and the minutiae of the fiscal and the administrative machines, but this limits the appeal of the book to those who are already specialists in the history of Mughal India. They will find it well worth the price, but the reader whose sights are set rather lower will find the wealth of detail astonishing, at times, despite the "conclusion" which is thoroughly expanded on each chapter.

Jan Morris

Nationalism with a human face

By Cecil Parrott

TOMÁŠ G. MASARYK:
The Making of Czechoslovakia
Transl. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.50.

ANTONIE van den BELD:
Masaryk
Political and Social Philosophy of Thomas G. Masaryk
Transl. The Hague: Mouton. Fl 25.

Writing in 1932, when Thomas Masaryk was already eighty-two, Karel Capek claimed:

> Whenever you meet an educated foreigner, whether he comes from Stralsund or Scotland, as soon as he learns that you are a Czechoslovak, he will say: "Ah, of course you've got Masaryk, haven't you?" They may never have heard of Prague but they know about Masaryk. They speak of "your Masaryk" with a tinge of envy in their voices, as though to say: "You are lucky people."

Capek thought the world would go on saying "your Masaryk" for 100 years, whereas 990 politicians out of a 1,000 would remain names for humorists only.

Alas, forty-four years have passed since then, and Masaryk has gone on the index of his own country for thirty years with short intervals—from 1939 to 1945 and again from about 1951 to 1968. In 1968 and 1969 he was given a brief airing and then put back again into the forbidden cupboard where he still remains closeted. And so the unbelievable fact emerges that during the lives of a whole generation of Czechs and Slovaks books by and about one of their greatest sons—perhaps their greatest—have remained as good as inaccessible to them. In 1953 an almost unbelievable piece of "smear" appeared in Prague. It was called "Documents on the anti-democratic and anti-*national policy of T. G. Masaryk*" and it served up for public consumption every scrap of paper which could conceivably be thought to incriminate the late president. It contained photographs of him with every villain imaginable, from Franek, the later collaborationist premier of Czechoslovakia, to Preiss, the banker, Cerny, the prime minister who in 1920 crushed the incipient Bolshevik revolution in Prague, and finally the military attachés of the Western powers with whom the president was so unwise as to be snapped while exchanging toasts. Its high-water mark in "smear" was a facsimile of a scrap of paper "proving" that Masaryk had bribed Savinkov to murder Lenin. Only one piece of evidence was missing—the confirmation that Masaryk poisoned Gorki!

Deplorable as it is to find that such a great Czech patriot has remained for so long an "unperson" in his country, it can at least be rationally explained not only by the fact that Masaryk was an inveterate opponent of communism, which he had attacked in many of his speeches and writings, but also because the ideology he offered the Czechs has remained much more congenial to them than what Soviet communists have imposed on them. But it is much harder to explain why so few books or articles have been published about Masaryk in Britain where material about him is freely available.

Outside Czechoslovakia interest in Thomas Masaryk's work began to pick up shortly after his death and his cooling period lasted until a revival in the late 1960s. The third volume of his *Russia and Europe* appeared in England in 1967 (its publication was facilitated by the Masaryk Publications Trust in the United States). The big *Making of a State* was reprinted. More recently an abridged edition of *The Social Question*, concentrating on Masaryk's study on Marxism, was published in America in 1972 and is available to English readers. Recently two books on Masaryk have appeared: Zbyněk Zeman's *The Masaryks*, and Antonie van den Belde's *Humanity*.

Dr Zeman's sound and very readable book covers the life and work not only of Thomas Masaryk but of his children as well. From such a book one cannot expect to learn a great deal that is new or indeed find solutions for many of the problems which beset the scholar trying to come to grips with Masaryk's sometimes rather vague and elusive politico-philosophical concepts. We already know quite a lot about Masaryk's activities in the First World War, but we are less well informed about the domestic political events of his presidency or indeed about his fluctuating party political involvement in Bohemia under the monarchy. There is, however, much to be learnt from this very skilful bird's-eye etching of a long and complicated political life and we can indeed be grateful to the author for providing us with what was very much needed—a view of Masaryk from a new perspective with particular emphasis on his upbringing and family life.

Moreover, it is refreshing, after wading through so many biographical works published during Masaryk's lifetime, which elevate him into a wonder-Masaryk, to find him reduced to life-size. Even Capek who prised open the president's rather impenetrable exterior and exposed the man to the general reader, honoured his memory this side idolatry. The question is whether Dr Zeman, who undoubtedly writes of Masaryk with sympathy and understanding and presents him as a very human figure, does full justice to his greatness.

Lewis Einstein, the United States representative at Prague from 1921 to 1930, who saw a great deal of the president and was a shrewd observer, wrote of him:

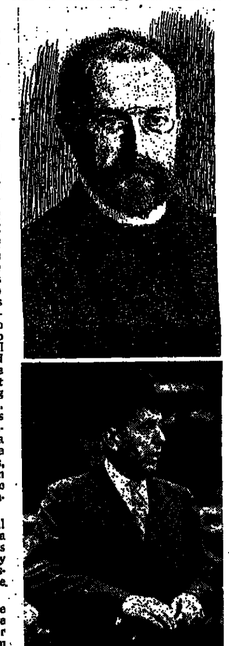
> Masaryk's strength seemed to me to lie... in a quiet reserve of moral force, a shyness with authority and an inherent goodness, which was simple without being gullible.... He neither strove for effect nor did he seem to care if he created any impression on his listeners.... There was no trace of affectation or vanity in his speech, which was that of man to man.... His outspokenness was engaging and I admired the profound sincerity of a man who had enough moral courage to refuse to flatter the natural pride of his people and appeared far more inclined to criticize than to praise them.... His great achievement in a land long divided by bitter racial, religious, political and social hatreds was to offer an example of moderation and of malice to none. As a Czech leader he held out the olive branch to the Germans, who recognized his worth even when they disliked his ideas. He showed neither hatred nor vindictiveness in his character....

Masaryk certainly possessed moral courage and showed himself a strong and firm leader, unlike his successors. He resisted attempts by parliamentarians to limit his presidential powers and got "what he wanted and more".

He intended to use those powers. One example was the measures he took soon after his return as president to nip in the bud an incipient communist revolution. In 1919 and 1920 the Soviet government was sending Moscow-trained agents to central Europe to start revolutions there. Bela Kun went to Budapest and succeeded in establishing a Bolshevik republic in Hungary for a very short period. Communist risings took place in various parts of Germany, including the Ruhr and Munich, and even Slovakia was greatly threatened by the contagion of Hungarian communism. Similar plans were being hatched in Bohemia with the mining town of Kladno as its centre. But thanks to Masaryk's firm intervention the decisive battle between the democratic regime in Czechoslovakia and the communist revolutionary movement ended with the defeat of the latter. When the communists (then left socialists) threatened disorder and the socialist prime minister, Tusar, felt unable to send the police against members of his own party, he appealed to Masaryk who, as Dr Zeman says, "had to take out of the drawer a popular Habsburg device for dealing with a political impasse: government by civil servants".

It should be stressed, however, that it was a socialist prime minister who proposed the step and the president who stood behind him and upheld the rule of law. Jan Cerny was summoned on Tusar's recommendation from the provincial administration in Brno, where the communists were strong and he had had plenty of experience of dealing with them, and was appointed prime minister in Tusar's place to head a government of officials. When the powerful communist faction took over the party headquarters and the printing works, Cerny sent in the police and restored the lawful socialist leadership. It was an ugly situation complicated by attempts by the communists to call a general strike and make contact with Bela Kun. But Masaryk had had plenty of experience in the Czech Legion of Alois Muna, who had been sent by Moscow to lead the "revolution", and he had no doubts about how to deal with him. Neither he nor Tusar were prepared to sit down under their left wing.

It is interesting to contrast this situation, when the president made full use of his powers and the social democrats stood firm on the side of democracy, with those of



Above, Thomas Masaryk; a drawing of 1902 by Max Svabinsky. Below, Jan Masaryk in London in 1938; both from The Masaryks, *by Zbynek Zeman*

1945 and 1948, when Benes would not use his powers and the Social Democratic Party proved a broken reed.

In 1920 a court sentenced the communist ringleaders to long prison sentences; but the government quashed the proceedings and Masaryk amnestied them in 1922. It must have been satisfying for him to read in 1929 that Kun had been expelled from the Communist Party. But he was not to know that Zápotocký, another of the amnestied ring leaders, would become president in 1953.

Another example of Masaryk's courage was his decision in the Soviet Union to allow Czech communist deserters from the Legion to visit the Legionaries and try to recruit volunteers for the Red Army. The officers of the Legion were very much against the proposal. But Masaryk had to weigh up the situation. The same Alois Muna and his fellow communists, who were regarded by most of the legionaries as traitors, had gone to the Soviet commander and persuaded him to back their attempts to recruit men from the legion. When approached by the Soviet commandant, Masaryk, who knew that morale in the Legion was at that time much higher than in the Red Army, took a chance on it, in the interest of preserving good relations with the Soviet military. He calculated correctly, since in the event few legionaries went over to the communist side. When Masaryk took a decision, he did so with a quiet authority and self-assurance, which made people follow him.

In some ways Masaryk was a stranger in Prague. After his childhood and youth spent in Moravia and Vienna he found the Czech capital foreign and uncongenial. He did not have much in common with his fellow citizens there, but was determined to reform them. His puritan streak came to him not only from his American Unitarian wife but from the conditions in Moravian Slovakia where he was brought up and where the peasants often had long drinking bouts and did not show up to work for a week. And so in Prague, where people loved to drink and smoke, Masaryk opposed alcohol and nicotine and stressed the importance of work. The Moravian peasants did not care for Prague or Vienna: Prague was the home of the anti-Christ and Vienna a filthy city. That other great Moravian, Janáček, did not have much success in Prague.

Dr Zeman draws a sympathetic picture of father and son. He appears to accept the view that Jan committed suicide. But the evidence of his doctor, which has recently come to light, if authentic, supports the other conjecture. Marcia Davenport too could not bring herself to believe that Jan would choose the form of suicide he did.

Dr Zeman has performed a valuable service. He has brought out the main characteristics of the two men and the main issues which confronted them. Let us hope his book will prompt further research.

Some of Masaryk's philosophical works, which are pretty indigestible, may also now be irrelevant, but there is one subject—the importance of the concept of *Humanita* or the humanitarian ideal for the Czech national revival, which has a special interest for us since 1968 and Dubček's message of "socialism with a human face". Antonie van den Beld's *Humanity*, published in the Issues in Contemporary Politics series, is a study of this key concept of Masaryk's social and political philosophy.

The author underlines the importance of two little-known facts. First, that Masaryk was one of the very first scholars to have taken seriously the philosophy of Karl Marx. When philosophers were still turning a deaf ear to Marx, Masaryk had already devoted lectures to him and had already published a critique of Marxism. Next, at a time when hardly anyone outside Russia had heard of Lenin, Masaryk was already acquainted with his works. A particularly interesting section of Mr van den Beld's book is the political aspects of *Humanita*, where the question is posed: is revolutionary violence compatible with *Humanita*? Masaryk's answer is that "a revolution can only be admissible if there is no other non-violent means available, and it is in addition it can be assumed that it will bring about the desired "more human situation".

The author writes:

> After the outbreak of the First World War, Masaryk had to decide whether to side for or against Austria. That is, for or against revolution. In the years 1919-20 he was also obliged as President to formulate his attitude towards the powerful up-and-coming revolutionary Bolshevism in Czechoslovakia. It is shown that the more political—though not amoral—principle played a greater role than the more specifically moral one in Masaryk's practical considerations.

The book is lucidly written and well documented. It will be of assistance to scholars trying to understand a notion which even Czechs have to admit is hard to define or translate into philosophical terms.

Prufrock's time inside

By Philip French

TOM WICKER :
A Time to Die
The Attica Prison Revolt
342pp. Bodley Head. £5.95.

"The rediscovery of our violence will undoubtedly be one of the important intellectual legacies of the 1960s", wrote Richard Hofstadter in his introduction to *American Violence: A Documentary History*. His book, published in 1970, has a mere three examples of memorable domestic violence between the late 1930s and 1960. Then a familiar litany begins and continues beyond his book—Dallas, Watts, Chicago, Kent State, and, in 1971, Attica. Attica is a prison—or rather a "correctional facility"—in upstate New York, designed to hold 1,600 prisoners, but in 1971 playing host to 2,250 inmates, mostly black (54 per cent) and Puerto Rican (9 per cent), the majority serving long sentences for violent crimes (64 per cent) and a large proportion (40 per cent) under thirty years old. Yet to say that Attica is a state prison in New York is like saying that Watergate is an apartment house in Washington DC. After the revolt of 1971, it became, and has remained, a symbol of the way in which the establishment can openly and ruthlessly crush its opponents. In the summer of 1972 the besieged Brooklyn bankrobber Sonny Wortzik roused the watching crowd against the police by encouraging them to join him in chanting "Attica, Attica"; three years later in the film version of Wortzik's escapade, *Dog Day Afternoon*, this scene communicated a powerful if strangely refracted meaning to audiences around the world.

Trouble had been brewing at Attica for quite some time. There were several factors involved: inhumane conditions, deteriorating relations between the convicts (mostly coloured and urban) and their guards (entirely white and liberal), the presence of troublemakers from other jails, and the radicalization of leading inmates which had undermined the administration's "divide and rule" policy. The news of George Jackson's death in late August brought things to a head, and it took on September 9, to spark a riot, was a couple of minor incidents. The initial fracas would not have occurred at all had not a guard failed to secure one of the prisoners in his cell, and it might have been contained in a single corridor were it not for the collapse of a defective forty-year-old bolt. As a result some 1,500 prisoners found themselves in "D" Yard with forty hostages under their control, one of them, a likable warder, William Quinn, mortally wounded. Quinn was handed over to die two days later of head injuries. He and three white inmates executed for treason in somewhat obscure circumstances were the only fatalities for which the prisoners were responsible. The liberated convicts formed a little society with its own government, addressed each other with lengthy speeches, demanded access to the media so their case could be put before the people, and drew up a list of observers they wished to be summoned. The latter consisted mostly of politicians, lawyers, leaders of racial and radical groups (among them Bobby Seale, whose ineffectual performance was a sad sight to behold). But the inmates also asked for Tom Wicker, associate editor and former Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*; in his thrice weekly column for that paper he had written sympathetically about the Jackson affair.

The call came at a crucial point for Mr Wicker. He was forty-five, successful, respected, well-off, the author of half a dozen novels, free to express his increasingly radical views in the country's most influential paper. He had come a long way from the respectable working-class background in South Carolina in which he had grown up during the Depression. Yet he was deeply discontented. His marriage was breaking up, nothing he wrote seemed worth while, he lived an over-protected and privileged existence. Reluctantly abandoning the post-prandial euphoria of an exclusive Washington luncheon club to catch the plane for upstate New York, Mr Wicker compared himself with Prufrock. Three days later, still wearing the now filthy clothes in which he left Washington, Wicker had undergone an experience that it is the object of this important and very moving book to describe. The form and character of *A Time to Die* recall Mailer's *The Armies of the Night*, and both authors write of themselves in the third person. But Mr Wicker's book is altogether less egocentric and literary than Mailer's, and though also less brilliant as a piece of writing, it is concerned with an event of self-evident importance rather than with political street theatre.

From the start Mr Wicker senses a movement towards tragedy. On arrival at Attica he is informed by a crew-cut, bull-necked police captain that "Something's gonta give. We can't wait much longer." A prisoner ominously remarks "This could turn into another My Lai, right here." Having gone there to report, the author finds himself increasingly involved both emotionally and politically as a mediator. The team of observers (the interaction between them acutely observed by Wicker) seek an amnesty for the leaders; they get a list of modest proposals accepted (two showers a week instead of one, for instance), and finally phone Governor Rockefeller to have him fly up and meet them. Unfortunately the governor feels that a trip to Attica would compromise him, and he is determined, in a resonant phrase, to "reopen the institution". The observers' efforts come to nothing, and very soon they find themselves as despised and threatened as the rebellious inmates.

Mr Wicker's last visit to the rebels is fraught with danger ("some of the brothers would love to kill you guys", he is casually told by the leader of the welcoming party), yet he experiences a curious sense of liberation that matches the new dignity the prisoners themselves have found. "In that moment, for at least that moment", he writes, "he knew himself to be at last an equal part of the great human brotherhood—no more, no less." Mr Wicker has won the right to say this, and in its context the statement has no trace of sentimentality.

The next morning, four days after the revolt began, the state troopers went in, accompanied by a band of vengeful, wholly unrestrained "correctional officers". In the ensuing battle, lasting six minutes, 39 hostages and twenty-nine inmates were killed and eighty-six wounded. As Congressman Herman Badillo said to Wicker when they were lying on the floor of the administrative block choking with CS gas: "There's always time to die. I don't know what the rush was." None of these deaths and few injuries were caused by inmates, but vicious rumours to the contrary helped to legitimate frightful reprisals. In addition to the injuries inflicted on naked defenceless men, most items of personal property belonging to the recaptured inmates were destroyed, including all their law books and wrist watches.

Interwoven with Mr Wicker's superbly lucid account of his four days at Attica are observations on the indifference of a society that can allow such things to happen, a review of the modern penal system (reaching conclusions only slightly less radical than those advanced by Jessica Mitford in *The American Prison Business*), and passages of autobiography that relate to his changing attitudes to race, class and politics that came into focus at Attica. Most of these latter fragments concern his boyhood in the small township of Hamlet, a fitting birthplace, one might think, for a deeply divided, introspective liberal who eventually comes to agree with Malcolm X that America's a prison.

An illustration by Covarrubias for the 1929 edition of Taylor Gordon's autobiography Born to Be, *included in the new edition (237pp. University of Washington Press. Paperback, $4.95). Gordon Taylor, singer and writer, was a celebrity of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s; on a visit to England in 1927 he was lionized by Lady Astor and Lady Oxford. The picture illustrates Gordon's brief spell as "an—an extra waiter—on a New York railroad, during which he served only drinks but ladies to the gentleman travellers. Gordon died in 1971, largely forgotten after years of mental illness.*

Racialism in the ranks

By Hugh Brogan

MARY PENICK MOTLEY :
The Invisible Soldier
The Experience of the Black Soldier, World War II
363pp. Detroit, Michigan : Wayne State University Press. $13.95.

"A high point : General Patton welcoming the black 761st Tank Battalion to Normandy in October, 1944.

I would never have asked for you if you were not good. I have nothing but the best in my army. I don't care what color you are as long as you go up there and kill those Kraut sons-of-bitches. Everyone has their eyes on you and are expecting great things from you. Most of all your race is looking forward to your success. Don't let them down, and, damn you, don't let me down!

A low point : General Almond welcoming the black 366th Infantry Regiment to the Appennines.

I did not send for you. Your Negro newspapers, Negro politicians, and white friends have insisted on your seeing combat and I shall see that you get combat and your share of the casualties.

Naturally the 761st fought magnificently, while the 366th, and Almond's own 92nd Division (black troops, mostly white officers) performed rather poorly : according to the Germans, impartial judges, because of poor training and "irresolute command".

Unhappily, Almond's ingrained dislike of and contempt for black soldiers (which he was still expressing in the Korean War) was [illegible] Mary Penick Motley's [illegible] businesslike attitude, which was indeed almost unique. As a result the chief note of Mary Penick Motley's collection of testimonies is a cry of pain.

Mrs Motley set about interviewing black veterans and recording what they had to say because she found that the younger generation of American negroes was growing up ignorant and scornful of the experience of their parents and grandparents (one of her witnesses, a fighter pilot, describes his capture by the Germans, and their snorts disgustedly, "And think today's youngsters tell me my generation hasn't been anywhere or done anything!"). Her aim was to prove that the veterans too had suffered and resisted. She has been wholly successful; her book rings true; her story, so to speak, expresses themselves extraordinarily well and should impress all who read it. And in a white historian's [illegible] points besides the men's courage and endurance are established, which are perhaps nearly as important.

So fast have times changed that it is easy to forget just how ugly and omnipresent legalized American segregation was. Mrs Motley's team do not spell the matter out (except in the sly remark that General Almond was George Marshall's brother-in-law) but it has to be understood that the armed forces bore the military cost of segregation because the political cost of integration was too high : Southern whites, who predominated in both Congress and the armed forces, would not have stood for it. Consequently black conscripts all had much the same experience. Young Northerners, for example (most of the men interviewed by Mrs Motley came from Detroit), often arrived with patriotism and the wish to fight for democracy, met serious racial discrimination for the first time in their lives when they joined up. Thereafter they were often (why?) sent to camps in the South where they were systematically humiliated and, if they resisted, beaten up (many of them had narrow escapes from lynching). They had to tolerate the sight of German prisoners of war being fêted in facilities (above all, restaurants) which they, as American soldiers, were forbidden to enjoy. In due course they found that, whatever their training, the services preferred to use them in support roles, perhaps especially as stevedores ("a tote that barge, lift that bale"). When they were at last given the opportunity to prove their valour and their competence in battle, they might find (as did the 758th Tank Battalion) that they were allotted only worn-out equipment. Incapable white officers were disposed of by dumping them on the unfortunate black units. Worst of all, wholly inadequate strategic [illegible] relieving front-line Black troops, with the inevitable results of increased casualties and lowered efficiency.

None of this is exactly news, though it is hard to find a discussion of the cost to the armed forces in wasted resources and incompetent performance; but it is valuable to have the case spelt out in such detail. The United States Army may not have been "the most undemocratic and racist organization in the whole country" at the highest levels, no doubt partly under pressure from liberal politicians, but it was on simple military grounds, it showed, both willingness and a [illegible] ability to adapt to changing times : the foundations of today's integrated army were laid in the Second World War. But it could have done far more. It could and should have been a principal instrument in breaking down racism and racial segregation in the short [illegible] enforced them, and by so doing increased the bitterness it was going to explode in the [illegible] and 1960s. The other armed services were no better : it was over a great victory when the navy [illegible] up its practice of enlisting men for exclusive use as messmen. This sluggishness tainted the crusade for the Four Freedoms with insincerity, at least in the eyes of American blacks. Connected with Nazism, American racism was muddled, slow, inconsistent and at times, plain ridiculous. It was racialism just the same, wicked, stupid, and very, hurtful—as the *Invisible Soldier*, passim.

It is not surprising that some of the men reacted to their treatment with violence, others in the manner of the good soldier Svejk; and many of them wondered if the real enemy were not the Germans but whitey (admittedly, the 761st did not make this mistake : they visited a concentration camp); but that even such heroes as "Spookwaffe", who flew fighter escorts for bombers raiding over Italy, amid universal acclaim, was convinced that, on their return home, nothing would have changed—even those whose lives they had saved would lapse into the old ways ; nor that everything that was wrong was put down to racism though some of it was undoubtedly just the usual army way with the poor bloody infantry—there was no reason why black fighting men should give the services the benefit of the doubt. What is remarkable and moving is the extent to which their spirit survived the constant humiliation and enabled them to seize every chance which arose. The perhaps profitest more from the experience of war than the whites did. For instance, they were on better with the Italians, and readier to learn their language and their ways. It is also agreeable to read : "You know the British have believed in fighting a gentleman's war. When our liaison people happened to meet we joined them for tea." (Although one veteran reports that he got as far as British South Africa where he made the inevitable observations.)

Quite as interesting is the picture of the American whites that emerges. The blacks think they were insane, and it is hard to dispute the idea : "[they] treated us like boys or animals and then expected us to make like Leonidas at Thermopylae Pass". Hatred, on the other race was an obsession, indulged in almost to the point of suicide (the Southern major refused to believe he was *in extremis* a transfusion of "black" blood). It permitted them to tell the Italians that American negroes were cannibals ; it forbade them to allow a blind man to sit at their table on a bench at Venice ; it allowed a soldier to sell his rifle to another, and much more, to poisoned the lives of the victims. It poisoned the personalities of the oppressors even worse. And it was fatally short-sighted. This book alone contains plenty of evidence that segregation was on its last legs (President Truman officially integrated the army in 1948) ; but the "crackers" were incapable of noticing that the game was up. Instead they devoted themselves with a will to earning the undying enmity of the brave and intelligent men they slighted.

They were amazingly ignorant about their fellow soldiers. In his foreword Colonel Howard Donovan Queen quotes from a manual which was issued as a guide to white officers:

> The negro is docile, tractable, lighthearted, carefree and good-natured . . . careless, shiftless, irresponsible and secretive . . . immoral, untruthful . . . cheerful, loyal, . . . uncomplaining if reasonably well fed. He has a musical nature and a remarkable sense of rhythm. His art is primitive.

He contrasts this official baloney dish with the sensible, and officially [illegible] advice of a First World [illegible] officer to "treat and handle [illegible] coloured man as you would any other human out of whom you would make a soldier, and you will have as good a soldier as history has ever known". The witnesses in *The Invisible Soldier* suggest that the dreadful incidence of "fragging" in the Vietnam War (murder of officers by enlisted men) was largely caused by the fact that the lesson has still not been learned.

Evidence on all these points, and on many others, will be found in abundance in *The Invisible Soldier*, an excellent specimen of oral history. It should force military historians of the Second World War to change their emphases, and some of their details, in descriptions of American organization and campaigns. For *The Invisible Soldier* is designed, in part, to set the record straight, and claim proper credit for the black feats of arms which have hitherto gone unacknowledged. It succeeds, because—although any one interview is open to challenge, and may be compromised by faulty memory or deliberate distortion—it is not possible to doubt the essential truthfulness of common men (however uncommonly articulate) when large numbers of them testify independently to the same effect. We cannot reject the perspective on the past which they offer us or the wealth of information they supply. The coming of the tape-recorder promises to revolutionize the historian's craft more profoundly than the camera has done ; and several demonstrations as capable and level-headed as Mary Motley's should show the way when the standard [illegible] will be universally utilized the more American malpractitioners realize that the [illegible] will be universally

Sweet land of knavery

By Alex Keyssar

PHILIP S. FONER :
American Labor Songs of the Nineteenth Century
[illegible]pp. University of Illinois Press (AUPG). £9.80.

[illegible]udents of American history tend, [illegible]most reflexively, to associate [illegible]abour songs with those flam[illegible]ng, early twentieth-century [illegible]ndicalists, the Industrial Workers [illegible] the World. Indeed, that association was promoted by the IWW itself ; the Wobblies contrasted their own song tradition to the [illegible]eral poverty of the American [illegible]deration of Labor and concluded : "Only great movements [illegible]arking turning points in the history of humanity have produced great songs. Appealing to the masses they voice the inarticulate feelings and aspirations of the masses." The One Big Union, alas, did not turn out to be a turning-point in the history of humanity, but it did produce a number of memorable labour songs that have long been admired for their spirit and have often been useful in the study of working-class ideology.

Philip S. Foner's latest contribution to the history of American labour is a lengthy and important reminder that labour songs were being written and sung long before the advent of Wobbly bards Joe Hill and Ralph Chaplin. *American Labor Songs of the Nineteenth Century* is a massive, annotated anthology of labour lyrics that Mr Foner collected during the years of research that produced his four-volume *History of the Labor Movement in the United States* and a number of related books. Published in a series entitled "Music in American Life", the anthology contains more than 500 songs, most of which originally appeared in the nineteenth-century labour press and are now reprinted for the first time. Some of these songs were widely known and widely sung; others, no doubt, were never sung at all, and, in some instances, as Mr Foner acknowledges, the lyrics were probably intended as poems rather than songs. The book provides little information regarding the musical content of the songs—although some music is provided and a small recording accompanies the collection—but even as a digest of printed documents *American Labor Songs* possesses an undeniable richness.

Some of that richness lies in the sheer range of subjects treated by the songs. Mr Foner claims that "there is scarcely a single important labour issue or labour struggle in nineteenth-century America which is not represented in this collection by at least one song", and his claim does not seem exaggerated. The chronology covers the entire century, and there are songs from every major union and labour party : contributions from immigrants and black workers are included, and large-scale organizing efforts—such as the attempt to secure an eight-hour day—receive a great deal of attention. There are narrative ballads commemorating particular strikes and exhortatory lyrics expressing opposition to the Bank of the United States, low wages, and the unequal distribution of wealth. Other songs, particularly from the 1840s, affirm the dignity of manual labour, and still others urge political action or the formation of unions. Some of these songs are stiff and rhetorical, others are graceful and moving, but, regardless of their literary quality, these lyrics map the political and intellectual development of the labour movement during the first century of American industrialization.

Still, *American Labor Songs* does have its biases and its limits. It is an anthology of labour songs in the narrow and traditional sense of the word "labour"—meaning organized labour. Most of the lyrics were written by or for unionized or unionizing workers, and it is all too easy to forget, in reading the texts and the headnotes (which follow the interpretive lines of Mr Foner's *History*) that relatively few members of the working classes belonged to unions during most years of the nineteenth century. To be sure, this limitation follows directly from Mr Foner's reliance upon labour newspapers, and it may be that few other sources have survived, but one does wonder what the unorganized sang while their brethren were at meetings. Moreover, the book tends to underplay the critical fact that the assembled documents are distinctive because they are songs rather than political tracts or speeches. Too often, Mr Foner presents his selections as illustrations of labour's stance towards particular issues, but there is no need to read musical lyrics in order to learn what the labour movement thought about Nicholas Biddle or a silver-based currency. Labour songs were written to be evocative, entertaining, repeatable, and, often, collectively performable; they did contain political doctrine, but they are of particular interest to the historian because they also expressed less visible threads of ideology and culture.

For example, a notably large number of these songs describe the exploitation of industrial workers with metaphors drawn from other forms of oppression. Labourers are referred to as "vassals" and their employers are called "tyrants" and "kings". Other songwriters utilized the more American metaphor of slavery and employed melodies that would enhance the parallel. Thus, the Knights of Labor (vassals apparently could become Knights) published a song entitled "The Factory Slave" (sung to the tune of "Swanee River"), and a later contribution, "The Poor White Slave", was set to the tune of "Old Black Joe" and ended with the refrain :

> I'm starving, I'm starving,
> And I'll fill a pauper's grave,
> No one but God now cares for me,
> A poor white slave.

These metaphors may or may not have reflected actual self-perceptions on the part of American labour, but, even if they were simply rhetorical strategies, they reveal a belief that economic subjugation was incompatible with political liberty and an assumption that the loss of liberty was unacceptable to the American polity.

Verbal details of other songs, however, do reveal a key self-perception : according to these lyrics the labour movement, throughout the nineteenth century, believed that its own condition was worsening. Again and again, the songs stress that labour's struggle was not for new rights and privileges but rather for a restoration of the old. This dimension of working-class thought was prominent in the 1830s and 1840s, but it did not disappear later in the century—as is clearly indicated by a stanza from an 1892 version of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home".

> When labor has come to its own again,
> Hurrah ! Hurrah !
> We'll live in a real Republic then,
> Hurrah ! Hurrah !.

Moreover, these songs are more than just verbal artifacts : for the historian, the music is part of the evidence—particularly in the case of the most popular and widely known songs. According to Mr Foner, the most frequently reprinted song of the 1880s and 1890s was "Labor's Ninety and Nine", a lyric that was thematically structured by a descriptive contrast of the rich with the poor :

> There are ninety and nine that live
> and die
> In want and hunger and cold,
> That one may revel in luxury
> And be lapped in its silken fold ;
> The ninety and nine in their hovels
> bare,
> The one in a palace with riches rare.

The popularity of this song (and others based upon the same theme) suggests the evocative power of such descriptions, but of equal importance is the fact that the song was modelled on a gospel hymn and sung to a tune that rendered the words both mournful and earnest. The religious resonance was unmistakable, and, in a nation where public singing was once centred in the church, it is striking that, during a period when the church was losing its hold upon the working classes, the most popular labour song contained such pronounced religious echoes. Among its other functions, singing was an expression of fraternity (and sorority), and both the words and music of "Labor's Ninety and Nine" underlined labour's need to elicit and strengthen the bonds of community among labouring men and women.

But the solemnity of the hymnal was only one voice of the labour movement. *American Labor Songs* also reveals the importance of wit and humour in the expressive behaviour of the working classes ; ironic and sarcastic lyrics were commonplace, and parodies, in the late nineteenth century at least, appear to have been a major genre. American militarism was satirized as early as the 1840s—as were urban "fops" who disdained productive labour—and parodies, of patriotic songs, particularly "America", were standard weapons in the songster's arsenal :

> Our Country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of knavery,
> Of thee we sing !
> Sweet land of Jobs and Rings,
> And various crooked things—
> Our social system brings
> Full many a sting.

Few of these parodies were genuinely bitter, but almost all resounded with disillusion, and the contrast between the way things were and the way things were supposed to be. None the less, the lyrics were frequently playful, inventive, amusing ; labour's struggle was a serious matter, but laughter was hardly inappropriate. Parodies entertained while they attacked, and some of these products of the labour press, although not literary masterpieces, speak directly and effectively to issues that are still current in the 1970s. The following stanza, for example, written "by a working-class wife of the 1880s" who objected to an unequal division of household labour, opens a lengthy and ingenious parody of Poe's "The Raven" :

> Once upon an evening dreary
> As I pondered, sad and weary,
> O'er the basket with the mending
> from the wash the day before,
> As I thought of countless stitches
> To be placed in little breeches,
> Rose my heart rebellious in me, as
> it oft had done before.
> At the fate that did condemn me,
> when my daily task was o'er.
> To that basket evermore.

Details of language, theme, and genre comprise only a few of the many areas of investigation that this anthology offers to students of American labour. Mr Foner's book is not a social history of American labour songs, but rather a collection of documents that suggest the need for such a social history. The materials presented in *American Labor Songs* raise questions that the introduction and the headnotes barely begin to answer. Who wrote these songs and who sang them ? Why are they set to particular tunes ? How did the songs change during the course of the nineteenth century ?

Most importantly, perhaps, this anthology generates but does not tackle many questions regarding the place of singing in working-class culture throughout the nineteenth century. Songs were written to be sung, but were they performed by single individuals in front of a crowd or were they sung in unison by assembled groups of labourers ? Did the conventional repertoire change during the period ? When and where were these lyrics sung ? What was their function ?

If more were known about the history of singing, then it might be possible to assess, with some accuracy, the contrast between the AFL and the IWW ; it would also help in understanding why certain occupational groups, such as miners, had a far richer tradition of labour songs than did many other occupations. The answers to such questions will only emerge from further research, and the sources to be consulted are by no means obvious, but the problems do seem worth pursuing. Singing is a distinct and perhaps unique aspect of verbal culture since it affords the possibility of simultaneous, collective expression. The lyrics most frequently sung by working people contained ideas and sentiments that those people wanted to express publicly and hear expressed by others. Artifacts of solidarity, these songs were a part of working-class culture as well as instruments of labour politics.

Whatever its shortcomings, *American Labor Songs* does call attention to and does make available a wealth of primary materials. Mr Foner is one of the few labour historians (with all the wealth of research experience necessary to compile such an anthology, and this valuable book is a gift to his colleagues and to readers. Its publication is particularly timely at a moment when quantitative methods have become so pervasive in social and labour history that historians have often lost sight of those dimensions of working-class life not recorded on census schedules. The "inarticulate" may not have written memoirs or memoirs, but they were not silent. The lives of working people were deeply influenced by demographic changes and rates of social mobility, by political decisions and trends in the concentration of wealth, but, within certain limits, working people also created the world in which they lived : they read and they wrote, they organized and they debated, they went to meetings and to sporting events, and, for a host of different purposes, they sang.

Northern varieties

By Michael Meyer

FREDERICK J. MARKER and LISE-LONE MARKER:
The Scandinavian Theatre
A Short History
303pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £7.50.

This lively and informative survey, in the useful Blackwell series of drama and theatre studies, fills a gap in our knowledge of European theatre that has yawned for much too long. Little is known in England of the Scandinavian dramatists apart from Ibsen and Strindberg and even less of their great actors and directors. Thirty years ago, this complaint would hardly have been voiced; one forgets how chauvinistic English theatregoers, and English impresarios, then were. There were good actors in France, that we knew, and there had been good ones in Germany before the war; but the rest of Europe was a closed book save to a few enthusiasts; there were no cheap holidays abroad, and it was still regarded as eccentric and unEnglish to understand any foreign tongue except French—if that; just as, if you wanted a foreign meal in London, you could got it in Soho and nowhere else. I remember my astonishment when Peter Ustinov, in—I think—1946, spoke admiringly on the radio of the acting and productions he had seen on a tour of Scandinavia; he even hinted that we might have something to learn from them. It was as though someone had told us that our footballers had something to learn from foreigners, a lesson which we were soon painfully to absorb (if, indeed we have absorbed it).

Even greater was my amazement when I went to live in Sweden the following year and found that Mr Ustinov had if anything understated his case. The Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm had two directors, Olof Molander and Alf Sjöberg, far more exciting than any three that I subsequently encountered, and a company of actors that I never expect to see equalled. The seniors included Tora Teje, the most complete actress for tragedy or comedy that I have seen; Inga Tidblad, incomparable as an interpreter of Shakespeare's comedy heroines; Lars Hanson, a mighty Strindberg actor in the mould of Jannings and Kraus; and a rare group of young players which included Anita Björk, Ulf Palme and Per Oscarsson (Mai Zetterling had just left for England). Unable as yet to understand a word they said, I sat and marvelled week after week, like a child at the circus. Them, as Sean O'Casey's Captain Boyle observed in another context, was days, or rather nights. Alas that Sir Peter Daubeny's World Theatre Seasons still lay in the future, so that none of these players was ever seen in England, nor any production of Molander or Sjöberg nor, till much later, of their rising contemporary Ingmar Bergman, then setting various cats among the pigeons in the little west-coast civic theatre of Hälsinborg. If only some of their Strindberg productions could have been seen here, they would have done for Strindberg what Komissarjevsky did for Chekhov in the 1920s. (Extraordinary to reflect that as late as 1965 the Lord Chamberlain was refusing to allow the use of the word merde in Miss Julie, or a reference to menstruation in Creditors.)

Professor Frederick Marker and Professor Lise-Lone Marker from Toronto (the Canadian, she Danish) tell their story vividly, from the Middle Ages through the Renaissance, Ludvig Holberg, Gustav III, Oehlenschläger and Holberg, Ibsen and Strindberg, up to Ingmar Bergman. Holberg, that eighteenth-century, Oxford-educated Norwegian who wrote in Danish, ought to be in the repertory of every European national theatre, and would be if he had written in a more widely known language. Ibsen, as a young man, loved directing his plays and (he later said) never tired of rewriting him; from him, Ibsen learnt the art of always keeping the plot moving, which Holberg himself had learned from his master Molière. His comedies usually centre on one splendidly detailed grotesque, surrounded by a host of minor characters fluttering in confusion. *The Weathercock*, for instance, is about a woman so changeable that her two lovers, each extolling the charms of his mistress, do not realize that they are speaking about the same woman. Someone ought to stage *Peppe, or the Hill, or The Scatterbrain* for Spike Milligan. Gustav III, poor man, was not such a good dramatist, though he wrote almost as many plays, but he was an enthusiastic and on the whole discriminating impresario, and surely the only head of a national theatre who ever sent instructions to his actors from the battlefield.

The golden age of the Danish theatre, to which the Markers devote a chapter, covered the first half of the nineteenth century, when Adam Oehlenschläger was writing his Schillerian tragedies and Johan Ludvig Holberg his sharp comedies and vaudevilles (they, too, inspired the young Ibsen, Holberg much the more fruitfully). The Royal Theatre in Copenhagen had claims then to be regarded as the best in Europe, and it was his visit there in 1852, and especially their productions of Shakespeare and Holberg, that first opened Ibsen's eyes to what a man might do with actors on a stage. On Ibsen himself the Markers deal perhaps rather too much with his beginnings and too little with the mature prose plays, though they give a fascinating account of the first production of *A Doll's House*, including a photograph showing some of the ugliest decor that even Ibsen can ever have had to endure. There is a good chapter on Strindberg, particularly his own intimate Theatre which he founded in his last years and where, in its opening period at least, "the eleven young members of the company seem—almost in eighteenth century fashion—to have functioned without a director, relying instead upon mutual consultation and adjustment". (A method that has lately returned to favour in Sweden, with generally depressing results; there is no woollier Marxism anywhere in the world than that which prevails in the super-bourgeois world of the Swedish theatre.)

After Ibsen and Strindberg, there is not much to be said about Scandinavian dramatists. The Markers make a brave case for Nordahl Grieg, Kaj Munk, Kjeld Abell and even Pär Lagerkvist, who is practically never performed now even in his native Sweden, but the sad truth is that Ibsen and Strindberg have inspired no worthwhile successors in the north. That is not as surprising as it may seem; small countries do not, as a rule, produce bodies of considerable writers, artists or composers, but rather isolated figures (the only exception that comes to mind is the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century). Nor have there been any major directors in Scandinavia since Molander, Sjöberg and Bergman; but that is equally true of other countries, our own not least. The actors and actresses, on the other hand, modern Scandinavia has been rich, and the authors do them justice, paying deserved tribute to Mogens Wieth, as complete an actor as I ever saw. His death in London in 1962 at the age of forty-three just before he was due to play a series of roles at the Old Vic in English, including Othello, robbed English audiences of performances that would have set a new standard for our tragic actors, as that great German Frederick Valk did in the 1940s and 1950s.

The Scandinavian Theatre is rather unevenly written, as sometimes' happens when two authors, even a married couple, work. One chapter in concise style is followed by another in journalistic tautologies, "a sensation" "wildly exciting", "quite literally" "on guard" in each of which the first word is (as the editor might say) totally superfluous. Sometimes, in its employment of superlatives such as "stunningly prodigious (and, most bad, "a starburst of jubilees"), language is that of advertising rather than of history or criticism and there is much uncertainty in the word "plastic" (what does it mean by "a splendidly plastic Othello"?) A few errors crept in. Ibsen's remark to Poe on the importance of giving his characters "with one's (advice sadly neglected in recent hollow and grandiose National Theatre productions, *John Gabriel Borkman*) is quoted so as to imply a criticism of the French company, whereas that Ibsen was praising them for doing just that. On page 57 they confuse real tennis (the game in which, the Markers might well know, is known as the game with lawn tennis, which was invented until nearly 20 years after the date in question, although they are welcome to it) with a chunk of population of Strindberg's play, *Miss Julie*, I wish they had acknowledged it. But these are criticisms; Mr and Mrs Marker have given us a valuable book and their publishers have done them proud, not least in the number and quality of the illustrations.

Peer Gynt and his peers

By Alan Moray Williams

JOHN M. WEINSTOCK and ROBERT T. ROVINSKY (Editors):
The Hero in Scandinavian Literature
From Peer Gynt to the Present
226pp. University of Texas Press. £3.95.

In his *The Modern Movement: 100 Key Books 1880-1950* Cyril Connolly regretted having to omit works by Russian and German writers but said nothing about any Scandinavian ones. Yet that period saw the publication of most of Ibsen's and Strindberg's plays, all the novels of Knut Hamsun, and Georg Brandes's *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* which had immense influence in all northern Europe. Lack—and poor quality—of translators have helped make Scandinavian literature a cultural backwater. The rare Danish, Norwegian or Swedish creative writer who achieves a world audience feels as if he had gone through the sound-barrier. An added reason, a writer in this book suggests, why Scandinavian authors seldom reach readers in other lands is the image associated with them of gloomy brooding and introspection. "Anglo-Saxons, for instance, are supposed to demand cheerfulness—though the vogue for Ingmar Bergman films seems to gainsay this.

In the United States the status of the Nordic writers stands higher, owing partly to the large number of Scandinavian immigrants, partly to the activities (including grants for research) of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. One book, based on papers given at a symposium held at the University of Texas in 1972 but not previously published. Participants were distinguished American and Scandinavian university professors and a well-known Swedish author. Their lectures and (also recorded) discussions concentrated on "those very few seminal figures whose presence upon the literary scene helped shape succeeding generations of writers".

A literary hero can be defined as either a main character (protagonist) or someone who is in some sense heroic. Prerequisites of heroic nature are courage and the existence of a simple clear cut moral choice. Sven Linnee (Abo University), who states this, goes on to ask: "Where are the heroes who crowd the subways with the rest of us, or at least, walk streets that we might have walked? In a reality in which there is no room for heroic deeds, the question of heroism is possible?" And the editors echo this: given the "estranged expressive character" of our time, is it possible for a truly *positive* heroic personality to evolve and sustain itself in a work of literature? The quest, usually frustrated, for such an ideal figure runs through these seven lecture-essays, which between them cover 110 years of modern life.

Sverre Arestad discusses the question whether Ibsen was too limited and provincial to produce heroes of classical stature. Is an Ibsen hero a universal timeless abstraction that can readily be equated with the classical heroes of earlier literature—or is he identifiably Ibsen's own? Taking as archetypes Brand, Peer Gynt, Mrs Alving (*Ghosts*) and Solness (*The Master Builder*), Arestad distinguishes between three kinds of hero—one literary, one modern, and one ("the *real* Ibsen hero") personifying drastic freedom of choice. Whereas most of the protagonists seem to be like Julian in *Emperor and Galilean* only "willing under necessity"—to some extent—Brand are exceptional. As an artist Solness is motivated, not by a will to power, Arestad says, but by the urge to express his talent. Yet even this choice is dictated by his inborn nature—so is *he* free either? Not entirely, perhaps; yet for Ibsen he is a genuine hero because he represents a brave effort at complete freedom of action.

The Danish novelist J. P. Jacobsen (1847-85) delighted Rilke and Joyce, but has never had much impact in Britain. TB-stricken botanist, influenced by Darwin, he rejected the romantic outlook of the Danish *Bildungsroman*, whose ancestor was *Wilhelm Meister*. Whereas heroes in this tradition were shaped by Kyrvind Johnson: "*Man skal gaa en Aspen leaf*; there is a dignity in being a leaf", in Jacobsen's fiction no such dignity is to be found. But this is our world. Facing the truth of existence, if perhaps, Johnson says, it's particular kind of heroism found in poems and their most important business is to express that kind of courage. Their place is *Uthaabtheitens Ø*, the Island of Endurance.

For the nonspecialist this symposium makes rather heavy reading, but it fills a gap. It is a pity, though, that it had to confine its scope to Denmark, Norway and Sweden only. Iceland's Halldór Kiljan Laxness has character worthy of the name of hero. He has Faroe Islander Heinesen. And in *The Unknown Soldier* Finland's Väinö Linna produced an authentic war-hero—a positive one. It seems curious, too, that no mention is made, even in passing, to those common ancestors of Scandinavian literature, the Icelandic Eddas and Sagas.

Piquancy and pith

By Oliver Taplin

L. PAGE (Editor):
Epigrammata Graeca
139pp. Oxford University Press. £5.

The Poems of Meleager
Bilingual Selection
Verse translations by Peter Whigham. Introduction and literal translations by Peter Jay.
Unnumbered pages. Anvil Press. £5.50.

Puffito, clerihew, haiku: in step with the flight to brevity Greek epigram is back in vogue. After some fifty years of neglect the past decade has seen the growth of a new scholarly industry and has reopened for poets an old source of inspiration and of translation. Once more the glucose piquancy, the witty twist, the Poundian pithiness of the "Greek Anthology" have set up reverberations among living poetstrings.

The scholarly stagnation has been lifted on a grand scale by Sir Denys Page and his colleague A. S. F. Gow. In 1965 they published their lavish two-volume text, translation and commentary of Hellenistic epigrams up to the time of the *Garland* of Meleager, the original "Greek Anthology" culled about 100 BC; and this was followed in 1968 by its sequel *The Garland of Philip*. These coincided conveniently with a new interest in the generic classification of ancient poetry, often neatly exemplified by epigrams, and in the influence of Hellenistic epigram on Golden Latin poetry, especially Catullus, Propertius and Horace. Thus many quills once more take the hand that had seemed to have become desert.

A rather mundane reason for this neglect must have been the sheer inconvenience of the traditional text. What we know as the "Greek Anthology" was the product of fourteen centuries of accretion and omission by anthologizers from Meleager to Maximus Planudes: Among 4,000 poems arranged in sixteen books the truffles are lost in a slurry of sweet-sour sauce. Moreover since the books were arranged by subject matter (epitaphs, pederasty, etc) every motif and device is heaped up in a dozen contrived imitations; and the stomach is quickly turned.

One of the many achievements of "Gow-Page" was to cast off this arrangement and set the poems in chronological order. This feat of organization is now made accessible in a more portable form in Professor Page's Oxford Classical Text *Epigrammata Graeca*, which collects by authors all the thousand or so epigrams which we have from the centuries before the year dot. The scholarship made miniature here is masterly, and ranks with Professor Page's editorial triumphs with early Greek lyric and Aeschylus. Numberless textual, linguistic and interpretative observations, product of long labours, are unassumingly compressed into the lapidary critical apparatus. It is hard to imagine that *Epigrammata Graeca* can *ever* be superseded.

Most of the poems come from the Hellenistic period; in fact six poets (Asclepiades, Callimachus, Dioscorides, Leonidas, Antipater and Meleager himself) account for more than a third of the entire collection. But many of the finest gems, quarried from sources other than Meleager's *Garland*, come from the period before 350 BC. Professor Page rigorously insists that very few are certainly attributable to the famous names they have become attached to (to Simonides he allows beyond doubt one epigram out of eighty-nine, to Plato out of thirty not even one). But their probable anonymity does not affect their quality. The constraints of brevity wonderfully intensify the sensations, pathos and wit, concentrated in so few essential words.

Gow and Page are venerable academicians. Can there be any connection between their erudite volumes, and the new interest in Greek epigram among an ascendant sect of English and American poets? Probably there is: these poets are neo-Alexandrians, admirers of Pound, learned, polyglot. Their recent random translations in slim volumes are all overshadowed by a remarkable edifice of editorial enterprise, *The Greek Anthology and other Ancient Greek Epigrams* edited by Peter Jay (reviewed with appropriate approbation in *TLS* for June 11, 1976). No fewer than forty-seven poets contributed, many with great success (I think especially of Tony Harrison, Edwin Morgan and Peter Porter). It is fascinating to have this homogeneous body of poetry given vivacity by being reflected off such a variety of creative surfaces.

One of my few reservations about Mr Jay's *Garland* is that he handed some of the leading poets over to a single translator instead of allowing different facets to be revealed by different hands. I was particularly disappointed by Peter Whigham's monopoly of Meleager. Mr Whigham seemed to me to bring out all too faithfully the uncongenial aspects of Meleager, which quickly produce surfeit, cloyment and revolt: his preciosity, narcissism, saccharine mawkishness (Baron Corvo was an admirer). At the same time he failed to retain his compensating graces—his structural tautness and verbal flair. Now *The Poems of Meleager* only renews and aggravates that disappointment.

Since forty out of the fifty-eight versions here have already appeared in the earlier bumper collection, one may well wonder what is the point of this separate volume. One perfectly good point is the appendix of literal translations and explanatory notes which Mr Jay has added at the back. Another, more dubious, is the reproduction of Gow-Page's Greek text on the left-hand page. As well as being immediately made otiose by Page's new text this serves to accentuate the inappropriateness of Mr Whigham's formless strings of two or three-word lines set against the compact elegiac couplets opposite them.

Even worse, the presence of the Greek draws attention to the distortions and even virtual errors of his versions. And this is compounded by Mr Jay's accurate cribs. Again and again I found these modest translations not only more faithful but more touching and immediate: something is badly wrong when a plain crib is more effective than a free version. Here, in illustration, is my verbatim crib (very similar to Mr Jay's) of a typical Meleager epigram—just one couplet:

Birdlime is your kiss; your eyes,
Timarion, fire.

If you look, you burn me; if you
touch, you have me caught.

Now the Whigham version:

'Tis Timarion,
my Desire,
whose kisses sting
whose looks burn
—lips of honey,
eyes of fire!

Even if we forgive the precious "'Tis" and the pointless capital D, the directness of the second-person is abandoned and so is the chiastic structure—and with them the shapeliness which is the poem's poison d'être. And the whole point of the birdlime image is lost: if his lips are of *honey*, why should they *sting*?

The valuable part of this book is Mr Jay's cribs and notes; and these are not, of course, enough to justify its existence. This cannot be counted among the successes of his Anvil Press. None the less all power to his bellows.

All-purpose plant

By Peter Green

NAPHTALI LEWIS:
Papyrus in Classical Antiquity
152pp. and 8 plates. Oxford University Press. £5.50.

"The papyrus", Theophrastus correctly observed, "is useful for very many things." The root provided fuel and timber. The stalk was edible and served much as sugarcane does today: it could also be used to weave sails, mats, ropes, even clothes, and (as we know from the story of the infant Moses) baskets. Candle-wicks, sandals, chairs, pillows, boxes, boats, nets, shelters: *Cyperus papyrus* offered material for them all. It could even be burnt as incense. But its most famous, and arguably its most important, function was as paper. As early as 3000 BC a blank roll of papyrus turned up in an Egyptian tomb; it may surprise non-specialists to learn that it remained in use, alongside parchment and (in the East) rag paper, until about AD 1100. Nor, properly treated, was it brown and brittle, like those specimens recovered from the dry sands of Egypt, but white, silky-smooth, highly flexible, and still serviceable after decades, and sometimes centuries, of heavy use.

Through ancient accounts of papyrus manufacturers and use can be found in various handbooks of palaeography and papyrology, and Lewis devotes a chapter in monograph to the book throughout antiquity (e.g. Schubart's *Das Buch bei den Griechen und Römern*). Naphtali Lewis's *Papyrus in Classical Antiquity* is the only work known to me—certainly the only up-to-date one—that concentrates exclusively on papyrus as such: its habitats and uses, cultivation, manufacture as writing material, distribution, and sale. Based on the author's French doctoral dissertation, *L'Industrie du papyrus dans l'Egypte gréco-romaine*, originally published in 1934, the new version covers a wider field (not now Egypt alone but the classical world as a whole), takes account of the considerable volume of specialist work done in the past forty years, and presents its conclusions in a form better suited to easy reading or consultation.

The argumentative and bibliographical underpinning has not been removed, but (very sensibly) redrafted in the form of running footnotes, which—a welcome practice—sit at the bottom of each page instead of being relegated to the back of the book. Professor Lewis is thorough, judicious, and refreshingly levelheaded. He avoids, almost to a fault, speculation on such topics as the cultural or economic impact of papyrus on the Greco-Roman world. What we get are the known facts, and where necessary (as in the Elder Pliny's notoriously obscure description of how papyrus was actually made into writing material), careful and detailed exegesis. There is a most useful chapter on technical terms, and another on the plant's cultivation and harvesting. For the general reader the most interesting section is likely to be that on the diffusion of papyrus in the ancient world, to a point at which Pliny (writing under the Flavians) could assert: "Civilized society, especially in its records, is fundamentally dependent on the use of paper." Professor Lewis is rightly suspicious of claims that Greeks of the Heroic Age had papyrus; but it may well have been available by the time the *Odyssey* was composed, and by the sixth century BC was in regular use throughout the Greek world.

Though *Papyrus in Classical Antiquity* will find its main audience among professional scholars and teachers (for whom it fills, admirably, a long-felt gap), nevertheless intelligent general readers curious to trace the story of human written communication a couple of millennia before Gutenberg will find much to ponder here, and one or two salutary reflections on the vulnerability of the written word before mass publication off printing-presses. Much serious literature was pulped to make mummy-cartonnage, or used to stiffen the binding of codices. Professor Lewis duly recounts that famous papyrologists' horror story of the European merchant in Egypt, in 1778, who was offered no less than fifty papyrus rolls, bought one, and saw the would-be vendors burn the remainder for incense. *Habent sua fata libelli.*

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Chosen peoples

By Chaim Raphael

ARTHUR KOESTLER:
The Thirteenth Tribe
The Khazar Empire and its Heritage
256pp. Hutchinson. £4.75.

What chance does a modern writer have of reversing a deeply entrenched view of a broad historical sequence of events hundreds of years ago? Not much, one would think. The received view, even when poorly documented, seems always to flow from an ultimately reliable pattern in historic memory. The common result of archaeological and documentary discovery is to justify the traditional outline and help popularizers to fill in the gaps with lively illustration.

At one level, this is precisely what Arthur Koestler achieves, most interestingly, in *The Thirteenth Tribe*, his book on the Khazars, a Turkish (or, rather, Turkic) people who enjoyed independence and considerable power from their Caspian/Black Sea base north of the Caucasus between the seventh and tenth centuries. He makes it clear at the outset that he will ultimately draw on the Khazar story for a reversal of history; but the straight part stands up by itself, showing how a people obscure to most of us were in fact highly significant in the shaping of nations in the second half of the first millennium. Arab and Byzantine chroniclers provided information on the Khazars but mostly reported each other: the scholars have amplified things magnificently; and in Mr Koestler's hands the detail now available is skilfully (and entertainingly) redeployed to show what an important role this people played at a crucial period in the evolution of Europe. In the first part of the eighth century, they were on the spot to block Muslim domination, though without the explicit military triumph of Charles Martel at Tours. At the crossroads of power for the ensuing 200 years, they manoeuvred between the caliphate and the Byzantine Empire, held back the Viking Russ adventure [illegible] exacted a tribute from a great assortment of warring migratory tribes, of whom ultimately the Magyars and Bulgars moved (with Khazar involvement) into their final homelands.

It is a story full of historical question-marks. If the Khazars had not been there, would the Muslims have taken over Eastern Europe? If Constantinople had stayed faithful to its Khazar alliance, might it not have won a lasting physical base in Russia, instead of merely drawing the Russ into the Greek Orthodox Church? Above all, would the whole episode of Khazar independence have happened if the ruler of this country, pagan until the eight century, had not opted in 740 AD to become Jewish?

This startling decision, which for long had a legendary tone in its telling, has been amply substantiated by the scholars, and is seen by them as political, rather than theological, in its motivation. Mr Koestler presents it in cheerfully modern terms:

> At the beginning of the 8th century the world was polarized between the two super-powers representing Christianity and Islam. The Khazar Empire represented a Third Force ... but it could only maintain its independence by accepting neither Christianity nor Islam — for either choice would have automatically subordinated it to the authority of the [East] Roman Emperor or the Caliph of Baghdad. . . . Relying on its military strength, the Khazar kingdom, with its hinterland of vassal tribes, was determined to preserve its position as the Third Force, leader of the uncommitted nations of the steppes.

The key word, it is seen, is not "Jewish" but "uncommitted". The Khazars took on the formality of a new faith but made no attempt to spread it to the Bulgars, Magyars, Bashkirs, Zebenders, Pechenegs, Ghuzz, Kipchaks or any of "the dozens of other tribes who at one time or another in the lifetime of the Khazar kingdom passed through the turnstiles of those migratory playgrounds". If the Khazar leaders became, in some sense, Jews, it was not for export; but naturally one would like to know more of this bizarre happening.

Taking chronicles and modern research together, one learns that, at the beginning, being a Jew was optional in its demands and applied only to the elite. According to legend, the conversion had followed a debate staged before the king between a Christian, a Muslim and a Jew: and there is plenty of evidence that Jews—active in the adjacent Christian and Muslim worlds—were available to help the king to his decision. It is thought that, within a couple of generations Judaism in Khazaria became more widespread, and in the more demanding "rabbinical" form that was characteristic of established Jewish communities elsewhere. This emerges particularly in historical material from Jewish sources. There was a famous exchange of letters in the tenth century between Hasdai ibn Shaprut, the leading Jew of Moorish Spain (a scholar-politician who reminds one of Lord Samuel) and the Khazar king; and in the following century a Jewish poet of Spain wrote a philosophical book (the *Kuzari*) expounding Judaism in the form of the imagined debate, but also including some historical references. A great deal of the scholarly argument about the date and circumstances of the conversion, and the subsequent Jewishness of the Khazars, has turned on the reliability of these documents from Spain, and Mr Koestler tells the story with relish, establishing that in the heyday of Khazar prosperity and influence a Jewish presence in Khazaria must have been widely known, with Jewish merchants and scholars carrying authentic (if sometimes embroidered) references to their story back and forth. The picture is summed up in a quotation from a tenth-century Arab chronicler which Mr Koestler uses as an epigraph: "In Khazaria, sheep, honey and Jews exist in large quantities." The implication is that Jews were plentiful but not dominant—a point that Mr Koestler is inclined to overlook later. As another chronicler puts it: "Most of the Khazars are Muslims and Christians, though the king and his court are Jews."

The Jews are certainly an odd element in the general story of dynastic and inter-tribal struggle that Mr Koestler unfolds: but it is odder still when it becomes clear that he has tackled the Khazars not simply to explain how Russia, Hungary and the surrounding countries took shape in this formative period, but rather to use the Jewish element for a theory that in his view will stand Jewish history on its head, and having done so will make it possible to break out for all time from the straitjacket of misconception which is the source of "the Jewish problem". He has expounded his theory in his book on the Thirteenth Tribe, and it is now [illegible] in this one, as far as forested [illegible] slightest relevance to the position of race (or Chosen Race—Koestler's bugbear) in the Jewish mind, since this is ultimately a metaphor. The Jews have always known that *physically* they are a mixed people; their faith and kinship are vivid and satisfying, it is not (even for the orthodox, who are fully aware of biblical and later intermarriage and conversions) dependent on the link with Father Abraham but on the acceptance and enjoyment of values felt to be authentic in their own right.

The Khazar origin question is intriguing, in fact, mainly as an exercise in Jewish argument. On the evidence, there will never be a one-way answer. But Mr Koestler needs one, for his thesis: and in this situation the old Polish (or Hungarian) Talmudists used a method called *tilpul*—the accomplishment of the irrecon[illegible] bravura display of [illegible].

The movement of Jews [illegible] Europe before the [illegible] tury is one of them. No [illegible] that there were Jews in [illegible] Europe (speaking a Slav[illegible] in early times. The distinguished historian Salo Baron feels [illegible] coming from or through [illegible] "doubtless exerted a [illegible] fluence on Jewish history [illegible] Though the period is [illegible] "impenetrable darkness" [illegible] gests that Jews coming [illegible] "Jewish State" must have [illegible] places and "helping siblings [illegible] build up the great Jewish [illegible] of Eastern Europe". But [illegible] only one side of the coin: [illegible] other side, we see in Baron [illegible] in other historians, how pro[illegible] was the move into Poland [illegible] the west, resulting in the [illegible] tion of communities with [illegible] Jews already there could [illegible] One main determinant is the [illegible] of time. Khazar emigration [illegible] have begun in the tenth century [illegible] the flow was on a scale to [illegible] them the dominant factor in [illegible] Jewry, why are there only sc[illegible] references to Jews in Poland [illegible] fore the thirteenth century [illegible] contrast, as Bernard Weinryb [illegible] in his classic study, *The Jews of Poland*, when the reference[illegible] Jewish settlement begin to pro[illegible] ate from the middle of the [illegible] teenth century, they immediately carry strong German overtones [illegible] charters granted by various [illegible] echoed those granted to Ger[illegible] immigrants generally, with [illegible] under the "Magdeburg Law" [illegible] location of settlements, incorporating [illegible] greatly in the fourteenth cen[illegible] was "in most westerly part[illegible] (moving) constantly towards [illegible] east". Jewish family names [illegible] the end of the nineteenth [illegible] were increasingly derived "[illegible] places or lands in Germany [illegible] nearby countries". The Hun[illegible] tradition (which often reflects [illegible] forerunners in geographical [illegible] "resembled that of French-Ger[illegible] Bohemian Jews".

Mr Koestler, determined to [illegible] everything on the Khazars, seems [illegible] ignore this, and manages to [illegible] scholarly backing for a view [illegible] even Yiddish was originally Slav[illegible] in origin. The outstanding exhibition in this field, the late Uriel Weinreich, did not share this view [illegible] again, a one-way argument was [illegible] simple. He traced the Germanic element in Yiddish not (as usually thought) to Middle High German but to a variety of medieval [illegible] dialects—a mobile process of adaptation, carrying also, for earlier western European settlement, some roots from Romance languages. In new settlements in south-eastern Germany, Bohemia and then Poland, Yiddish absorbed whatever it found of a Jewish Slavic patois and became dominantly although the Slavic background increasingly shaped Yiddish in every form of linguistic development. It is as if history, in the hands of experts, insists on being multi-faceted, which in turn seems to warn us against taking up dogmatic positions on how we are to apply the lessons of history in our lives.

One accepts that Mr Koestler, is at home in polemic, is having a great romp with his thesis. He is certainly aware that to adduce a new "scientific" reason for the absurdity of antisemitism will do nothing to Jew-hatred, with its deeply inlaid Christian basis: but it gives him pleasure none the less. As a Hungarian Jew by origin there is an additional bonus for him in the role that his Khazar ancestors played in creating Hungary. Leadership of the Magyar tribes was taken over in the ninth century by the Kabars, a dissident Khazar tribe who included "converts" (or adherents of a fledgling religion"). The Magyars thus "received—metaphorically and perhaps literally—a blood transfusion from the Khazars". A tenth-century duke invited Khazarians to settle in Hungary: it is "not unlikely that these immigrants contained a fair proportion of Khazarian Jews", which is one in the eye for anti-semitic Hungarians.

One might wonder if it was necessary for Mr Koestler to go all this way round to reinforce his old argument that except for a small minority of religious believers, the Jews outside Israel have no logical—and therefore moral—right to feel and enjoy an attachment to a past which, as he now shows, does not stretch back in an unbroken line to the Patriarchs. But luckily the book which he offers as his evidence is itself a delight written with all his familiar panache.

A memorial plaque from Morocco to a deceased woman, from Jewish Life in Art and Tradition by *Yehuda L. Bialer (189pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.50). The text and photographs are based on the collection of ceremonial art in the Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shlomo, Jerusalem.*

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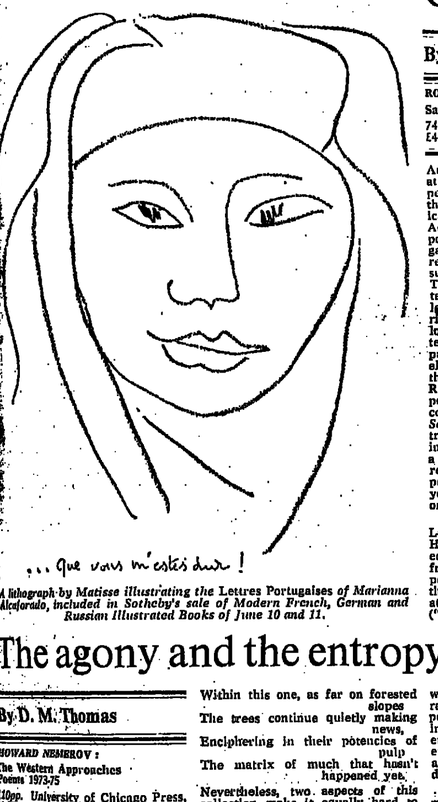

A lithograph by Matisse illustrating the Lettres Portuguises *of Marianna Alcoforado, included in Sotheby's sale of Modern French, German and Russian Illustrated Books of June 10 and 11.*

The agony and the entropy

By D. M. Thomas

HOWARD NEMEROV:
The Western Approaches
Poems 1973-75
110pp. University of Chicago Press. £4.80.

LEONARD NATHAN:
Returning Your Call
76pp. Princeton University Press. £4.40 (paperback, £1.70).

JOHN MATTHIAS:
Turns
110pp. Anvil Press. Paperback, £2.25.

America's troubles and introspections shadow these books. In Howard Nemerov's case, they help to create a tone of sadness, irony and ennui; in Leonard Nathan's, indignation and guilt. John Matthias's collection charts a move away from America's violence, to England. Ironically, Mr Matthias finds

> . . . In London monographs
> on
> Mahler are delivered in the morn-
> ing post intended
> for the eyes of diplomats on
> holiday in
> Devon—the still & deadly music of
> the I.R.A. One
> by one, these books explode. . . .
> In the hands
> of an unlucky clerk, the lap of an
> astonished secretary
> dreaming of her lover.

The physical law of entropy and its images, sea and tree, are the principles of Nemerov's *The Western Approaches*. Entropy does its work in wearing down America to a land of the middle-aged middle-class, watching the "coloured shadows" of football games; wearing down the music of the spheres to pedestrian prose; the lead of the artist's pencil; the onset of autumn and age. Against this depressing and universal decline, the sea, which is "a little more mysterious than that", and the tree, in the Yeatsian sense of great-rooted blossomer, provide consolation.

As one expects from Mr Nemerov, there is an abundance of speculative intelligence, wit and elegance. It is hard to resist the pleasure of such lines as these, from "Late Summer":

> So yesterday the year secretes itself
> Within this one, as far on forested
> slopes
> The trees continue quietly making
> news,
> Enciphering in their potencies of
> pulp
> The matrix of much that hasn't
> happened yet.

Nevertheless, two aspects of this collection make it equally hard to give full-hearted consent to it as a whole. The play of finely expressed ideas seems to mask a rather weary withdrawal from the play of life. There is a sense in which the poems would prefer not to be about anything external to the mind. It may be significant that a large part of the book consists of poems—good poems—about art: painting, poetry, translation, novel-writing and, especially, music. Is this another entropy—art turning from the world to study its own image?

In a highly polished style, flaws tend to stand out glaringly. Mr Nemerov's constant iambic pentameter sometimes becomes a straitjacket, imposing on content rather than expressing it. For example, in "Watching Football on TV", his description of footballers moving the viewers to "Lost nostalgic visions of themselves/As in an earlier, other world where grim/Fate" is overcome, contains at least three stale and superfluous adjectives, imposed by the metre. Nor does his metre spring off the tongue with that "sound of sense" of Robert Frost's authentic speech-rhythms, though it appears to be trying to do so. There are seventy poems in *The Western Approaches*, written between 1973 and 1975. Nemerov is a distinguished poet; his distinction is clear in this volume; but even Yeats and Frost usually waited much longer than two years for a collection to distil.

Mr Nathan's *Returning Your Call* is a compendium of contemporary American guilts: Vietnam, racial tension, the private guilts of affluent leisure. Inheritances from Russian Jewish pogroms and Tennessee slavery drive the nail in deeper. One certainly cannot say that Nathan is turned away from the world's life, but he lacks the rhetoric to deal with it. Like the poet, his compassion is great for the poor man's one ewe lamb, but he expresses it thinly: entropy again? To use a Frostian analogy, whereas Mr Nemerov's jambic net is too tightly stretched, Mr Nathan's free verse is playing tennis with the net down. The rhythmic pulse is weak, and his line divisions arbitrary. The most successful "protest" poem, "The Penance", is for once in strict form; it is also strengthened by its untypically rich imagery, based on a recurring dream of a child burnt by napalm running down the road.

Mr Nathan's best poems are the most personal and quiet: the modest celebrations of Part 5 and the sad, lyrical love poems of Part 2. In the latter especially the free verse starts to live, under the pressures of presumably felt experience and of their being directed to, or aware of, a listener, the woman of the poem:

> This is the inside, love,
> This light room, your hip curving
> Into me, my hand exactly
> Suited to yours, all under
> The covers, like our warm life.

Perhaps Mr Nathan should trust his tender inner skin more than the tough outer one.

Turns is Mr Matthias's second collection, and his first to be published in England. The quotation at the beginning of this review will already have given a hint of his controlled yet flexible style; for example in the skilful counterpointing of the "monographs on/ Mahler" and "the still & deadly music of the I.R.A.": of the intended victims, "diplomats on holiday in/Devon" and the actual victim, "lap of an astonished secretary/ dreaming of her lover". The last phrase shows irony finely controlled by pathos. Elsewhere there is a memorable dust summary of America's riot squads: "The other guys are faster and they draw."

What a brief quotation cannot show is this poet's ability to bring together and give order to a wide range of experience. The poem quoted is one of three long epistolatory poems. It moves fluently through American violence, reminiscence of friendship, a heart check-up, his father's death, the poet's need for an ordered background, and finally England. Mr Matthias achieves what Mr Nathan can only state as an aim, "to make things fit together that don't but should". *Turns* encompasses the order of art and the painful or grace-giving accidents of life; seriousness and wit; America's present, Russia's Stalinist yesterday, England's distant past; experiment and tradition.

Mr Matthias is eclectic, polyglot, often abstruse. Some of his titles are irritating ("Double Derivation, Association, and Cliché: from The Great Tournament Roll of Westminster"), and some of the poems are obscure, quirky exercises, partly redeemed by his splendid ear for the music of words. But excessive virtuosity is forgivable in one stark poetic scene, and I admire very much the way life—his own and other people's—presses into his poems. He has something to say and a way of saying it. *Turns* is an exciting, richly promising collection.

Going quietly sane

By William Pritchard

ROBERT PINSKY:
Sadness and Happiness
74pp. Princeton University Press. £4.40 (paperback, £1.70).

American poets have always been attracted towards extremities of performance, freelancing out along the razor's edge of grim-faced dedicated sincerities, of the sort Adrienne Rich has lately been propounding, or high-stepping elegantly among words at about fifty removes from reality, as in the suave acrobatics of John Ashbery. Those of us who fancy that life takes place somewhere below the level, perhaps well to the left or right, of such performances, often look in vain for anything in a contemporary lyric expressive of what passes for experience, passion or elegance in our ordinary lives. It is thus particularly satisfying to read Robert Pinsky's first book of poems, published in the new Princeton series, Contemporary Poets. *Sadness and Happiness* is not the traditional "first book" (promising though uneven, etc) but a distinguished accomplishment, remarkable for its daring and its poise—indeed the best work by any younger poet within recent memory.

Mr Pinsky has done a book on Landor's poetry and written about Hardy's in the *Agenda* Hardy issue edited by Donald Davie. It is clear from one of the sections of his long poem "Essay on Psychiatrists" that he studied with Yvor Winters at Stanford, for in that section ("Peroration, Concerning Genius") a figure referred to as "the Old Man" delivers to his first-day's university class a speech about how in the middle of the eighteenth century poets began to go mad and continued to do so right down to Hart Crane and Ezra Pound, friends of the lecturer. The Old Man finishes his talk by addressing the class in language that recalls Winters's essay "The Significance of Hart Crane's *The Bridge*, or What are We to Think of Professor X":

> But you will not go mad; you
> will grow up
> To become happy, sentimental old
> college professors,
> Because they were men of genius,
> and you
> Are not; and the ideas which were
> vital
> To them are mere amusement to
> you. I will not
> Go mad, because I have understood
> those ideas. . . .

Mr Pinsky must have been listening carefully, because although a college professor, he is neither happy nor sentimental; nor has he chosen madness or its dishevelled poetic equivalents. He has tried instead and largely succeeded in constructing a voice which both broods upon experience and remains strongly open to it, so that the resulting poems seem not to be all made up in advance, existing merely to demonstrate what the poet had in his pocket already. Thus the poems argue with themselves, as in "Poem about People", which begins with a man observing food shoppers, feeling sudden gusts of sympathetic tenderness toward them, then thinking:

> But how love falters and flags
> When anyone's difficult eyes come
> Into focus, terrible gaze of a unique
> Soul, its need unlovable: my friend
> In his divorced schoolteacher
> Apartment, his own unsuspected

> Paintings hung everywhere,
> Which his wife kept in a closet—
> Not, he says, that she wasn't
> Perfectly right; . . .

The strength and compression of lines like these are felt not so much through their verbs as through surprising adjectives like "unlovable" and "unsuspected", which both vouch for the self's imaginative investment in others' lives and its inevitable failure in the attempt. They help also, along with the syntax, to keep things varied and off-balance; the reader must become an active listener to the pace at which events reveal themselves.

Mr Pinsky writes poems about people, and about himself as a son, lover, father of daughters, a rememberer though not a praiser of his own past in Long Branch, New Jersey. "Sadness and Happiness", the title poem, begins:

> That they have no earthly measure
> is well known—the surprise is
> how often it becomes impossible
> to tell one from the other in memory:

> the sadness of past failures, the
> strangely
> happy—doubtless corrupt—
> fondlings of them. Crude, empty
> though the terms are, they do

> organize life;

He then proceeds to show with a lovely inventive particularity some ways in which the terms do and don't organize life. It is the measuring and measured quality of this poetry that is freshly attractive; matters of feeling, weighing, choosing among alternatives become the real subjects of Mr Pinsky's concern.

In "Essay on Psychiatrists" the poet begins by clearing the ground, as it were:

> "Shrink" is a misnomer. The
> religious
> Analogy is all wrong too, and the
> old,
> Half-forgotten jokes about Vienese accounts

> And beards hardly apply to the
> good-looking woman
> In boots and a knit dress, or the
> man
> Seen buying the Sunday *Times* in
> mutton-chop
> Whiskers and expensive jogging
> shoes.

Twenty sections later it concludes by deciding—no more, no less—that

> we are all psychiatrists,
> All fumbling at so many millions
> of miles
> Per minute and so many dollars
> per hour
> Through the exploding or collapsing spaces
> Between stars, saying what we
> can.

Really it is a question of how appealing and convincing one finds this voice, which I confess to finding extremely so. Mr Pinsky's best poems bring to mind certain late exploratory-meditative poems by Randall Jarrell—"Woman" or "Windows" or "Next Day". At any rate they should be admired (in terms Jarrell used about William Carlos Williams) for "their generosity and sympathy, their moral and human attractiveness".

Brotherly indifference

By Royden Harrison

HENRY WEISSER:
British Working-Class Movements and Europe, 1815-1848
226pp. Manchester University Press. £7.50.

There has been more wishful thinking about proletarian internationalism than about any other aspect of working-class consciousness. The gap between the "necessary" and approved and the "contingent" and non-approved has tended to be enduring. And this not withstanding determined efforts to close that gap by concentrating attention upon the easy rhetoric characteristic of fraternal gatherings: the unrepresentative cosmopolitanism of the *metropolis*: the *opinions of a few dedicated spirits such as Ernest Jones and George Julian Harney*. (Besides, what sort of "internationalist" was Harney, who could speak no other language but his own?) Cobbett spewing out antisemitism; Lovett rebuking workmen for their indifference to foreign policy; O'Connor insisting upon the superiority of the English to all other peoples apart from the Irish: these men in these moods were probably better representatives, more authentic spokesmen, and more accurate observers of English labouring men, than "Citizen Hip Hip Hurrah".

The majority of British working people, when they were not in the grip of some xenophobic enthusiasm, may be presumed to have been quite indifferent to what was happening in such other countries as there might happen to be. Unable to comprehend the reality of their own situation, it was not to be expected that they would display an imaginative insight into the sufferings and struggles of their "brethren" in other lands.

This account of the matter threatens to become the conventional wisdom and, on balance, Henry Weisser's work is likely to reinforce it. He has provided us with the first book to be entirely devoted to the problem of internationalism and the British working class in the period between the close of the Napoleonic wars and the year of revolution. He is widely read—at least in the secondary sources. Despite some obscurity in his style and purpose and a certain hesitation in his conclusions, he plainly favours the "realistic" school which is concerned to diminish working-class internationalism. He supplies a pill to cure addiction to merely "inspirational" history. If he defers to the greatness of Marx and Engels, he aims to cut the Fraternal Democrats down to size. To a considerable extent he succeeds in this undertaking, but he purchases his success at a heavy price in terms of general perspective.

In the *Communist Manifesto* Marx and Engels tried to identify the distinctive features of the proletariat considered as a revolutionary class. One of these features was internationalism: emancipation from the prejudices of "one's own country". In this context they were neither describing existing attitudes, nor prophesying what they would become, but rather suggesting ends to be sought. However, in this connection the record of the British working class was encouraging. The forging of working-class consciousness in Britain was indissolubly linked with a denial of national interest in the wars against France. The most articulate representatives of the class implicitly identified it as a whole in the bravest and the most difficult political act—opposition to the motherland when it engages in an unjust war. According to E. P. Thompson, this opposition broke up with the emergence of Bonapartism. One of Professor Weisser's most interesting contentions is that this was not the case. He finds evidence that British working-class leaders expressed nostalgia for Napoleon and in the most defiant terms. Ironically, this tells against the thrust of his own argument in so far as that is concerned with pointing up the peripheral, ephemeral and superficial character of working-class internationalism. Indeed, time and again he makes too little of the evidence which he has himself accumulated.

Thus, the marvellous, mordant *Black Dwarf* found room to deal with John Cades should as well as great rivers, marched later than at home. When the Habsburgs marched upon Piedmont and Naples in 1821 the *Dwarf* carried the following advertisement:

> States Depopulated and Property, Commercial and Agricultural, Ruined, Upon the Lowest Terms and at The Shortest Notice. Liberality of Sentiment, Generosity of Character and Sympathy of Nature Expeditiously and Radically Exterminated in All Countries.

It is easy to mock Richard Carlile for his extravagant enthusiasm for the Spanish uprising of 1820. But the word "liberal" did enter the English language even if we have not followed Carlile in revising the calendar and dating our publications from Year One of the Spanish Revolution. An absurd overestimate of the magnitude of that event must not be allowed to obscure the significance of a publicist as successful as Carlile appealing to his readers through the tradition that "the World is my country and mankind are my brothers". Even that quintessential Englishman, Cobbett, writing in 1830, could remark: "There is no knowledge . . . so useful as that which relates to the recent events in France."

Professor Weisser notices how George Julian Harney liked to spice his orations on foreign affairs with detailed accounts of atrocities. But sex and violence were minor components in a drama which appealed to a wide range of emotions and ideas: to progress and to chivalry: nationality and humanity. The remarkable feature of the Tiverton election of 1847 was not that Lord Palmerston kept his composure after Harney defeated him on a show of hands, but that for seven hours the audience listened to speeches which were largely devoted to foreign policy. Professor Weisser reminds us that, in his extreme old age, Harney became a violent opponent of Home Rule and he makes this a symbol of the eventual triumph of nationalism and imperialism. He might, with more justification, have pointed to the immense agitations of the 1860s in which the workers identified themselves with the cause of Poland, of Italy and of the North in the American Civil War. Indeed it is in relation to internationalism that the continuity between the working class in the age of the Chartists and the age of the Reform League is most easily discerned.

In the nature of the case internationalism can never be a steady light. It flickers on and off; blown into life by news of war and revolution; burning low at times of intense domestic crisis. To determine how far it is a sentiment which is sincerely felt and a principle which has been fully understood one must examine how workmen behaved when their country went to war or when their wages and employment appeared to be endangered by foreign competition. Thus, in this period, the acid test was not Poland, but Ireland. Professor Weisser notes that repression in Poland in 1830-31 contributed a new verb to the working-class vocabulary: "to Polandize". But how many workers were prepared to follow Ernest Jones making the challenging assertion contained in the following lines:

> Why weeps your sorrowing Erin
> Still bleeding unredressed,
> 'Neath *Russell*, England's Satan,
> The Poland of the West?

Given the leading position which Chartism of those whom Professor Weisser oddly refers to as the "Irish Mafia", one is tempted to conclude that this attitude was widely accepted. Moreover, recent research, such as that carried out by F. Kaijage in his thesis on Tiverton in the first half of the nineteenth century, suggests that Irishmen may have been as prominent at a local level as O'Connor, O'Brien and McGarth were nationally. Indeed there is some evidence that Chartism may have been a powerful attractive to Anglo-Irish prejudice: this proved to be the case when it would have to reject Professor Weisser's conclusion that "internationalism was not common to Chartism".

By way of rejoinder the reader will point out that he quite deliberately omitted Ireland and the United States from consideration. This is an inescapable consequence of a decision is a Hamlet without the Prince. Nevertheless, students of British labour history are indebted to Professor Weisser for a useful periodization of working-class internationalism within his self-imposed limits and for undertaking a great deal of patient, if rather inconclusive, research.

Downstairs, upstairs

By Brian Harrison

THERESA M. McBRIDE:
The Domestic Revolution
160pp. Croom Helm. £6.50.

Everyone is interested in the history of domestic servants nowadays yet (as the jacket on this book points out) the existing literature on the subject "remains inadequate". This is partly because evidence is scarce: domestic servants were drawn from social levels where autobiography is rare, and their occupation was socially and geographically too fragmented to produce occupational organizations which could create and preserve documents.

But the difficulty also originates with the historians themselves, who have so far been unduly anecdotal or belletristic in their approach. Statistical evidence has often been insufficiently utilized: the history of the subject has not been adequately related to wider socio-economic developments: the sufferings of servants have too rarely been seen in the context of the overall situation of their class: and an unduly insular approach has usually been adopted.

In *The Domestic Revolution* Theresa McBride avoids all those pitfalls, and has therefore written one of the few valuable contributions to the history of her subject. Her comparative approach has the double advantage of separating out the influence of national peculiarities on the evolution of domestic service, while simultaneously suggesting that "comparison with other societies in other centuries in comparative history", clearly has much to offer social history when the inquiry is as sharply focused as it is here.

Dr McBride regards domestic service as a "bridging occupation" which eases the transition of country people to urban life. Its broad pattern of evolution can be detected in all urbanizing societies: "The growth of the urban servant class paralleled the peak period of urbanization and declined when that peak had passed." Groups of country people from the same area huddled together in the town before venturing forth into unfamiliar urban occupations: such gatherings were a more important source of servants than the registry. In their early years, servants often sent a large proportion of their pay back home. They were mobile, moving later than other groups in their class, had smaller families and "seem to have maintained a life-style which emulated the middle classes in important respects".

These, then, are some of the similarities. The contrasts are equally instructive. The urbanization and feminization of domestic service occurred earlier in England than in France; so also did its decline. English employers were readier to substitute a contractual for a paternalist relationship with their servants, and the persistence of the dowry in France ensured that servants there married later than their English counterparts.

The sufferings associated with domestic service are now readily apparent. Heartless "no followers" rules made by employers had their inevitable consequences in the servants' relatively high illegitimacy, infanticide and suicide rates. But Dr McBride knows that it would be trite merely to dwell on these well-known miseries: she is more concerned to explain why they did not prevent domestic service in the early and mid-nineteenth century from easily attracting recruits.

There was a "pull" factor as well as a "push", and she recognizes that here we should be as much concerned with attitudes and relativities as with absolutes. She fully recognizes that servants' food and living conditions, however shocking to the modern eye, were usually far better than those endured by their social equals. The sheer self-interest of the employing class, to put it no more strongly, dictated relatively high standards here, as in public health generally.

The servants' food and living conditions were of course variously similar to those of their employers. Yet there were many servants like Dolmer, Mrs Transome's maid in George Eliot's *Felix Holt*, for whom "there were different orders of beings . . . and she belonged to another order than that to which her mistress belonged". In such a situation, personal devotion could readily transcend gross inequalities—for Queen Victoria and John Brown, as for Helen Demuth and the Marx family.

Dr McBride points out that although most English servants left their employer within five years, the minority who stayed longer spent an average of nearly twenty years with the same family. Elizabeth Downs the cook featured prominently in Violet Markham's childhood: "I was as much attached to the corner of Elizabeth's dresses," she writes in her autobiography, "as I was to the corner of my Father's study." Beatrice Webb's memoirs recall childhood "spent . . . in a quite special way among domestic servants, to whom as a class I owe an undying gratitude". It is perhaps time that somebody investigated the impact of servants on the opinions of their employers, rather than the other way round.

Dr McBride stresses the educational opportunities which domestic servants enjoyed by comparison with others in their class, and emphasizes the extensive opportunities for social mobility. Domestic service could develop specialized skills which were quickly utilized by male domestic servants who set up on their own; the proportion thereby became increasingly female in its recruitment as time went on. Yet even female domestic servants could build up their savings, train themselves in the household arts and rise socially by marrying an artisan or small shopkeeper. Domestic service also exercised the talents of the middle-class woman by involving her personally in managing employees at a time when the professional opportunities for her were few.

Considering her interest in social mobility, it is surprising that Dr McBride does not devote more space to the possibility of people up socially *within* the world of domestic service—either by moving from bad employer to good (country house jobs were much prized), or by moving up the servants' very clearly-defined occupational hierarchy.

Nor is there adequate discussion of the impact made by changes in household technology on the decline of domestic service. The growth of mass-production, mass-retailing and mechanization (for example, in baking, brewing, tailoring, and food-processing generally) must have made a considerable impact. A full discussion of which cause and what is effect would have illuminated the discussion of the domestic servant in decline. "In the country, where every household should be self-contained," wrote Mrs Humphry Ward in *Robert Elsmere* (1888), "a regulated mind to exercise discretic attaches in every direction." It was a discretion diminished rapidly in the service of Robertson's jams and Libby's corned beef. But these are only criticisms of an interesting and useful book—the second, in addition (Patricia Branca's *Silent Sisterhood* was the first) made in the historiography of Victorian women by this enterprising publisher within six months.

Fame and its discontents

By Alan Frank

GEOFFREY SKELTON :
Paul Hindemith
184pp. Gollancz. £6.

"Paul Hindemith can be placed beside Bartók, Schönberg and Stravinsky as one of the most important and influential musical figures of the present century." So reads the opening sentence of the blurb and not everyone today would be prepared to make such a confident assertion : Geoffrey Skelton in the book itself is more cautious : "a significant musical figure". Mr Skelton, who has published books on Wagner, but is not a professional music critic, makes no attempt to evaluate Hindemith's compositions, but sticks to the territory defined by his subtitle—"the man behind the music". As a biography it is surprisingly absorbing : surprisingly, because Hindemith, who died in 1963 at the age of sixty-eight, married happily to the same wife for forty years, spent the whole of his adult life as a hard-working, unglamorous musician, a seemingly buoyant, straightforward, and energetic character. One might have suspected that an opposite a picture was too good to be true. This is confirmed by Mr Skelton's carefully researched and attractively written study, the first biography to appear in English (in fact the only other English-language work of any sort is Ian Kemp's useful but very short monograph on the music itself, published in 1970).

Though we think of Hindemith primarily as a composer and teacher, he earned his income originally as a performer (violin, later viola) and did not cease to play professionally for some twenty years. His first engagement took place just before the outbreak of the First World War. He soon succeeded to contribute to the Hindemith family fortunes since his father, a street-playing house painter, had joined the German army at the age of forty-five (whether from patriotism or a desire to escape from the frustrations of his daily life?) and was shortly to be killed in Flanders. Paul Hindemith himself was called up in 1917 and, among the dozen well-chosen illustrations in Mr Skelton's book, a photograph of him as a soldier characteristically shows him playing the violin. Lucky enough to have served successively under two civilized commanding officers, his war service was not disagreeable, and by the time he was demobilized he had already written a number of works.

Mr Skelton sees the years 1919-22 as the period of his breakthrough as a composer, and recounts that the great German firm of music publishers, Schott, was unceasingly searching for young composers. Indeed, Germany itself needed at that point a new, potentially international figure in this field, and Hindemith had no real rival. The next ten years were as fruitful as any decade of his career, and the friendship, support, and counsel he received from the head of Schott's, Willy Strecker (as well as the occasional dispute), form a continuing thread in Mr Skelton's narrative.

The second of the book's four parts is largely devoted to the tangled account of Hindemith's increasing brushes with the Nazi party machine—"the cat and mouse game" is Mr Skelton's phrase, and the tangle is not due to any muddled thinking on his part. The confusion lay in the Nazi officials' attitude towards Hindemith : they were out of their depth and floundered. But Hindemith's behaviour, too, is of interest. He remained optimistic for a long time (Strecker was gloomier) and when the break came Mr Skelton is quite specific as to the reason :

> He was not a voluntary exile, yet the fact that he at last decided to sever his ties with Germany was not due to the fact that his wife was half-Jewish. This consideration does not in fact seem to have played any part in his decision. It was financial necessity, not political conviction, that drove him in 1940 to emigrate to the United States.

So Part Three finds Hindemith in the United States, the "land of limited impossibilities" he called it. The events of these American years (1940-47) needed charting and have a great bearing on the final part of the book, which shows Hindemith as a painfully divided and often tetchy man, consciously trying to persuade himself that he was wedded to America even when it became possible for him to return to Germany, and when he was being pressed to do so, resisting such invitations in terms which occasionally bordered on the hysterical. Ultimately he did return to Europe, but to Switzerland not Germany. And then it became the turn of his American friends and associates to be often treated with an ill-concealed brush-off.

The account of his final years makes sad reading. Despite his success, he may perhaps have had an inkling of what was to happen to his reputation—that the once provocative composer, now with a corpus of solid, mature achievement behind him, would be overtaken by the new waves of the avant-garde and would progressively come to be neglected, bypassed in the dreadful but not unusual phrase, ignored.

Did his wife also detect something of this sort happening, and feel the need for boosting his reputation? Mr Skelton convincingly shows that, well-intentioned though her actions were, she over-protected Hindemith from his friends as well as from strangers, with unfortunate results : "His wish during his last years to be treated as a great man . . . was almost certainly due to her persuasive influence: in this case undeniably a negative one, for it brought him nothing but discontent."

Such pronouncions, if they existed, have proved partly true. Ian Kemp, in his 1970 monograph, wrote, perhaps too harshly : "Hindemith's current reputation is at a low ebb." In the intervening years the ebb is neither higher, nor lower : a few works are regularly played ; but no national company here has produced any of the operas and, more surprisingly, the series of six quartets (none extant in The Gramophone record catalogue) and the beautiful orchestral suite, *Nobilissima Visione*, are complete rarities in programmes. If Mr Skelton's book sparks off a few revivals of such neglected works it would be welcome in itself it is a perceptive portrait of an all-too human being.

Brahms (left), Johann Strauss and Hans Richter at cards: silhouette by Otto Bühler from Marcel Prawy's Johann Strauss.

The dance for all seasons

By Nigel Douglas

FRANZ ENDLER :
Das Walzerbuch
Johann Strauss: Die Wiener Anforderung zum Tanz.
239pp, with 62 black-and-white illustrations and 51 colour. Vienna : Kremayr and Scheriau. Sch290.

MARCEL PRAWY :
Johann Strauss
Weltgeschichte im Walzertakt.
384pp with 354 illustrations, 34 in colour. Vienna: Molden. Sch364.

Last year saw the 150th anniversary of the birth of Johann Strauss the Younger, and not unnaturally it also saw a flood of words on the subject of the waltz in general and the Waltz King in particular. When weighty tomes are brought to bear on slender matters the results are not always felicitous, and the determination of various learned musicologists to be heard crying "I love Johann Strauss" bordered once or twice on the absurd. These two books do not come into that category. Although Franz Endler and Marcel Prawy are two very knowledgeable men, they have not lost their sense of proportion. Like most Viennese critics and writers on music, they use a chatty, more gossipy style than their British counterparts, and they have produced something more in the nature of penetratingly researched scrapbooks than academic treatises. Herr Endler is mainly concerned with tracing the history of the waltz and finding an explanation for its longevity, while Dr Prawy is in search of Johann Strauss, the man behind the music. Both writers are faced with the fascinating task of trying to analyse what it is about the nature of the waltz and the nature of the inhabitants of Vienna which made that particular city and that particular form of physical and musical expression virtually synonymous.

Josef Lanner, one of the first great figures in the evolution of the Viennese waltz, was described by a contemporary as "the man who sets the feet flying, while a gentle tear steals into the eye"—and therein lies, to my mind, the essence of the matter. The famous gaiety of the Viennese goes hand-in-hand with an equally essential melancholy—their two great obsessions are entertainment and death—and it is this bitter-sweet quality of the waltz which so closely binds it to the national character. When Alfred sings in the first act of *Die Fledermaus*, "Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was doch nicht zu ändern ist" ("happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed"), the circumstances may indeed be hilarious. But the poignancy of the melody which these words inspired in Johann Strauss is only what it removed from tragedy : and the various things which the Viennese would have been happier either to change or to forget around that time were soon to be changed for them by Sarajevo and all that.

Political winds in that part of the world blow hard from a confusing number of quarters, and, as Dr Prawy demonstrates, Johann Strauss was adept at bending with them. His "Revolutionsmarsch" of July 14, 1848, was rapidly followed by the "Kaiser-Franz-Josephs-Marsch" when the suppression of the revolution brought the new emperor to the throne. It was even followed by a "Rettungs-Jubel-Marsch", celebrating the preservation of the emperor from an assassination attempt in 1853, but to Strauss's chagrin His Majesty never really forgave the indiscretions of the erstwhile semi-revolutionary.

Strauss continued, however, to punctuate the history of Vienna with these pieces for special occasions, and when the emperor decreed that the old city walls should be torn down, and Vienna opened out into a resplendent modern capital, Strauss came up with his "Demolition Polka".

Strauss was in his own day, and has probably remained ever since, the most universally popular of all Viennese, equally admired by the masses and by such Titans as Wagner and Brahms. He was the first internationally significant composer for the musical stage to emerge from Austria since Mozart. He was a prototype of the modern star conductor, mesmerizing his audience with the total physical and emotional intensity of his performance. As an instrumentalist he perfected the form of the "symphonic waltz" that, with the exception of Lehar's "Gold and Silver" waltz, it has hardly been attempted by anyone since. In all the hundreds of photographs which exist of Strauss there is not a single one in which he is seen to be smiling. Dr Prawy provides us with a mass of fascinating anecdotes about this strange melancholy genius, and his book, handsomely illustrated with a profusion of contemporary cartoons, playbills and photographs.

Herr Endler of necessity covers some of the same ground, and his book is slightly less generous in its illustrations. But he too has been unstinting in his research into the origins of what he calls "the only preeminently Viennese form in music". And it is after all a form which received the blessings of the conservatives and liberals, Eduard Hanslick when he was young, Brahms later there was no strong literary movement—comparable to naturalism, Expressionism or activism in Germany—that merited the label of political engagement, apart from a few individuals who responded to the threat of Hitler with violent attacks on Nazism.

If the state did not see literature and the arts in Austria in political terms, this was in keeping with the attitude of most of their practitioners. Austrian culture has hardly ever allied itself with striving for concrete social change. Nor, on the other hand, has it been much concerned with classical notions of Beauty—consider Kafka, Musil, Trakl, to name but a few—but rather with crossing the frontiers, breaking the bounds of the real world. As a rule reality was, at most, downgraded; one got by with a melancholy hedonism. A disregard of the world tempered by aesthetic delights, a manicheism made more palatable by a touch of humility : such views stretch from the distant East to Austria. A few significant exceptions apart, Austrian writers have never subscribed to the naive belief that this world can be brought any nearer to Paradise.

The year 1945 heralded a period of democratic continuity for Austrian culture. With the treaty of 1955, the occupying powers left; as a result the government could build its own cultural policy without fear of Soviet opposition. Austrian society was radically altered. The last remnants of the *haute bourgeoisie*, which had supported the arts with its own strength and resources, were destroyed by Hitler. So was the substantial and generally well-to-do Jewish public that bought contemporary literature and went to new plays. The aristocracy had already lost its possessions and wealth after the First World War. Moreover, the Iron Curtain now separated the little republic from the so-called "successor states": Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, part of Poland, and Romania. Between the wars these countries still had a considerable German-speaking community that read literature, periodicals and newspapers and had never lost contact with Austria. It was only after the Second World War that these links were broken. Even though publishing business with Germany and Switzerland intensified, so that books by Austrian writers gained wider distribution, the literary landscape had; socially and geographically, nevertheless undergone a profound transformation.

After the Second World War the commercial base for literature was extremely narrow. As the society which had sustained literature and had privately supported authors no longer existed, the only patrons of the arts were the state and public bodies. This situation was not without its dangers, for such patronage might of course be dictated by political criteria. In fact up until 1966 Austria was ruled by coalition governments of the two major parties (OVP and SPO) with a small conservative majority. This gave both parties the opportunity of furthering the cause of literature. A gratifyingly broad spectrum of patronage was the outcome : any detrimental effects arose not so much from political pressure as from lack of funds. Post-war Austria had not yet got used to the idea that the state was supposed to shoulder all the burdens of patronage which society had borne, as it were automatically, in the past.

There was however one exception : the state theatres. In the case of the Staatsoper, the Volksoper, the Burgtheater and the Akademietheater, the state had, from as early as 1918, assumed all the responsibilities previously fulfilled by the court. Since that date Austria has been and still is handing out sums of money to its state theatres that make them the most highly subsidized in the world (around 1,000m schillings a year). Besides the Staatsoper, music in general is generously supported ; while literature still has to make do with a relatively meagre 6.2m schillings.

It is true that the cultural policies both of the coalition—in which the ministry responsible always came from the conservative OVP—and the subsequent short-lived OVP administration were of a conservative colouring ; but no attempt was made to disguise the fact. Support of domestic literature and art apart, the aim was to make internal and external capital out of the republic's neutral status. Consequently funds were provided for contacts not only with the West but with communist countries. From a very early date Vienna was the setting for literary East-West congresses and visits by Polish, Hungarian, Romanian and Bulgarian writers. Such events were staged not under Soviet or East European auspices but with the help of organizations funded by the Austrian government : the atmosphere was one of non-partisan mutual entente. Among those who came were Tibor Déry, Julius Hay, Eduard Goldstücker, together with theatrical figures such as Otomar Krecja, Erwin Axer, Liviu Giulei—most of them paying their first visit to the West. On the domestic front there were state literary prizes, subsidies to publishers and bursaries for individual writers ; of the enormous sums paid out to the theatre, a certain amount—albeit a minute percentage—also reached dramatists.

Today, three decades after 1945, one can detect a new integration of literature into society. This is no bad thing. The writer's intellectual and material livelihood is diversified, giving him and his work a relatively large number of options. As for the state, the SPO government has raised subsidies—not substantially but at any rate appreciably. There are now twelve national bursaries : the authors, selected by jury on the basis of submitted work, receive 5,000 schillings a month for a year. There are in addition three annual literary prizes, a wealth of smaller grants and—a particularly important factor—the bursaries and prizes of the various provinces.

As Austria is a federal state, there are nine provincial governments with their own cultural sections, each with prizes and funds at its disposal. They also subsidize a number of yearbooks and periodicals which themselves provide authors with in some cases lucrative opportunities for publication. With skilful management a writer with any real talent can live off grants for several years. Added to this, the national and provincial governments are prepared to support maiden publications by young writers in a number of Austrian publishing houses, whether by direct subsidy or guaranteed sales. This gives a gifted newcomer a real chance of getting on his feet.

Apart from such assistance, there are in Vienna and in each province one or more institutions that receive public subsidy and mount literary programmes. This enables authors to appear before an audience and engage in discussion with their readers, colleagues and critics. As such organizations also invite writers from abroad, meetings often have a cosmopolitan flavour. Forging international links is also the brief of the nine state-run cultural institutes—in London, Paris, Rome, New York, Istanbul, Cairo, Teheran, Warsaw, Zagreb—which invite Austrian writers and introduce them to foreign audiences, primarily in universities. Thus both central and provincial governments alike—the latter under the control of a variety of parties—can be said to have performed their roles as patrons of literature with some degree of success.

The Austrian author is in any case not too badly off, financially, as his market embraces the whole German-speaking readership of Western Europe. A great many Austrian writers are well and widely known for their books and plays in the Federal Republic and Switzerland : figures such as Peter Handke, Thomas Bernhard and Wolfgang Bauer, among the younger generation; older writers such as Alexander Lernet-Holenia and Friedrich Torberg; or of those no longer living, Heimito von Doderer and Ingeborg Bachmann. That many have chosen to live abroad should come as no surprise in a free society—there are parallels here with England and Ireland, many of whose most famous writers have spent decades away from their native lands. Some who emigrated because of Hitler have not returned: Elias Canetti, Manès Sperber, Erich Fried and Jakov Lind, the academics Ernst Gombrich and Karl Popper, and the drama critic and radio producer Martin Esslin, to name but a few. Best-selling writers such as Johannes Mario Simmel and Hans Habe, non-fiction writers such as Friedrich Hacker and Robert Jungk, also live abroad.

Needless to say Austria too has said goodbye to the days when an author knew exactly what public he was writing for. The Austrian writer today has no more than half an eye on the audience in his own country; he also looks to Switzerland and, especially, Germany—with its vastly greater population—if high sales are his aim. When one considers how successful Austrian writing has been in these countries, one has to admit that it is no handicap for an author to be born in Austria.

The increasing prominence of provincial writers during the past few years is no doubt one of the results of social change. For the past the literature of Austria was almost exclusively centred on Vienna ; it was indeed urbane, metropolitan—think of Werfel, Musil, Schnitzler or Doderer. However, most of the present generation, unlike their predecessors, not only come from the provinces but also choose provincial themes. This does not mean a flood of rustic idylls: on the contrary, the handling is sharply critical, as the work of such "provincials" as Handke, Bernhard, Bauer and Franz Innerhofer shows.

Astonishingly enough the little town of Graz, one of the most conservative in Austria, has become a fascinating arena for avant-garde and critical writing. The Forum Stadtpark and its periodical *manuskripte* (both supported by state and province) serve as a rallying-point for authors of both young and middle generations. Not long ago a further group was founded, the Grazer Autorenversammlung, which also includes several Viennese, such as H. C. Artmann, Ernst Jandl and Friederike Mayröcker. Literary traffic is no longer flowing one way towards the capital but to the smaller towns and into the country. The rural population is in the throes of intellectualization, and this is where reserves of new talent are now to be found.

There has never been much public discussion of cultural matters in Austria. Culture was more a way of life: something so natural that it was never the subject of debate. The man of letters, the painter, the composer, the actor, the musician, the conductor were, from the days of the Habsburgs onwards, an exceptional class of people : respected, admired, but hardly seen in political terms. On the contrary, anyone who agitated too openly on the political stage did damage to his artistic reputation. If you got yourself mixed up in the dreary, day-to-day problems of politics, you could not be up to much : such was the typical reaction of the public. Among those who enjoyed and still enjoy special esteem in Austria are dramatists, above all those who write for the pinnacle of the theatrical hierarchy : the Burgtheater.

It is only in the past few years that such attitudes, which have survived all manner of social upheavals, have begun to change. As often happens in Austria, change came "from above". In the autumn of 1975 the government launched a "cultural offensive". Its aims were the setting up of *maisons de la culture*, better support for smaller theatres and, through various agencies, more opportunities for writers to appear in public. For about a year the conservative opposition, too, has been extremely active in the cultural sphere: dialogues and meetings proliferate. There has been an unusually lengthy and vigorous parliamentary debate on cultural policy abroad. For several months the state theatres have been the subject of a thoroughgoing and exhaustive discussion.

Culture—ranging from churches, palaces, concerts and drama down to the smallest theatres and cabarets—has of course always had an enormous role in Austria. It is a dialectical role, since conservative opinion has stimulated violent opposition : as for instance in music, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg and Anton von Webern. The "official" literary culture of the 1920s — Hofmannsthal, Wildgans, Werfel—was opposed by Karl Kraus, Egon Friedell and Jura Soyfer. Even in our own day there is a Wiener Gruppe and a Grazer Autorenversammlung, whose avant-garde members set themselves against tradition. What is new is that the government and the political parties have taken such an interest in cultural activity. This process, with its many advantages and its dangers, is still in its infancy. It will be interesting to see how it develops.

Essays on Opera and English Music is a festschrift in honour of the late Sir Jack Westrup, edited by P. J. Stornfeld, Nigel Fortune and Edward Olleson (185pp, Oxford: Clarendon. £7). The articles on English music examine sources ranging from a manuscript of the tenth century in the Bodleian Library (by Susan Corbin), to Handelian oratorio in the eighteenth century (by Anthony Lewis); there are useful studies of Purcell (Peter Dennison and Nigel Fortune) and of Byrd (Joseph Kerman). The operas discussed include Scarlatti's *Griselda* (Donald Grout), Handel's *Sosarme* (Winton Dean) and Beethoven's *Leonore* (Egon Wellesz), while Eric Walter White chronicles the history of the Oxford University Opera Club which Sir Jack founded in 1934.

Das Grosse Groner Wien Lexikon (912pp and 574 illustrations. Munich: Molden: DM 152), edited by Felix Czeike and partly based on Richard Groner's *Wien wie es war* (1919), is a prodigiously informative guide to the city's visual splendours, places, associations and past achievements.

The work has two main parts, each alphabetically arranged : a biographical section (entirely new), with some 1,000 entries on historical figures from the thirteenth century to the twentieth, and a topographical section, comprising nearly 5,000 entries derived from Groner's work, of which about 75 per cent have fully revised and updated. Accompanying the book is a detailed map of Vienna.

New patrons for old

By Wolfgang Kraus

WHAT'S ON IN AUSTRIA

FESTIVALS

Salzburg City.
July 25-Aug 30. Salzburg Festival.

Vienna.
May 22-June 20. Vienna Festival.
Summer Programme end June-beg. Aug.

Carinthia.
July 5-Aug 28. Ossiach/Villach, "Carinthian Summer" Festival.

Upper Austria.
July 16-Sept 4. Bad Ischl. "Operetta weeks".
Sept 4-25. Linz, Bruckner Festival.

Vorarlberg.
July 22-Aug 22. "Bregenz" Festival.

CONCERTS

Salzburg City
Mon 1-30. Works by Mozart, Rossini and others daily except Sunday.
June 16, 21, 28. Castle Concerts -Mozart and Folk Music.
June 25. Franziskanerkirche. Camerata Academica, conductor Paul Angerer.
June 25, 26, 27. Castle Concerts. Slovakian Chamber Orchestra.
July 17-25. Week of Renaissance Music.
July 24-Aug 21. Castle Concerts July.
August 23-28. Castle Concerts. Viola da Gambia, Cello, Counterbass.
Dec 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26. Castle Concerts.

Vienna.
July 2-16. Youth and Music in Vienna.
Dec 31. Musikverein New Year's Eve Concert by the Vienna Philharmonic.
Dec 31. Konzerthaus Beethoven 9th Symphony. Vienna Symphony Orchestra, conductor Carlo Maria Giulini.

Upper Austria.
June 13, 14. Linz, New York Philharmonic, conductor Leonard Bernstein.

Lower Austria.
May-Sept. Schloss Grafenegg, Castle Concerts.

Carinthia.
May-Sept. Porischarch Castle Concerts.

Styria.
June, Sept. Graz. Castle Concerts.

Tyrol.
July/Aug. Innsbruck Castle Concerts.

Burgenland.
Sept 19. Eisenstadt, Brahms.
Niederösterreichische Tonkünstler. Conductor Heinz Proschauer.

SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL
Probably every Sunday from May 7-June 26 and from Sept 26-Dec 12 (except 10.45 a.m., and every Wednesday (beginning 24 May) at 19.00 p.m.
Morning training 10 a.m.-12 noon:
May 9-June 26, Tue-Sat (except holidays, Tuesday and Wednesday after Easter and Whitsun); Aug 27-Sept 4, Mon-Sat; Sept 7-Oct 2, Tue-Sat; Oct 14-Dec 11, Tue-Sat.

FOLKLORE

Austria.
June 20. Solstice Celebrations.

Tyrol.
June 17. Brixen im Thale, 'Antlassritt'.

Salzburg City.
June 24. Zedelhaus, 'Prangstangen-Tragen.'
July 24. Torch Dance.
Beg. Dec. Grosses Festspielhaus. Advent singing.
Dec 24. All Salzburg. 'Silent Night' celebrations.

Lower Austria.
June 16-20. Pöggstall, Folk Fair.
Sept 18-19. Perchtorf, Vintners Festival.
Sept 24-26. Retz, Vintage Festival and Procession.
End Sept-3rd Oct. Wilhelgrowing District. Vintage Festivals.

Upper Austria.
June 17. Hallstatt and Traunkirchen. Corpus Christi Procession.
Sept 18-19. Braunau, October Festival.

Burgenland.
June 20. Neukeunmühl, Fling Swinging.

Carinthia
Aug 15. Pörtschach and Krumpendorf, Boat Procession in honour of St Mary.

SPORTING EVENTS

Tyrol.
Jan 27. St Johann Bicycling World Cup

Styria.
Aug 15. Zeltweg, World Championship Motor Racing.

Vienna.
May 15-22. Donnerparkhalle, World Bowling Championship.
Beg. June. Austrian Derby.
Mid Nov. Int. Riding and Jumping.

This is just a selection of 'What's On' in Austria and dates may be subject to alteration. For a full list please send off this coupon. Don't forget direct flights to Vienna and Salzburg by

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The Tyrolean defend themselves: right, their leader Andreas Hofer at the second Battle of the Berg Isel in 1809; above, the Archduchess Elisabeth advising her Tyrolese artillerymen in 1796. Both copper engravings are reproduced from Wolfgang Pfaundler's Innsbruck, reviewed below.

Goodbye to all that

By Norman Stone

All of these books present, in one form or another, a version of the Austrian past. It is really a very dead past. Today's Austria, through a curious circumstance, has turned into a sort of Luxembourg, although her propagandists are always claiming some kind of Habsburg inheritance, whereas it is in the People's Democracies to the east, which theoretically repudiate the Habsburg inheritance altogether, that the spirit of the Habsburg monarchy survives best—the fairy-tale uniforms, weird bureaucracy, the *mélange de poésie et de chicane* that Louis Eisenmann regarded as the monarchy's outstanding characteristic. The last Habsburg emperor would have done practically anything to keep the unity of his lands intact. He must now be turning in his grave at his own failure to develop from *Volkskaiser*, a title he used to 1917, into president of a Red Danubian Federation, the last heir of the Habsburgs as A. J. P. Taylor wrote, is Marshal Tito.

Modern Austria does not really have much of a role left. Most countries do not have a role at all, and few of their inhabitants are at all perturbed. The Austrians, to judge from remarks in at least one of these books—*Das tausendjährige Österreich*—feel worried about this: the volume ends, "Europe's and the world's need for Austria has not yet been met by a long way". Rather similar attitudes—though put with much greater restraint, commonsense, and grace—emerged through the English-language version of J. C. Allmayer-Beck's *Vintage Austria* (Vienna, 1970). Both books, lavishly and happily illustrated, present the immense cultural wealth of the Austrian past, and expect it to have some uplifting relevance to the present. Culture has been pressed into service to supply the Austrians with an identity. Much the same has been done with Mother Nature in three books of aerial photographs of various places in the republic, produced by Lothar Beckel and Gerhard Stenzel, who have also collaborated in an informative volume on medieval Austrian castles, *Von Burg zu Burg*.

Wolfgang Pfaundler's Innsbruck is an exercise in local patriotism—beautifully illustrated, unassumingly and usefully written, it shows the past of Innsbruck in highly professional style. In their own ways, all of these books are a success, although the text of *Das tausendjährige Österreich* has a rather Crawfie-ish text to set against its magnificent illustrations (by Franz Hubmann, whose *K.u.K. Familienalbum* recently received an English edition). The Habsburg monarchy, in its later years, turned into a sort of coffee-table empire — large, glossy, empty. Not surprisingly, it spawns wonderful coffee-table books.

The Austrian tendency to dwell grandiloquently on the past no doubt stems from deep-seated doubts as to identity. It is, after all, rather difficult for the romantic-minded to sit in the midst of imperial pomp and not dwell on the past. But there is something inevitably irritating about the Austrian search for a role: it reveals itself in outbursts of portentousness whenever an Austrian ambulance goes at the United Nations' behest to Cyprus, or in frequent dwelling upon Austria's role as a "bridge between east and west". Dr Kreisky has sometimes himself protested against efforts to play the cultural *Grossmacht*. However, it has to be said that, whatever the more tiresome aspects of the claim to an international role (which in real terms is rather less considerable than Ireland's) a certain amount of genuine idealism has gone into it.

A rather typical instance of this aspect was Walter Wodak, for whom a memorial volume has been produced. He was an almost archetypically "decent Austrian" who emigrated (to this country) in 1938 and returned to help his fellow social democrats in 1945, when the republic was being reestablished. He was a great patriot, and put himself out tirelessly on his country's behalf, at a time when the Allies were far from charitable even to friendly German-speaking diplomats (Wodak was envoy in Moscow for a time, and the Russians made such difficulties about foreign currency that he, and his colleagues, were reduced to cadging free meals in their hotel). Later, Wodak served in London, and cut something of a figure in the Austrian diplomatic service. This volume reproduces speeches he made (some in English). They are full of commonsense—in this case, a rather wet pre-version of *Ostpolitik*. But, although no one could deny the good sense and humanity of Walter Wodak, does Austria really need a foreign policy at all?

No doubt it is the imposing surroundings that contribute most to this sort of *Wichtigtuerei*. But part of it also comes from the Austrians' doubts as to their own identity. In reality, Austria has only one role that it thinks worth taking seriously—not to be German. This was not one that many Austrians regarded with any favour at all before the Second World War. On the contrary, when the Habsburg monarchy broke up in 1918, the German-speaking deputies of the Vienna parliament voted to join Germany. There was one exception—a bishop who feared that the new German republic would be excessively anticlerical. It was the French in particular who, out of fear of *Grossdeutschland*, insisted that the Germans of Austria should have independence thrust upon them. This created many difficulties for the new state—not least, that of finding a name. Various rather Ruritanian names were thought up, but none of them could disguise the fact that Austria was at least as much a Germanic irredenta between the wars as Alsace-Lorraine had been a French one before 1914.

It must be something of a surprise for the self-consciously Germanic representatives of Austrian culture between the wars—the historians in particular—to discover that their successors have now completely backtracked and talk happily of Austria's differences with the rest of Germany. During the Second World War, there was a sudden revulsion against things Germanic—even the language was known, for some time after 1945, as *Unterrichtssprache*. The historical works in this collection are full of references—in the Trost-Hubmann one, gushing, in the Allmayer-Beck one, restrained—to the cosmopolitan past of the Austrians. Where Srbik and his like would have talked endlessly of the Austrian Germans' mission to carry Germanic civilization to the south-east, now their successors refer to "the Germanness of the Alpine and Danubian regions, watered down by Slavonic and Magyar influences", for which the evidence seems to be largely toponymic. What this really means is that the Austrians are lazier than the Germans, as well as subtler, more charming and socially cleverer—something they owe not so much to the peoples to the east, as to the Italians, who in these two historical works tend rather to get clips on the ear. The great aristocracy, the army, and to a lesser extent the clergy, were genuinely cosmopolitan. But the rest of the Austrian Germans were always firmly Germanic.

This was shown even by the social democrats in 1938, when the Anschluss took place. Karl Renner, leader of the socialists, joined with Cardinal Innitzer, for the first time ever, in supporting the enclosure of Austria. In the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* of April 1938, the president of both the first and the second Austrian republics wrote an article entitled: "Ich stimme mit ja", Norbert Leser, in an excellent essay appended to the Wodak book, adds a footnote to this: Otto Bauer, living in exile in Paris, wrote a quite similar article in the other newspaper *Kampf*, and Renner himself repeated his views in an English periodical some weeks after the Anschluss, this time with even the appearance of continuity, the attachment of Austria to Germany was regarded as "historically progressive" however distasteful it might be for some of the immediate victims.

As things turned out, there was singularly unpleasant sequel after 1945. The exiles, many of them Jewish, wanted to come back and help the Social Democratic Party to survive the post-war crisis. Very few of them indeed got much sympathy from the social democrats who reconstituted the party, and they have been undercurrents of anti-semitism in the Austrian party since then.

Most Austrians hardly bother with this talk of missions, and concentrate on living a prosperous provincial life. It is particularly the Viennese who resent their fall from grace (a process noted, in a bitter-sweet kind of way, by the authors of *Die Ernte der Schlafloseigkeit in Wien*) and who like to feel important; even if it means putting up with all the pretentiousness and *paperasserie* of international organizations. In reality, modern Austria has achieved a great deal. She has found a formula for prosperity through class-collaboration that eluded her in the past, and still eludes other countries. She has achieved a *Wirtschaftswunder* and a political miracle as well—a political one preceding the economic one. It is her problem that she can be smug about not her past.

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ANDRE HELLER:
Die Ernte der Schlaflosigkeit in Wien
Edited by Christian Brandstätter
Unnumbered pages with 16 colour plates and 121 black-and-white illustrations. Vienna: Molden. Sch 740.

Bad for them, good for us

By Neil McInnes

KLAUS MEHNERT:
Moscow and the New Left
Translated from the German by Helmut Fischer and from the Russian by Luther Wilson
Camp. University of California Press. £5.55.

Soviet publications took a belated interest in the New Left, starting with the events in Paris in 1968, when the New Left was already some eight years old, and reaching their peak in 1970, when interest in the West was already waning. Klaus Mehnert, who is unlike most sovietologists in that he knows the Soviet Union in the simple, direct way that you or I might claim to know America or France, thinks there was great significance in this reaction. He considers it betrayed an anxious confusion about what was happening in the West, and an incipient alarm that, whatever it was, it could happen in the Soviet Union too.

In an essay of 125 pages he has analysed everything he could find Soviet sociologists, philosophers and journalists saying on the New Left in dozens of publications, and sought to explain their common fascination with the subject. To that, he has appended a large number of documents selected from those mentioned, and an extensive bibliography of Russian texts. He has rounded it out with notes on the Russian authors and publications cited (so that one can judge, for example, what audience they have) and a thorough index. One is pained to have to say that a university press has let this exemplary piece of scholarship be disfigured by a slovenly translation. The rendering from the German seems not to have been checked by a native English-speaker, with authority to revise it, while the translations from the Russian can be as mystifying as this: "A wedding. The groom looks abominably at the bride. The guests, constantly about 'bitter'." Now if that were an English wedding, we'd understand.

Years after the sit-ins and riots from Tokyo to Berkeley, Moscow seemed still to be hoping the New Left would go away, like a bad dream. The shock of Paris in 1968, which directly involved "the oldest daughter of the church", the French Communist Party, forced Soviet commentators to break the bad news to the Russian public, and to tell them that the New Left existed not only on the Left Bank but throughout the capitalist world. Not that Russians were vouchsafed much information on the subject. New Left texts were seldom translated, and discussion was based on excerpts and quotations that were only approximate, sometimes expurgated and rarely given a precise source. Trotsky's influence on the New Left was hardly mentioned and—an extraordinary feat of discretion—Mao's name was never mentioned. The entire literature combed for the book contained not one essay on Mao's influence on Western youth." Whenever New Leftists were cited as advocating socialism, Russian readers were deliberately left with the impression that this meant Soviet-style communism. One can measure from that fact alone the amount of bowdlerization that preceded this "discussion".

A discussion, it certainly was not. "The answer of Soviet authors (to questions about the New Left) is so uniform that we have to infer central directives." Mehnert compares this ponderous, delayed response with earlier Soviet reactions to Maoism or East European heresies. "Just as no Soviet manager would dare open a button factory that has not been planned, no Soviet ideologue will give his opinion on a touchy question until the party has ruled on the guidelines of discussion. . ." Of course, it is this that gives his essay its enormous political importance. An analysis of what Brijish writers said about, say, women's liberation would tell us little more than that Britons disagree, but Mehnert can aim to tell us what the world's most powerful government has decided, after long reflection, about the significance of the New Left.

At first Soviet writers vacillated "between sharp reaction and undoubtable sympathy". The sympathy went to the (misrepresented) socialist aims of the New Left, and the reaction was from everything about it that suggested moral laxity, promiscuity and hippie abandon. However, that attitude involved Moscow in some lies that were too big even for its hack writers, such as that the New Left rebels were poor workers, when they were more often gilded youth, or that they were possible allies for communists, when they reviled what Cohn-Bendit called "les crapules staliniennes", or that they were anti-capitalist, when they were anti-consumer. Therefore, the argument that the New Left was a "symptom of Western decline", another sign of "the deepening decay of Western society", was given a trial run but soon retired. The Soviet Union's leaders saw that they had to come to grips with the real problem the New Left posed: the inadequacy of the coarse Marxist theory of social classes, which ignores the middle class and the intelligentsia, and of the Leninist dogma of the supremacy of the working class over all other revolutionary forces.

That meant facing up to the argument, which has been advanced by many others besides New Leftists, that the scientific-technological revolution is producing an "industrial society", to which various sorts of political systems are converging, and in which highly educated people will exert such great power that they will refuse to take a back seat in the "party of the working class", the Communist Party. In so far as they are progressive or subversive, they will create a new left to supplant the dreary old communist and social-democrat ones that claim to rule in the name of manual workers.

This doctrine is anathema in the Soviet Union, which is why the Soviet critics zoomed in on Marcuse, who stated it more crudely. "No Western political writer in recent times has occupied Soviet critics as much as Herbert Marcuse.". And yet for all their fulminations about that "werewolf" that "CIA agent", his argument was one they could not simply throw out. Russia, too, desperately needs the scientific-technological revolution, or else it will fall behind in defence and even further behind in civilian industry. So it has to accept the proliferation of the technical-intellectuals. It would be miraculous if these "new strata" were not as restive in the Soviet Union under proletarian leadership (or leadership exercised in the name of workers) as they were in Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in the Western leftist parties. "But with great misgivings Soviet authors also see what this Pandora's box has already wrought throughout the world, and the anxious question is whether the same will happen with some delay in the Soviet Union."

That, then, according to Mehnert, is why the licensed Russian ideologists took an interest in the New Left, whereas they have never wasted a minute analysing Maoism. A peasant revolution is behind them, but the pretensions of the technical-intellectuals, against the "subjectivities" of the "toiling masses", are a danger that might lie just around the next corner. On his showing, at least, they have come up with an extraordinarily lame answer, after an analysis that did not lack perceptiveness and sympathy. The answer is: "It can't happen here." The doctrine of convergence was rejected with scorn. "Moscow's favourite dialectical thesis . . . worked as a tranquillizer: what was bad in the capitalist system was good in the socialist; in its wake the scientific technological revolution brought severe dangers for the West, but only advantages to the East." As Mehnert says of Soviet strictures on the New Left's relaxed morality, you would think the sexual drive existed only outside the Soviet Union.

One is reminded of the French aristocrats who analysed so brilliantly the ideas that were to fire the French Revolution, before retiring to a sound night's sleep. They made much, said Carlyle, of books of which the second edition was bound in their skins. Acute analysis has often been combined with a complacent "it can't happen here".

If the Soviet leaders are really satisfied with this published conclusion (if they had arrived at a more disturbing one, they would hardly publish it), Klaus Mehnert is not. Accordingly, he has a chapter called "Is the Soviet Union really immune?" It contains much interesting information, gathered at first hand, but it is not convincing as argument. His method is to identify the "causes" of the New Left in our societies and then to show that similar causes are at work in the Soviet Union. The "causes" he lists are earlier maturity of the youth, more leisure, urbanization, a consumer society, alienation, loneliness, family break-ups, the feminization of education, an increased interest in sex, alcoholism, "hot music", and crime.

Now one must have serious doubts about a quest for the etiology of political views, as though they were so many diseases, and even more serious doubts about a rugbag of social and psychological phenomena that could as well be merely contemporary with political beliefs. One fails to see what crime and "hot music" are doing in a list of causes of political events. Moreover, in the case of the agitation of the New Left, one cannot overlook the contribution of overcrowding on the campuses (a point the Soviet authors noted, but Mehnert does not), the mass dispensation of half-baked "social studies" to youth who were not really interested in study but were at the university simply because their parents (or local council) could afford to send them there.

Those two factors are especially important because neither of them is present in the Soviet Union. The students' life is no more cramped and uncomfortable than that of other Soviet citizens (the contrary, rather), whereas a decade ago places like Nanterre were hell. And Soviet students who will not work are smartly sent down. Such social studies as they are allowed are dull Leninist orthodoxy, little likely to intoxicate youngsters with such ideas as "everything is possible", "happiness, nothing but happiness", "l'imagination au pouvoir", and so on.

To the extent causes such as that were important, the Soviet Union might indeed be immune from the New Left virus for some years yet. Eventually, I have no doubt, the rise of the technical intelligentsia must burst through the tired husk of the old society where absolute power is held in the name of Marx's manual factory-workers. When it does, though, it need not have any of the features of our New Left, least of all its more engaging features such as libertarianism, relaxed morality and youthful irresponsibility. It might well be an older, more efficient, right-wing tyranny. Mehnert shrinks from this thought, because he wants to hold to the doctrine of convergence. He thinks we are all headed for the "industrial society", where communists will inevitably have the same experiences as capitalists. This is a prejudice, against which I shall set another: that Soviet society is a totalitarian system from which we have nothing to learn and to which we could never, if we tried, communicate our own petty ailments such as the New Left.

Moscow: absent friends and unexpected visitors

On a recent visit to the Soviet Union I heard over and over again the complaint that it has never been as difficult as it is at present to buy good books. The most surprising aspect of this for someone returning to Moscow after an interval of eight years is to find that it is no longer possible simply to walk into a bookshop and buy one of the Russian classics. In the late 1960s one could still purchase works by *Pushkin, Turgenev and Tolstoy*—if not *Dostoevsky*—"*off the peg*" *but now (except for those who have been lucky enough to get their names on the subscription list for Dostoevsky's collected works)* a chance visit to a bookshop is unlikely to be rewarding.

The change appears to have been brought about not by a cutback in the production of the classics but by an enormous increase in the demand for good literature—and that despite the fact that many older Russians now complain that as a result of television young people read much less than their elders. Various explanations for the latest literary boom are offered. Some attribute it simply to fashion and a desire to keep up with the Aloksoevs. Others note a connection between the literary upsurge and the building boom. Hundreds of thousands of people have moved into new flats and for the first time have acquired adequate wall-space for a private library. (Here, of course, fashion again comes into it. Like Anthony Powell's Bagshaw—though in less ambiguous circumstances—they accept that "Books do furnish a room".).

The Jewish emigration is also blamed for the shortage of the Russian classics. Well over 100,000 *Jews have left the Soviet Union during the 1970s and many of them bought as many of the classics as they could lay hands on before their departure.* (Though this sounds all too familiar like blaming the Jews for everything, the relevance of the emigration to the book shortage was stressed by a Russian Jewish writer, who also said that far from being a matter for blame, it was entirely to the emigrants' credit that they wanted to preserve their links with the great literature in their native language.)

That it is difficult to obtain works of the best *living* writers, both Soviet and foreign, published in the Soviet Union—and *a fortiori* those published only outside the USSR—goes without saying. So far as translations of foreign work are concerned, however, it is again a question of increasing demand rather than of a cutback in supply. Indeed, a second surprising aspect of the Soviet literary scene is that within the past decade, a period in which the censorship of Soviet literature has become more rigorous, a wider range of notable modern novels has been made available in Russian translation. This may be connected with the fact that in the post-Khrushchev period more emphasis has been placed on publishing houses becoming self-financing, and so editors are actively looking for good and interesting foreign literature which they can rely on to sell.

While overtly anti-Soviet literature is obviously ruled out, along with books by writers who have recently been particularly vocal in criticizing Soviet policy, the ideological parameters are not as narrow for translated works as those within which Soviet creative writers have to operate. (An introduction to the book by the translator or by a Soviet literary critic usually points out the ideological shortcomings of the characters in the novel and sometimes those of the author himself.) As a result, Western writers whose values are far removed from official Soviet ones have been and are being published. It is a bonus if an author displays both literary talent and unswerving devotion to the changing Soviet political line and this combination has made James Aldridge the best-known living English novelist in the Soviet Union. In the present year, for example, the Progress publishing house in Moscow is simultaneously producing two of his works—*The Diplomat* (1949) and its sequel, *Mockery in Arms* (1974), each in editions of 100,000 copies. But when one begins to compile a list of modern English novelists translated into Russian, Aldridge turns out to be the exception rather than the rule in the congruence between his political and ideological stance and official Soviet positions.

Among the generation of writers who first made their English reputations between the wars those who have been translated include Evelyn Waugh as well as Graham Greene, Somerset Maugham and Agatha Christie. As recently as 1974 a large Waugh volume which included both *Brideshead Revisited* and *A Handful of Dust* as well as several short stories was published in an edition of 150,000 copies. According to an editor from the publishing house concerned, it was sold out in three days and they could without difficulty have sold a million copies in a week.

Among the post-war English novelists translated are Iris Murdoch, William Golding, John Wyndham, Basil Davidson, Raymond Williams, John Wain, Margaret Drabble, Michael Frayn, Piers Paul Read, Melvyn Bragg, John Le Carré, Alan Sillitoe and Susan Hill, a list which is both more representative and more interesting than that projected in the popular British image of Soviet publishing. In virtually every case the translations of these authors' works sell out instantly and several of them are greatly admired by Soviet intellectuals. In most instances the writers are represented by more than one work: Golding by *Lord of the Flies*, *The Inheritors* and *The Pyramid*; Wain by, for example, *The Professor's Daughter*; Frayn by, for example, of Frayn, Drabble and Read), but as many as four Iris Murdoch novels have been translated; *Under the Net*, *The Sandcastle*, *The Red and the Green*, and *The Black Prince*.

The trend towards greater sexual explicitness in the Western novel generally circumscribes the choice available to Soviet editors and translators at least as much as political factors. In spite of Iris Murdoch's undoubted popularity with Russian readers, many of her novels stand little chance of being translated on account of the centrality of the homosexual or incestuous relations portrayed within them. Though there is comparatively little detailed sexual description in Piers Paul Read's fine novel *The Professor's Daughter*, his Soviet publisher felt obliged to ask the author to make several amendments in the direction of less sexual frankness, and even then the publishing house received a number of letters from Soviet readers asking them why they dared publish such a book.

If *The Professor's Daughter* can bring in letters of the "Disgusted of Tomsk" type, quite a number of notable Western novels are likely to remain untranslated. In the past they could be expurgated without the author's permission, but since the Soviet Union became a party to the Universal Copyright Convention on May 27, 1973, any novel published in the West after that date can be abridged in its Russian translation only with the explicit agreement of the author. (For books which they translate that were first published in the West after that date, Soviet publishers now have to pay their Western authors in hard currency. It remains to be seen whether this financial consideration will in time reduce the number of Soviet translations.).

Such constraints notwithstanding, it is probably fair to say (a) that the range of contemporary English novelists known to the reading public in the Soviet Union is wider than the range of contemporary Russian novelists known in England and (b) that the policies of Soviet publishing houses where translations are concerned does not fit easily into the general conservative tendency of Soviet publishing in the post-Khrushchev period which many observers have noted. Indeed the present year will see the long overdue publication of a Soviet Russian translation of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, even though Joyce has been singled out for attack by Soviet literary critics over many years as a leading representative of "modernism". The use of "Soviet Russian" is deliberate. There is an émigré Russian version of *Ulysses* which has been published. The variations in publishing policy from one Soviet republic to another would repay more attention than they have received from Western writers. Baltic republican publishing houses tend to be much more adventurous in their choice of works for translation than Russian ones and it is not in the least uncommon for a book to be published in Estonia years before a Moscow publishing house will feel emboldened to tackle it.

Yet, as I have suggested, there is movement even in Moscow. As good an indicator of this as any may be the projected publication of a work in a different genre in the first quarter of this year. A translation of *Parkinson's Law* is to be published by Progress in 100,000 copies. Nowhere in the world is it likely to sell out more quickly.

Archie Brown

Cock Tale

"'Deny deny deny',
is not all the roosters cry'
(Elizabeth Bishop)

Quite true. In fact we find
that what they say is of this kind:

'Good morning, good morning, good morning
—which was just to clear the throat,
not to gain your attention,
the few of you that are out and about
this good morning.
Though according to the sheikhs who know,
Doomsday comes
when once I fail to crow,
and not good morning.

'I propose to spend the rest of the day
in glaring, as is natural to my eyes,
in asserting my chest (by nature assertive)
and my two iridescent legs. While my bill
(the which is black and as the jet it shines)
shall be incisive.

'I shall feed with an easy grace,
pausing only to push a lesser bird
out of the way.
Hen is cock's joy, so we say:
I shall couple with precision and dash
and such success as will put you to shame
should you be watching
(which is not why I do it).
I am not called what I am for nothing.

'The cock who crows three times
is either out of breath or wasting it.
If someone in the vicinity
happens to be engaged in betrayal
whether positively or negatively,
it is purely coincidental.

'I do not know the word "pecking".
Nor the word "refute", which appears to mean
"to tread" or even "to be".
It being necessary to pass from one grain
to another, one hen to the next, in a manner
as efficient as possible. Hence
my excellent legs, et cetera.

'Denial is equally foreign.
Even the oldest rooster in the yard
—his legs have gone, his feathers gone,
his comb has gone, et cetera—
he doesn't cry "Deny". What he says,
if anything (his voice has gone),
sounds rather like "Accept" Or "Take".

'Good morning, just once more,
and then he's off to make cock-sure.

D. J. Enright

King's parade

When was Maynard Keynes seen on the cinema screen reassuring the nation about its economic future, and where did Picasso meet Clive Bell for lunch in Paris in 1919? The answers to these and a myriad other questions can be found in the exhibition which opened last Friday at the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The first-ever show of manuscripts from the distinguished twentieth-century collection at King's College, Cambridge, is held in affectionate memory of A. N. L. Munby, Librarian of King's from 1947-1974, and is based on the exhibition he was himself planning at the time of his unexpected death. Tim Munby was almost entirely responsible for making this collection; and the thread of King's and Bloomsbury which runs through it is one reason for its strength. Another is the humorous scepticism which he applied to its formation. Tim Munby's own work, crowned by the five volumes of *Phillipps Studies*, was mainly on the history of collecting before about 1870, but he went about the business of assembling modern literary papers with characteristic energy and success. It's as it should be that us the exhibition opened, a large new group of Roger Fry's papers arrived at King's: the collection continues to grow.

Dr Penelope Bullock, who wrote the catalogue, and her fellow organizers are to be congratulated. Literary manuscripts are notoriously difficult to exhibit, but here they have been excellently chosen and imaginatively mounted—and meanwhile the walls of King's have been denuded. The Adeane Gallery is hung with oils, with drawings—predictably many by Strang and Rothenstein—and with the cartoons of E. Beerbohm and Low, drawn in about equal numbers from the Fitzwilliam and King's. Keynes is the most frequent subject, and there is an interesting painting of him by Roger Fry.

Full justice has been done to the strong points of King's collection of literary manuscripts. The John Hayward-T. S. Eliot collection is matchless. It has a long case to itself. The drafts of "Ash Wednesday" and "Little Gidding" are next a carbon of the typescript of Old Possum's *Book of Practical Cats* and flanked by John Hayward's drawing of a practical cat. One of two manuscript volumes of Rupert Brooke's poems lies open at the much revised pencil draft of "The Soldier". It is more of a surprise to find that drafts of two late Hardy poems belonged—an act of piety, perhaps—to E. M. Forster. The usefulness of Forster's two drafts is being demonstrated by the Abinger edition. A page of *Howards End* is open at a plain and a draft. Beside it lies a recent edition. And nearby a letter from D. H. Lawrence reads: "... You with your 'Only Connect' motto '...".

Ink drawing (previously unpublished) of a practical cat, by John Hayward.

Letters of course make up the bulk of the King's collection and consequently of the exhibition. The papers of E. J. Dent include many letters from musicians, among them Honegger and Webern. Letters from Wittgenstein to Keynes, Frank Lloyd Wright (on very classy paper) to C. R. Ashbee, suggest the range of material. But in sheer bulk all these are dwarfed by the enormous quantity of Charleston Papers: letters and papers of Clive and Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant—in all, about 5,000 letters of which there are a few on show.

It is a pity that the exhibition runs only until July 11. The catalogue (handsome typography by Sebastian Carter) is available from the Fitzwilliam (price by post £1.25). It provides an excellent introduction to the King's collection and a very readable text. But everyone interested should try to see the exhibition itself. Much, not catalogued, is on show, including some of Tim Munby's own papers: poems, a ghost story, letters and essays, which should not be missed.

Considered trifles

"Judges, policemen, critics. These are the real Lower Orders, the low sly lives, whom no decent person should receive in his house." Thus Auden in 1939, in an unpublished book *The Prolific and the Devourer* (some of which he later turned into verse). His friends advised against publishing, and he himself came to dislike its mandarin tone. It is made up of uncquivocal aphoristic judgments on life, art, politics. He talks of his two passions, for the word and for the symbol: "Today words so affect me that a pornographic story, for example, excites me sexually more than a living person can do."

The section of the book published in the latest issue of *Antaeus* (Nos 21/22, Spring/Summer, 1976, 42a Hay's Mews, London, W1. £3) is the *pièce de résistance* of a 328-page double-number devoted to essays and essayists. The line-up of contributors is so impressive as to be daunting: a list of distinction is averted by Daniel Halpern's imaginative editing. The essays are arranged like a well-planned menu. About half-way through, the fullest attention is needed to take in Octavio Paz on Veracruz mythology, William S. Wilson on energy, and a lecture by Federico García Lorca on *cante jondo* given in Granada in 1922 (its rhetoric intolerable away from Granada and in translation). But then, like sorbets, come three *faux d'esprits*—Leslie Fiedler meditating on freaks, James Salter elegiac in cemeteries, and Roland Barthes playing with chopsticks ("they never molest a serving of food ... with the chopstick, food is no longer prey"). Francis Ponge looks at Picasso, Michel Butor at Monet; and Bertrand Russell and the idea of the "mastermind" is critically examined by Laura (Riding) Jackson.

The art of the essay is evidently anything but dead. Other lions imitating Lambs in *Antaeus* include Hortense Calisher on short fiction ("A story is an apocalypse served in a very small cup"), and the late Flann O'Brien, ostensibly on Joyce but mostly about a man who got his whiskey by raiding loaded dining-cars parked in sidings. Among so much that is good, the pedestrian stands out: Gail Godwin on compulsive diarists and Alan Sillitoe on maps have the dogged air of candidates in a university entrance General Paper.

The meat is at the beginning, with Auden, and Raymond Chandler's previously unpublished "Farewell, my Hollywood", on the horrors of writing for the movies; they are followed by another coup, a series of thirteen unpublished letters from Ezra Pound to W. B. Yeats and his widow, ranging from 1914 to 1938, and one from Yeats to Pound. Yeats is formal, correct: Pound to "Dear WILLYAMM" is not ("Ye last a bit more barmy than usual ..."). But at the very end of this issue, like a *bombe surprise*, is a series of extracts from obscure books whose disinterment would have done *Nemo's Almanac* credit. One, from *The Arts of Beauty; or, Secrets of a Lady's Toilet* (1850) by Madame Lola Montez, is called "The Art of Fascination", and consists of directives to gentlemen, ostensibly on how to charm ladies; it is in fact a deeply ironic and exasperated catalogue of how men put women off.

Best of all is the piece from *Perfumes and Spices*, published in 1940, whose editor A. Hyatt Verrill, "naturalist, explorer and scientific author", gives a piece of his mind to some very pungent material:

> One very highly educated and socially prominent English lady whom I knew was exceedingly fond of the smell of badly kept stables, and when driving would have her coachmen stop at some stable where she could lean back against the cushions and inhale the effluvia with the keenest enjoyment. In certain sections of the Near East, the women revel in the rank odour of male perspiration of the opposite sex and "perfume" their handkerchiefs by having their boy-friends or husbands tuck them under their armpits when engaged in manual labour and perspiring freely.

Whatever the lure of Near Eastern oxters, the socially prominent English lady excites the imagination more strongly. A first prize of a clove of garlic is offered to the reader who can definitively identify her.

Tongues of Angels

Falling ill in the United States has its known hazards, one of them being that "you need a lawyer rather more than a doctor, because doctors are so alarmed by the enormous rise in successful malpractice suits that they won't treat you without a lawyer on hand to make soothing noises and cool the fevered brow (of the doctor, that is)", according to Caroline Seebohm in the *New Statesman* (May 14). Not only do you need a lawyer, but—if you are to follow your case (whether medical or legal)—you may need an interpreter as well: "The gallbladder is dangling on a dirty bed in the ward-room; his vitals are hanging in the nurse's stallion, and if he doesn't stop bouncing off the walls they are going to strap him." Which is, being interpreted: "The gallbladder patient is sitting on the edge of a bed reserved for infectious diseases in the room reserved for critically ill patients; records of his pulse, temperature etc are in the nurses' office, and if he doesn't become less agitated he will be given electric shock treatment."

In the light of this admittedly very unlikely rigmarole, Philip C. Kolin's remark in "The Language of Nursing" (*American Speech*, Volume 46, Nos 3-4), that "scholarship itself has not fully or even adequately examined the nurse's language", doesn't seem quite so funny. The use of *rose* is particularly extraordinary. A comatose patient expected to die is apparently known as a "rose", hence also the use of the term "rose-room". But paradoxically, says Dr Kolin—distressingly paradoxically, some may say—a rose is also a patient who was once in severe danger but is now recovering, or doing well. How is the eaves-dropping patient to know what variety he is—"Bonsoir" for example, or "Golden Dawn"?

American hospitals have float nurses and circulating nurses—which sounds sportsmen and they are used to be called circulating dirty nurses (who were, of course, perfectly clean), but they have apparently changed their image. Anaesthetists are gas passers; and candy-stripers are pretty girls in red-and-white jumpers who deal with the newspapers and flowers (but not, one trusts, with the roses). Floral images proliferate: "Corsets" wear "posey-belts" which only means that poor old women wear cloth waistcoats with straps to secure them to their chairs so they will not fall off.

It is encouraging to learn that the author of this article has served as assistant editor of *Research Opportunities in Renaissance Drama*, and is now working on Milton's (antiseptic?) puns. He managed to find some poetic imagery, roses apart, in the language of nurses: the chill experienced by the patient touched by a stethoscope or other cold instrument is known as the "chandelier syndrome". This almost makes up for the dreaded "3-H"—"a obstructive affective coma ... high, dry and believe lot".

To the Editor

Victor Cazalet

Sir,—In the issue of the *TLS* published on May 28 Stephen Koss has reviewed Robert Rhodes James's *Victor Cazalet: a Portrait* in terms of contempt for both biographer and his subject, and I would like to express my dissent.

Mr Koss sums up Victor Cazalet as "vain, pretentious, gullible, and priggish". I was not a close friend of Victor Cazalet, but I knew him quite well, well enough to tell him, when one day I met him by chance in the lobby of the House of Commons, that I regretted his recent visit to Germany. Later, during the 1930s and 1940s, I was to consult him several times about people, often refugees, placed at a disadvantage by the Hitler regime. On the basis of this experience, I find Mr Koss's criticisms unfounded.

I did not find him vain. I had strong evidence to the contrary in the curious regularity with which, if he was describing another man, he would mention, without rancour but with regret, the points in which he felt the other to be superior to him. I did not find him pretentious. He deferred to other people's opinions rather too often, for the gullibility and the priggishness there is an obvious explanation for these apparent weaknesses. Mr Rhodes James clearly mentions that Victor Cazalet was brought up as a Christian Scientist and practised that faith till he died.

Christian Scientists believe that evil can be abolished by a counter-assertion of good. They believe that disease will disappear if the idea of health is sent out to supersede it. They believe that a demon will become a saint if people cease to believe in the existence of demonic power. This is what Victor Cazalet believed, and because of this belief he was willing to acknowledge the existence of evil at all if he could help it. Hence he would not, till forced by the enormity of the situation, speak of fascism as bound to produce evil. But at no point would he have ceased to work against the evil effects of fascism.

This worked out quite comically at times. During the war we were both interested in the case of a refugee who was treated with extreme hostility by an English official. When I expressed to Victor my anger against this man, he begged me to stop, saying that the man might reform at any time. But to my amusement Victor (who had more experience of the official than I had) went on to give me, in a gentle tone, a briefing on all the callous and dishonest tricks which were in this man's repertoire, accompanied by shrewd advice as to the most cunning ways of circumventing them. He was not on the side of the official. He was simply reconciling as best he could his necessity to achieve moral results in the real world, and the mystical religion which he sincerely held.

This factor was also responsible for some of the entries in Victor Cazalet's diary which enrage Mr Koss, such as his habit of describing people as charming. He is especially infuriated by a list of fifteen people, who all get this accolade. But the plain fact is that they really had charm. One of them was an extremely bad man, and another was doomed in imperfection by not having had Barstal treatment when he needed it: but *they all had charm*. So Victor wrote down that they were charming, in order to let in the light and dispel the darkness. But even had these remarks of his been pure gush, it seems a small thing to put in the balance against the devotion to the causes of the Jews and the Poles which Mr Rhodes James describes in the last five chapters of his book. There is nothing other than the lamentable in Mr Koss's refusal to consider this obvious piece of accountancy on the grounds that the Poles were antisemitic. Victor Cazalet constantly raised the issue with the Poles, and his own Polish friends were not antisemitic; and as the Polish Jews were among the most cruelly assailed victims of the Nazi invasion and occupation, Mr Koss's argument does not quite slip into the slot.

As for Mr Koss's attack on the biographer ("Mr Rhodes James has better things to do with his time and talents") this is really great nonsense. It is not easy to get a good biography of a back bencher, particularly if he is a man off on his own; yet Parliament has been greatly affected through the years by the dissenting backbenchers. Mr Rhodes James makes it as plain as possible that he was treating Victor Cazalet as just such material, and Mr Koss has no excuse for imputing to him a lower aim.

REBECCA WEST.

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Stendhal

Sir,—I am grateful to A. W. Raitt for his generous review (May 28) of my *Stendhal: the Education of a Novelist*, but should like to defend myself against the charge that I'm not clear what I mean by education. Mr Raitt quotes very briefly from the first sentences of my opening chapter and rightly points out that what I say doesn't go very far. I would have been interested to know what he thinks of the rest of my argument in that chapter. I don't, it is true, specify whether I am talking of "a moral process, an intellectual one or a personal one—or a mixture of all three". I would have thought it obvious from my book as a whole that I meant something like the latter and I would have hoped—though these days, one can never be sure of anything—that that was a normal meaning of the term.

GEOFFREY STRICKLAND.

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'The Cabaret'

Sir,—Russell Davies in his excellent review of Lisa Appignanesi's *The Cabaret* (April 23) states that "Tucholsky, exiled, committed suicide in 1933". This is not so. From 1925 onwards Kurt Tucholsky did not have a permanent home in Germany but lived abroad, mainly in Paris, in 1929 he went to Sweden and settled in Hindas, near Gothenburg, where he committed suicide on December 19, 1935, by taking poison; he died two days later. In August 1933 he was deprived by the Nazis of his German citizenship, together with Lion Feuchtwanger, Heinrich Mann, Ernst Toller and a host of leftwing politicians and journalists.

WILLIAM SHOTT.

106 Lowther Road, Bournemouth.

'The Making of the Modern Family'

Sir,—Lawrence Stone's strictures on Edward Shorter's *The Making of the Modern Family* (May 28) seem likely to stimulate a vigorous debate; it seems to me they are more persuasive in demolishing Mr Shorter's thesis than in suggesting an alternative. It is not easy to see how "the rise of romantic love" among the eighteenth-century bourgeoisie, if that is what is to be explained, can be accounted for by "Lockean politics, Protestant religion and Enlightenment ideas". Hardly anything less romantic, separately or in sum, can well be imagined.

ROLAND N. STROMBERG.

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Sir,—Lawrence Stone, in his review of Edward Shorter's *The Making of the Modern Family* (May 28), is generous enough to refer to *The World We Have Lost* as a famous book. I do not wish to seem ungrateful, but I cannot help thinking that Professor Stone is still mistaken in his judgment of the intention of this work and of its title, which decidedly was not to sentimentalize the pre-Industrial world or the traditional family.

Rather it was to play upon various meanings of the phrase. A lost world which nevertheless lives on in a ghostly fashion to modulate our perception of our own present: a lost world which we re-create in order to contrast our contemporary dissatisfactions with a mythical era in which all was well: a world lost in the sense that we dimly recollect it, but mistake this partial knowledge for all that we ought to know, and so misunderstand ourselves in time. Stone seems not to want to recognize subtleties or ambiguities of this kind: he insists on one meaning of *lost*, sentimental regret.

This may of course be my fault as an author as well as his as a reader. It is important however for a particular reason. Subsequent study of the history of the family has begun to reveal its shortcomings in fulfilling what was expected of it in the pre-industrial order, a circumstance which was little known to me in the early 1960s, but which was never then denied. Professor Stone seems to wish to set up *The World We Have Lost* as combining a statement as to the idyllic domestic order of an earlier England, a statement which must be attacked at all costs.

But the extensive passage which he quotes from the book (though Mr Shorter's was after all his proper subject) does not attempt to show how much parents loved their children, or husbands loved their wives. The point being made there is that economic relationships were then familial relationships, though it is implied (perhaps rather gratuitously) that such relationships if they went on for some time would become affectionate or even loving. I myself do not yet know how true it is to say that marital and filial ties were empty of affection at an earlier time. It seems very unlikely that the lovelessness which Mr Shorter and Professor Stone insist upon can have been as absolute as both of them imply. And I should wish to do all I possibly could to prevent *The World We Have Lost* being identified with an error which is not part of its text.

PETER LASLETT.

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'The English Church under Henry I'

Sir,—Sir Richard Southern takes me to task (Letters, June 4) for an unbalanced review of a learned monograph. If justice needs to be done to the author let me say again, as I said without reservation in the review (April 23), that his scholarship is admirable, and the value of his book to the academic experts for whom it was written beyond question. If I had been writing an extended review in a specialized journal I should have elaborated and illustrated these judgments. Since I was writing a brief review for a more general audience, I deemed it sufficient simply to state its academic worth and addressed myself more specifically to advising the reader of the review what he could expect to find in the book were he tempted to read it. In this respect it was proper to indicate that the terms of reference of the book were those of a thesis, that the author's objectives were very specific and much narrower than the title might suggest, that no concessions were made to the non-expert. I also thought it proper to warn the reader that the standards of production were lower than one might expect from a university press. This does not seem to me unreasonable; but if Sir Richard, whom I revere, thinks that virtue has been defamed, I accept his rebuke.

The point over which Sir Richard and I are clearly at odds is whether a work conceived in research thesis form is an appropriate vehicle of communication in print. I am firmly convinced that it is not, or very rarely. One should not be surprised if a young scholar after several years of concentrated research develops a myopic historical vision. It can be cured. It is natural that he should be unable to sift every pebble on the beach. It is natural that he should grow against the searching scrutiny of examiners by picking every nit.

Writing a thesis is a specialized piece of academic training. Its requirements are radically different from those of a book. The last concern of a thesis-writer is the art of communication, but it should be a prime concern of anyone who publishes a book; and book. We could no doubt argue over whether academic readers can be expected to take their meat raw; but it is hard to justify, especially nowadays, the publication of research work for a small circle of experts (who have other means of access to it) without a determined effort to make it readily intelligible to university students and the interested non-expert, at the very least. The author of such a work has a duty not only to scholarship but also to the reader. If we fail to insist upon it the standards of scholarly monographs will fall still further.

An aspect which concerns me deeply is the harm that can be done to a young scholar by premature publication. Converting a research thesis into a proper book is a hard task, and the author himself is frequently the last person to judge sufficiently ruthlessly how far he needs to prune and reshape his precious thesis, and above all to refine his use of English. He needs resolute criticism from friends, editorial boards, and publishers' readers. To allow an able young scholar to present himself to the world in a less favourable light than he deserves can be a tragedy. It should not be allowed to happen. I hope by protesting loudly about it to prevent it happening again.

W. L. WARREN.

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English and French Canadian

Sir,—"If English-Canadian speech contained a single word of French origin, this comradely waggishness might not seem out of place" (Commentary, May 14, on Mark M. Orkin's *French Canadian, Hi!*). Well, I can give you two, for a start. In my childhood in Montreal there was a kind of woollen hat called a *tuque* (from the French-Canadian *tuque* (pronounced *tsuik*) and derived from the French *toque*. The second is *galerie* for what you would probably call *verandah* and which is from the French *galerie*. Both terms are *echt* English-Quebec.

MAVIS GALLANT.

14 rue Jean Ferrandi, 75006 Paris.

Among this week's contributors

PAUL BAILEY's recent novels include *At the Jerusalem*, 1967, and *A Distant Likeness*, 1973.

T. J. BINYON is the author of *A Soviet Verse Reader*, 1964.

HUGH BROGAN is a Lecturer in History at the University of Essex. His books include *The Longman History of the United States of America*, 1971, and *Politics and Society in Early Modern Europe*, 1974.

ANITA BROOKNER's books include *The Genius of the Future*, 1971 and *Greuze: The rise and fall of an eighteenth-century phenomenon*, 1972.

CHARLES CURWEN is a Lecturer in the History of the Far East, at the School of Oriental and African Studies, London.

NIGEL DOUGLAS, the opera singer, introduced the BBC's recent Austrian Weekend.

ALAN FRANK retired last year as head of the music department of the Oxford University Press. He is now chairman of the Performing Right Society.

PHILIP FRENCH's books include *The Movie Moguls*, 1969, and *Westerns*, 1974.

PETER GREEN is Professor of Classics at the University of Texas, Austin.

HANS HAIDER is Editor of the Viennese newspaper *Die Presse*.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER's *Art as Second Nature* was published last year.

BRIAN HARRISON's *Drink and the Victorians* was published in 1971.

STEPHEN HAYWARD is the author of *Brecht: a Marxist Catharsis*, 1976.

HERBERT KIESENHEIMER's recent books include *Bluebeard and After*, 1972, and *The Sex War and Others*, 1973.

RUSSELL HOBAN's most recent novel *Turtle Diary* was published last year.

ALEX KEYSSER is a Whiting Fellow at the University of Harvard.

WOLFGANG KRAUS is President of the Austrian Society of Literature. He is also the author of *Kultur und Macht*, 1975.

ROY LEWIS is a Senior Lecturer in German at the University of Hull.

NEIL MCINNES's *The Communist Parties of Western Europe* was published last year.

MICHAEL MURPHY's most recent book is *Henrik Ibsen: The Joy of a Cold Mountain*, 1971.

SIR OWEN TARRANT was Ambassador to Czechoslovakia from 1960 to 1965.

WILLIAM PRITCHARD is Professor of English at Amherst College, Massachusetts.

CHAIM RAPHAEL's books include *The Walls of Jerusalem*, 1968, and *A Feast of History*, 1972.

WENDELIN SCHMIDT-DENGLER is editing the posthumous papers of Heimeko von Doderer.

KENNETH SEGAR is a Fellow of St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

GEORGE STEINER's *After Babel* was published last year.

NORMAN STONE's *The Eastern Front, 1914-1917* was published last year.

J. I. M. STEWART's most recent novel *A Memorial* was published earlier this year.

OLIVER TAPLIN is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

D. M. THOMAS is the translator of Anna Akhmatova's *Requiem and Poem Without a Hero* which was published earlier this year.

RICHARD UNSWORTH's *Clubland Heroes* was reissued last year.

HUGH WOODS's recent compositions include Violin Concerto and Song Cycle to Narudo.

W. E. YATES's most recent book is *Humanity in Weimar and Vienna: The Continuity of an Ideal*, 1973.

Little Black Boxes

Sir,—Rodney Needham (Letters, May 28) raises a double question: do primitive peoples really believe "that if they are photographed their souls will be captured in the little black box"? or is this merely a "literary stereotype", a "convention" of unknown pedigree? I cannot provide an answer; but I can suggest evidence drawn, not from recent experiences in Borneo, but from the earliest photographic records of the American West.

As early as the 1840s John Plumbe Jr had opened "portrait" galleries in Dubuque, Iowa, and St Louis, Missouri. Josiah Gregg brought a camera along on the Santa Fe trail in 1846. Thomas A. Easterly, a year later, took six pictures of the Sac and Fox, Chief Keokuk; and in 1851 Robert H. Vance was photographing the Pacific Coast tribes. Among such pioneers was John Mix Stanley, of whom Governor I. I. Stevens of the Washington Territory wrote, on September 4, 1853, in his journal at Fort Benton: Mr Stanley commenced taking daguerreotypes of the Indians with his apparatus. They are delighted and astonished to see their likeness produced by the direct action of the sun. They worship the sun and they considered Mr Stanley was inspired by their divinity and he thus became in their eyes a great medicine man.

But when the wet-plate process, discovered in 1851, was turned from formal studio portraits of Indian dignitaries in Washington DC (by Mathew Brady and others) to survey work for the United States Government or the newly formed railroad companies after the Civil War, reverence quickly turned to suspicion. Such "shadow-catchers" as William Pywell, accompanying General D. S. Stanley to the Yellowstone in 1873, or W. H. Illingworth, with General Custer in the Black Hills in 1874, were widely viewed as agents of death. Indians believed, wrote C. W. Lummis, "that the photograph was taken not only of them, but from them; and that, with enough prints, they would weaken away to nothingness". (*Bullying the Pueblos*, 1925.) No picture was ever obtained of Crazy Horse. As he reportedly said to a field photographer in 1877, after the annihilation of Custer's forces at the Little Big Horn: "My friend, why should you wish to shorten my life by taking from me my shadow?"

HAROLD BRAVER.

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Sir,—In view of Rodney Needham's letter (May 28), the following extract from a diary I kept more than half a century ago shows that superstitions about getting photographed were current also in Japan and Korea. The extract is from an entry dated October 6, 1920, when, during a three-year attachment to the Japanese Army, I was returning from a tour of inspection in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria and visited Korea on my way back to Tokyo:

Tried to get an old Korean to let me take his photo, but the old boy was very nervous about it, and tried to clear off. Seems they have a superstition that to have their photos taken is equivalent to having their souls extracted and that they will therefore die. A curious idea and much the same as I found to be the case with the older generation of Ainus during my trip in the Hokkaido, and is something similar to the superstition that one finds in the country districts in Japan, where they believe that if one man, whose photo is in a group, dies, the other men in the group will be likewise, unless they erase the face of the dead man from the group. An actual example of this was brought to my attention during my trip to Shimoda, where I was shown a photo in which nine of the faces had been erased.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY.

Inverurie, Kipford, by Dalbeattie, Kirkcudbrightshire.

Sir,—I cannot help Rodney Needham (Letters, May 28) with the etymological origins of the belief that the soul can be captured and kept in a black box by photography or indeed anything however he may be interested in the story which Cyril Wall tells of how he "stopped the heartbeat of the Turkish Military Governor when he was sketching on the Acropolis of Athens in 1805:

I was one day engaged in drawing the Parthenon with the aid of my camera obscura, when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked with a sort of fearful inquietude what new conjuration I was performing with that extraordinary machine. I endeavoured to explain it by putting in a clean sheet of paper and making him look into the camera obscura; he no sooner saw the temple instantaneously reflected on the paper in all its lines and colours than he imagined I had produced the effect by some magical process; his astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and stroking his long black beard, he repeated the words *Allah Mosch—Allah* several times. He again looked into the camera obscura with a kind of cautious diffidence, and at that moment some of his soldiers happening to pass before the reflecting glass, were beheld by the astonished Disdar walking upon the paper; he now became outrageous: and after calling me pig, devil, and Buonaparte, he told me that if I chose I might take away the temple and all the stones in the circuit; but that he would never permit me to conjure his soldiers into my box. When I found it was in vain in reason with his ignorance, I changed my tone, and told him that if he did not leave me unmolested, I would put Turkish into my box: and that he should find it a very difficult matter to get out again. His alarm was now visible; he immediately retired and ever after stared at me with a mixture of apprehension and amazement. (*Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece*, Volume 1).

WILLIAM ST CLAIR.

114 Alderney Street, London SW1.

A George Eliot Memorial

Sir,—When George Eliot died in 1880, a move to place her remains in Westminster Abbey was frustrated because of the moral stigma attached to her name on account of her union outside marriage with George Henry Lewes.

The George Eliot Fellowship is determined that this century-old injustice is put right. Her wish to shorten my life by taking from me my shadow? shall be redressed by the simple act of placing in Westminster Abbey a memorial stone paying tribute to the genius of Mary Ann Evans, the Warwickshire-born girl who achieved literary fame as George Eliot. The memorial stone will be placed in Poets' Corner, and we, the undersigned, pledge our strong support of this noble project. We are assured that a great many people will wish to contribute towards the cost which, it is estimated, will approximate to the sum of £2,000. Of this, the George Eliot Fellowship has already raised £1,000.

We make this appeal in the sure and certain knowledge that the many readers who have had pleasure and profit from George Eliot's books will be in sympathy with raising this simple memorial to her, especially, perhaps, people who live in the Midlands country side which she immortalized by her affectionate and closely observed descriptions.

The obviously correct date for the placing of the stone in the Abbey must be the 100th anniversary of her death, which will be in December, 1980.

We shall be grateful for donations towards the cost of the memorial, however small they may be; they should be sent to the Fellowship Treasurer, Mrs E. Lenton, 150 Attleborough Road, Nuneaton CV11 4JW. Cheques should be made payable to The George Eliot Fellowship, and all donations will be acknowledged.

KATHLEEN ADAMS
CYRIL BLACK
DAVID CECIL
CHILSTON
JILL BALCON
SUSAN HILL
FIELDEN HUGHES
ELSPETH HUXLEY
HALLAM TENNYSON
CLAIRE TOMALIN
HERBERT VAN THAL
VERONICA WEDGWOOD.

71, Stepping Stones Road, Coventry CV5 8JZ.

Stock responses

By Charles Davidson

JACK WHITE:
Minority Report: The Protestant Community in the Irish Republic
203pp. Gill and Macmillan. £6.50.

Pat: He was an Anglo-Irishman.
Meg: In the name of God, what's that?
Pat: A Protestant with a horse.
Rupeen: Leadbeater.
Pat: No, no, an ordinary Protestant like Leadbetter the plumber in the back parlour next door, won't do, nor a Belfast orangeman, not if he was as black as your hoot.
Meg: Why not?
Pat: Because they work. An Anglo-Irishman only works at riding horses, drinking whisky and reading double-meaning books at Trinity College.

Thus Brendan Behan in *The Hostage* gave ribald expression to the confusion surrounding the place in the Irish nation of the Southern Protestant. In the "black North" were Episcopalian grandees, Presbyterian farmers and urban workers of many sects, but in the South Protestants and their horses had been closely identified. Working-class Protestants like "Leadbetter" (or, for matter of that, Sean O'Casey) have received little attention. Obviously they cannot be dubbed Anglo-Irish, yet they are distinct from the Catholic working-class; and the same distinction occurs in the middle classes. Generally speaking, the upper classes are "Anglican", members, that is, of the disestablished Church of Ireland, practising Low Church forms of Anglicanism; lower down the social scale come the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the sectaries, whose Protestantism takes on a more anti-Romish tinge. In the North, this religious divide has established the lines of political conflict, as is well known, and, from time to time, of social conflict as well, between the upper class Episcopalians and the rest. In the South, the sense of Protestant identity has blurred the differences of political interest and stratified the social differences. Both as a social metaphor and as a recurring military fact, the Church of Ireland gentry are the officer class, with Methodists and others as the sort of NCO that officers are fond of referring to as the salt of the earth, or the backbone of the country.

It is that backbone that Jack White, himself a Congregationalist from West Cork, examines in his *Minority Report*—subtitled on its dust-jacket (though not on its title page) as "The Anatomy of the Southern Irish Protestant". The examination is not, fortunately, post mortem; but the Protestant community in the Twenty-six Counties has felt intimations of mortality since partition reduced them from a quarter to a twelfth of the population. Since then, their numbers have been further reduced by emigration, a low birthrate and death in English wars. The very nature of their faith has weakened their numbers in a country which is only just moving from a Catholic to a secular ethos, for it is the Protestants who contraceive, the Protestants who divorce, and the Protestants who in mixed marriages acquiesce in the Catholic rule that children be brought up as Catholics. One suspects too that it is the Protestants who slip more readily into deism and agnosticism; but above all it is the Protestants who find demography operating against them, with an imbalance in the sex ratio for people of marriageable age.

This is a far cry from the privileged position vouchsafed to Protestants under the Union, where patronage was the reward of loyalty, a far cry too from the day when Yeats proclaimed in the Senate "We are one of the great stocks of Europe. We are the people of Burke; we are the people of Grattan; we are the people of Swift, the people of Emmet, the people of Parnell. We have created most of the modern literature of this country. We have created the best of its political intelligence...." The sense of belonging to a racial elite is not surprising in Yeats at that period (1925), but it goes deeper than Yeats's own pseudo-fascism, deeper even than the bigotry identification of Protestantism with the Ascendancy; it reaches down to the very roots of Protestantism, to the millenarian sects of the saved, to the Calvinist adoption of Jewish forms—the Chosen, the remnant, the people of the book, a note which is caught almost certainly unconsciously by Mr White when he states that his purpose is "to hold up a mirror to my own tribe, or rather to that remnant of it which survives in modern Ireland".

It is doubtful if even Yeats would today discern in that mirror the features of "one of the great stocks of Europe". Contemporary Irish literature reflects the emancipation of a Catholic (or lapsed Catholic) intelligentsia; the Irish Church produces not even a Canon Collins, let alone a Swift; revolutionary politics are more likely to produce a Catholic bigot like Mac Stiofain than an Emmet; and since the pleasant accents of President Childers have been stifled no token Protestant has claimed the mantle of Grattan.

Member of a dwindling community, its role in society muted, the contemporary Irish Protestant stands no nearer to greatness in virtue of his faith than does any other Irishman. Like enough, not many could recite Yeats's litany; even likelier, not many could recite Yeats. Nevertheless a sense of corporate apartness remains, based upon a historic consciousness of separateness, a distaste for the prevailing Catholic tone of the country, and, he said, another, in what other country might one hear a well-kept garden being described as having a Protestant look about it? This apartness is, of course, supported by the institutions, such as schools, that Protestants have made for themselves, and buttressed by an awareness of it by Catholics. The point is made too often for accuracy about the non-sectarianism of the South. Local dignitaries are always willing to tell visiting journalists "Yerra, we don't care what a man's religion is", but Mr White gives a more authentic view—that a Protestant would talk to a Catholic on the doorstep, where a fellow-Catholic would have invited the caller in.

Nevertheless, there is little discrimination, so little in fact that it can be featured as *causes célèbres* rather than a general part of life. Much even of that little has been more a question of the operation of a spoils system that worked to Protestant advantage for centuries. Under Gladstone's schemes for Home Rule, election to an Irish Parliament was to have been by proportional representation to protect "Protestant interests". Since 1922, Southern Protestants have exerted little influence at the ballot box, but they have tended to vote for religious rather than class reasons. Overwhelmingly Unionist before 1922, they supported the Free State and the British connection against the Republicans, later reversing this because it was thought that de Valera (whom they long called de Valera) would stand up to the bishops, and because it was the "Free Stater" prime minister, Costello, who took Ireland out of the Commonwealth as the result of a deal with a coalition partner. In general, they tend to be politically incoherent, as Irish politics are still dominated by a republican tradition that they do not share. One might suppose that their historic voice, *The Irish Times*, would give a clue here; if so, most Irish Protestants [illegible] a philosophy compounded of elements of John Macleod, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, Adlai Stevenson and Sir de Villiers Graaff. Mr White, however, suggests that the typical newspaper of the typical Protestant is the *Sunday Express*. How the old advertisement "Do People Read *The Times*" would have been trumped by "One of the great stocks of Europe reads the *Sunday Express*"!

Clearly, these Protestants are more low-flown in their cultural expression, the most obvious form of which is the attendance of their children at a Protestant school (where there are no Catholics), or a non-denominational school (where there are few Catholics). In his own life, the "typical Protestant" is reintegrating with society, at larger the Protestant firms, the Protestant clubs; the Protestant professions are largely of the past. Even the Freemasons have ceased to figure as a symbol; either of a Protestant "old boy" network, or of the hidden hand of atheism and communism in the minds of good Catholics.

So far, Mr White presents a well-thought-out analysis, but it is no part of his purpose to write a Who is What in Ireland, and one cannot say whether this is through delicacy or a feeling that it is irrelevant. Certainly a few of those intricate charts that Anthony Sampson did so well in his *Anatomy of Britain* would have given a hard core to the book, and have provided a more realistic base for an assessment of the place and influence of Protestants than is provided by Mr White's agreeable pastiches. It is a fault that he keeps clear of discussing the place of the wealthy Protestants, either as represented by the remaining aristocracy or by big business. This means he is unable to discuss how far institutions—the public schools, for instance, or the Churches themselves—depend upon their support; or the role of Protestants in such causes as the St Patrick's Cathedral appeal, or the Georgian Society; or how far Protestants follow careers in the British and Irish civil and diplomatic services. It is very much part of Mr White's report that the Protestants as a community are being assimilated, so there is an onus to provide information about Protestants as individuals. "What do you mean, the Irish XV? Better Solomons once heard an aggrieved Catholic remark after some disaster at Cardiff Arms Park, "four-teen Protestants and a Jew!" Today that remark would only be made tongue-in-cheek; tomorrow it may not be made either because no one will draw a distinction between being Irish and being Protestant; or because all fifteen players are Catholics. Mr White's book is undoubtedly a sign-post along that road, but which way does it point?

'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom'

A private printing of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, amended by Lawrence himself, has been accepted by the Inland Revenue in lieu of estate duty. Also accepted in the estate has expressed a wish the book should be allocated to the Bodleian Library; and in allocating the book to the public collection in the United Kingdom which the Secretary of State for Education and Science considers most appropriate this wish will be taken into account. However, any library interested in acquiring the book should, as soon as possible, contact Howard Nixon, librarian of Westminster Abbey Library and chairman of the panel of experts set up to advise the government on the allocation of printed books accepted in lieu of estate duty or capital transfer tax.

The imperial pushers

By Charles Curwen

JACK BEECHING :
The Chinese Opium Wars
352pp. Hutchinson. £5.50.

PETER WARD FAY :
The Opium War 1840-1842
406pp. University of North Carolina Press (Transatlantic Books). £9.70.

BRIAN INGLIS :
The Opium War
223pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £5.25.

"Chinese" heroin is often in the news, and no doubt there are many who think that the widespread narcotic problem in the West is somehow the result of the extension of a characteristic Chinese vice. These three books will do much to set part of the record straight.

Opium was known in China only as a medicine until the smoking of it was introduced from Taiwan, which was under Dutch control, in about 1620. Importation of Indian opium started with the Portuguese and provoked the first of a whole series of ineffective imperial edicts. Imports gradually increased and in 1773 the East India Company began shipping opium to Canton. But the company, unlike private merchants, had much to lose by defying the imperial ban of 1796 and stopped direct shipment. Instead it had recourse to the simple expedient of denying to the Chinese that it had any "formal knowledge" of the opium traffic, though in fact private traders plying the India-China run were licensed by the company on condition that they carried only company opium. With this encouragement the traders usually took no notice of the Chinese bans, or complained of "the hottest persecution" when prohibition began to bite.

The Chinese were not aware at first that the East India Company controlled the production of opium in Bengal, thanks to the monopoly introduced by Warren Hastings. All sorts of means, such as withdrawing tenancies or manipulating tenants into debt, were found to compel Bengali peasants to grow poppy and nothing else, not even vegetables for their own use. So Cornwallis found Bengal "in a general state of poverty and wretchedness". The reason? A profit of 2,000 per cent and the importance of opium in Britain's economy. In 1801 Britain was spending £3.6 million on Chinese tea, and since China was remarkably self-sufficient, nothing much could be sold there and nine-tenths of the tea was paid for in bullion. This adverse balance of trade was not reversed until opium gained a real foothold.

This happened between 1821 and 1830, when expanded production in Bengal, the appearance on the market of increasing quantities of Malwa opium from the Maratha states, taxed but not controlled by the company, led to a jump in imports at Canton from 580,000 lb to 2,913,000 lb. The flood of opium caused the main smugglers—particularly Jardine, Matheson and Co—to extend the illicit trade along the coast in fast, heavily armed ships; an enterprise in which the strange German missionary Karl Gutzlaff played an important role, on the grounds that the "traffic would tend ultimately to the introduction of the gospel". (Later, when English [illegible] to meaningless prohibitions. Palmerston echoed their complaint. They ignored the fact that they had had three years to get used to the idea of strict enforcement.

Although sincere and upright, Lin Tse-hsü did not understand the importance of trade in general to the foreigners, and of opium in particular, neither did he realize that the British government would support the traders. The suspension of trade, the blockade and detention of the traders, obliged them to surrender their opium. But Lin had played into their hands. When the British Superintendent of Trade accepted the surrender of the opium and took "the responsibility of himself and of the British Government for the value of the drug surrendered", and when the Chinese accepted it from him, they had, as Jardine put it, "fallen into the snare of rendering themselves directly liable to the British Crown".

Not a chest of opium had been sold at Canton for the past five months, yet an unprecedented seven million lbs was ready for sale or shipment. So the 2.6 million lbs already there were given up with relief. Some dealers repacked their opium to make up more chests, some even sent to India for more. To the astonishment and satisfaction of the pushers it was destroyed—property valued at between £2 million and £3 million!

By a lucky coincidence Jardine was in London when news of these events arrived. "You may find it expedient", Matheson wrote to him, "to secure at a high price the services of some leading newspaper to advocate the cause." Jardine gained access to the ear of Palmerston, whom he provided with information regarding China's defences, and charts and maps for the punitive expedition which was planned. It was decided that "vigorous measures against the Chinese" would be "postponed until the commercial transactions of the present season be completed".

There was no declaration of war, but Palmerston demanded satisfaction for the "persecution" of the traders and the seizure of their property. The Chinese were to cede one or two "properly situated" islands, or open ports and guarantee the security and freedom of foreign merchants, pay compensation for the confiscated opium and pay the cost of the expedition. The opium question was to be played down, but privately attempts were to be made to persuade the Chinese to legalize and of course tax it. After a very uneven combat the Chinese capitulated and the Treaty of Nanking was signed, giving Britain most of what Jardine wanted.

It was *The Times* apparently which coined the term "opium war" and in spite of many attempts to play down what was "a shame to England and a scourge to China", the name persists. At the time John Quincy Adams, who believed that "the moral obligation of commercial intercourse between nations is founded entirely, exclusively, upon the Christian precept of love your neighbour as yourself", not surprisingly claimed that opium was "a mere incident to the dispute". A letter to the *Chinese Repository* stated: "The single fundamental cause of the rupture between England, or (to speak more accurately) between Christendom, and China is the arrogant assumption of superiority and supremacy by the Chinese government [illegible] Houghton was [illegible] the war was for trade and equality of status for foreigners in China, or "to force China to trade in a modern way". Several historians, generalizing to the point of meaninglessness, call it "a clash of cultures". It is true, of course, that the British did not like being called and treated as barbarians, yet, as Jack Beeching says, "No civilized relationship with China, formal or informal, could ever be established so long as the British government secretly condoned the forcing on China of a drug that the Chinese themselves had by now made up their minds to keep out."

A few years ago, J. K. Fairbank wrote poetifically: "The adjustment of modern China to the multiliving part of the world community will remain incomplete [illegible] opium trade [illegible] modern history is exercised by a rational perspective on it." Rational perspectives are no doubt very desirable, but it is too often forgotten that British involvement in the opium traffic to China did not stop until 1917. Of course it takes two sides to make an opium trade, but, as these three books underline, the achievements of the Chinese opium suppression campaign were such as to give real promise that consumption in China could be stopped. As it was, the opium traffic and all its evils were perpetuated well into the living memory of many Chinese today.

Opium importation was legalized at a 5 per cent tariff after the Second Opium War (dealt with in these books only by Jack Beeching in *The Chinese Opium Wars*) in 1858, and imports reached a peak in 1879 (thirteen million pounds). But by 1906 domestic production was almost four times as much. Nevertheless, by 1917, as a result of China's determination and growing international disapproval, imports had stopped and China was practically free from domestic production. In foreign-controlled Shanghai, however, the number of opium dens increased, while in Hong Kong in 1914 the opium traffic became a government monopoly.

In the chaotic warlord years which followed, the production of opium started again and proved a lucrative source of income for local militarists. Planting was compulsory in many regions. Opium was bought and sold as openly as meat or vegetables, and even used to pay labourers' wages. In one province, where two thirds of the land was said to be under opium, a "land tax" was imposed on those who would not grow it, and 30 per cent of the population in one district died of starvation in one year. Even under the Kuomintang regime, in spite of pious public resolutions for foreign consumption, opium became a government monopoly, directly under the control of Chiang Kai-shek, according to a United States State Department official. The revenue was milked by "special narcotics bureaux", under the guise of suppressing opium, by imposing a tax on opium growing land". Such taxes provided 35 per cent of the total revenue of Yunnan province in 1935. Thirty to 40 per cent of all male adults were addicted, it was said, and 60 per cent of all children in western Hupeh. By this time China produced seven times as much opium as the rest of the world combined. Heroin and morphine production and consumption increased by leaps and bounds in the 1930s and was later encouraged, as a matter of policy it appears, in the Japanese-held areas. Such was the heritage of the opium war.

All three books have useful information on the Indian end of the opium trade, less familiar to the student of Chinese history, and on the whole, especially that of Mr Beeching, make the story come alive (though not without an occasional inaccuracy). None of them make direct use of Chinese sources but unlike several earlier books in the subject, they all make a genuine attempt to understand the Chinese side. Peter Ward Fay's book is somewhat confused and has a rather selfconscious and mannered style; he is lavish with exclamation marks and has too many clichés of his "finely honed instrument of prose" variety. He also lengthens his book unnecessarily with a good deal of irrelevant material and gossip.

The causes and conditions of Japan's spectacular and virtually uninterrupted economic progress since the end of the Second World War are explored in *Industrialization and Labor-Management Relations in Japan* (390pp. Tokyo: The Japan Institute of Labour. Yen 7,000), a collection of essays by the Japanese economist Nakayama Ichiro, one of the foremost authorities on industrial relations in post-war Japan. The English translation is by Rose E. Monas.

As Dr Nakayama reminds us, behind the country's progress is "the story of remarkable export expansion. During the two decades after 1950, Japan's exports grew at a rate twice that experienced by the rest of the world." Looking to the future, he sees a shift from "teamwork" as the most crucial single factor in the country's development, still now, to increasing worker participation and the growth of a Japanese welfare state.

A terrible exactness

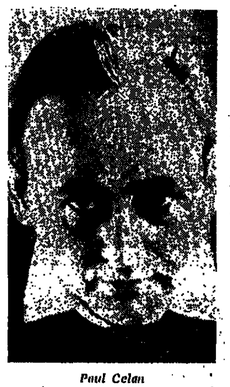
By George Steiner

PAUL CELAN :
Gedichte
Volume 1: 300pp
Volume 2: 145pp
Frankfurt : Suhrkamp. DM14.80 each

Though it remains his most famous poem, and one of the most anthologized texts of the twentieth century, the "*Todesfuge*" is not representative of Paul Celan's mature work. Of course, it is a poem of genius whose "black milk of morning", whose invocation of death as a "Master in Germany" have passed into the language. There may even be near its close a muted echo of Mandelstam's epigram on Stalin, and Mandelstam was to accompany Celan throughout. But in the setting of the collected poems, the interest of the "Todesfuge" lies in the degree to which it brings to explosive potion all the elements, the strengths but also the weaknesses, which make up the volume *Mohn und Gedächtnis* (1952).

Rilke weighs heavily on these early pieces; the frequent neo-Classicism is Rilke's, as are the night-foundering dream-ships and the presence of Paris, pure surrealism, part Malte Laurids Briggs. In "In Ägypten", the aura is that of Chagall, and one's impression of the uncertainty with which Celan handled the crucial themes of the Jewish condition and of his relation to the expression of this condition is strengthened by the occasional pastiche of Heine (as in "So bist du denn geworden"). Yet even in this early collection, which included roughly half of the poems from *Der Sand aus den Urnen*, issued in Vienna in 1948 and then withdrawn by the author, there are major touches and promises. Who but Celan would have written the opening lines of "Spät und Tief"—"Beobacht wie goldene Rade beginnt diese Nacht./Wir asson die Apfelder Stummen."—in which the golden apples of the Hesperides and the inference of the tree of knowledge and of life are equally active? "Wasser und Feuer", moreover, is a very great poem, concentrating Celan's inheritance from Rilke and George, from the surrealists and the tellers of Hasidic tales, but stepping beyond. The incantations, the heraldic formulas, the bridal dance are left behind or, more precisely, forced to yield a new strangeness and concision. The last stanza enacts the transition: the brilliance of "Feuerumsponnte" (ion-haloed in fire), is still conventional; "ein Wort, zu dem du herabbrennst", with its graphic note of self-destruction and of the enigma of flame in the Burning Bush (God "burning down, burning towards the Word") is pure Celan. It is a turn that makes valid the confident summons that closes the book: "Mache mir bitter./Count me among the almonds." (where the word *Mandeln*, naturally, again calls to the Russian master and sufferer).

Von Schwelle zu Schwelle appeared in 1955. In retrospect, which is inevitably a knowing, biased way of reading, it strikes one as a transitional book, perhaps Celan's slightest. There are love poems initiated, paced by the traditional imperative of the love lyric: "Lass uns. . . ." The poet appears to be testing and setting aside certain influences. Both "In Gestalt eines Eibers" and "Der Gast" suggest a response to Trakl. The *Schlummergetier* and the *klaffenden Golde* of "Vor Einer Kerze" again suggest Trakl. But the influence is quickly absorbed and transmuted. "Abend der Worte" is a fascinating poem, reaching back to some of the gothick props in Celan's early poetry, but straining ahead. The two motions, retrospective and exploratory, clash and coalesce in certain arresting phrases, such as "die Doggen der *Wortnacht*" — the mastiffs of the "wordnight", the hounds that bay the blackness of speech. And already Celan is paring down. In a later poem in the volume, the *Doggen der Wortnacht* have become simply *die Meute*, the pack, whose venomous teeth tear at meaning. "Inselhin", the lyric which concludes *Von Schwelle zu Schwelle* seems deliberately transitional. The "Master of ice and of stone" recalls the "Todesfuge", whereas the identification of the swimmers with the dead anticipates a number of Celan's last, decisive poems. Now it is the sea itself that buys like the hounds, "umbellt von der hellhaiten See".


Paul Celan

Notions of "advance", of "progress" in a poet's work have a suspect neatness. But the stature of *Sprachgitter* (1959), the stylistic innovations, the solitude and daring of perception that relate the individual poems are such as to allow one to speak of a radical leap. Landscapes, talismanic tokens such as the eye and flowing hair of the beloved, carry over from the earlier collections. But there is no certain precedent to the power of "Tenebrae" in which the poet says to God:

Bete, Herr,
bete, zu uns,
wir sind nah.

Or rather, it is not the poet who ventures this immense summons, but those who went *Windschief* ("angular as wind", "windbent" not merely "warped" as Joachim Neugroschel translates in *Speech-Grille*, 1971) into the place of ashes and insanity. The experience of the holocaust dominates *Sprachgitter*, but in a way almost inconceivably inward. In deliberate reparation for *Windschief*, for the transformation of being into blown ash, the voices in the poems must be *windgerecht* ("windright", clear as the casing air), *hermah* ("heartnear") and *brandbestattet*—an intricate epithet signifying incineration, cremation, but also that ceremony of burial denied to the gassed. For the poems to be *windgerecht*, for them to dare voice their imperative supplication to God, a radical economy and deepening are necessary. Now the critical encounter is not with image or phrase but with *verstimmten Worten*, with words which are singular, set apart, alone. Such words must be quarried from far and stony places. They lodge in the "wall of the heart" ("Riemand schnitt uns das Wort von der Herzwand"). Their authority is, in the true sense, radical, of the root (etymological). Or it springs from fusion, from the poet's rich and need to weld neologisms. Choosing this encounter with the singular and errant word, Celan meets inevitably with the tradition of linguistic extremity, of lexical-syntactic play and violence in Hölderlin and Heidegger.

"Engführung" (to translate this by "Stretto" is only to avoid the insoluble obstacle of diverse and crystallized meanings) is probably the one pure poem to come of the fact of the death-camps. Purity here signifies the ability to see the event whole, to circumscribe its intractable enormity in local detail because such inadequate circumscription is the mind's limit, its courtesy before the inhuman. Purity means also that there is in the poet's anguish and in the genius that finds words approximate to this anguish no grain of flattery, no glint of the enhancing pathos which, by contrast, marks the holocaust poems of Sylvia Plath. "Asche./Asche, Asche./Nacht." says the poem. It speaks of and for the *Rauchsäule* — the "smokesoul", "die seule gone up in smoke" in the owl-grey air, in the still hurricanes of scattering. The traces of burnt being are nowhere and nameless and everywhere, in the "Gras./Gras, / auseinandergeschrieben" ("written apart" is what the translator writes, defeated, because the German coinage implies a wild paradox of lasting inscription and utter dispersal, because this lettered-fragmented grass is so sinuous that it throws an enduring shadow on the stones, making of the burnt trucings a lithograph).

"Stonewords", the affinities between stones and those vital statements of remembrance and order which language puts forward imperfectly are a feature of "Le Menhir" and other poems in a Breton setting in *Die Niemandsrose* (published in 1963 and inscribed to Osip Mandelstam). The idée of the collection, one of Celan's most tumous "weldings", exemplifies the ideal of charged minimalism. Seeking to "deepen the deeps" (*vertiefe ins die Tiefe*), the poet puts grammar under hurtling pressure. "Bei Wein und Verlorenheit" is a key poem which tells of "riding God into the far spaces . . . a just ride across human barriers" (*Menschenhürden*). Other hunters and hunted have been there before: Mandelstam, whose name and presence are celebrated in "Mandoria" and "die Stille Schmerz", and Hölderlin, whose living burial and *Unnachtung* (literally: benightedness) is dramatized in "Tübingen, Jänner". As the poems contract to totality, they become lapidary, like stones that are "an upright silence" (ein aufrechtes Schweigen).

But as if in rebellion against such sparsity, there are in the *No-One's Rose* several pieces of almost zany prodigality. In the "Gaunerwelse", with its Heine epigraph and Yiddish echoes, the language rockets into a wild display:

Donn es bläiben der Mandelbaum,
Mandelbaum, Bandelmaum,
Mandelraum, Trandelmaum.
Und auch der Machandelbaum.
Chendelbaum.

As if to counter the fixity of stones, there are poems tree-possessed, many-branched (tree and candelabrum), driving live roots into remembrance. We meet the shadow of the Golem and the Kabbalistic-Yiddish townscapes of Prague and Warsaw.

One of the greatest but also most resistant poems in the book is entitled "Huhediblu". In it, different tongues seem to break out of the husk of sparseness, and within the same language words break their bounds (*Beiwort*, that which is most "common" or "notorious" because "habitual" blazes into the neologism *Bläiwort*, "skeword"), and the poem ends, self-mockingly, on a wonderfully awry citation from Verlaine! "Où quand refleuriront, ô roses, vos septembres?" But at the close of the collection, the stones govern. They lie before us in *hirten, wirsch, gen Worthaufen*, minute, irreducible words-in-place, gathering to themselves, pulsing into brightness the tumult of sorrow and allusion. Meaning, *Sinn*, must be fought for, at the cost of fire: "nächtlich./brenn einer Sprache den Sinn ein."

If his production had stopped with *Die Niemandsrose*, Paul Celan would rank among the most original poets in German literature and in the modern movement. But he is more than that. He stands with Rimbaud and Mallarmé as one who has altered the scope of poetry, who has made possible but also more difficult—major poetry will always exercise this twofold, contradictory effect—the articulation of certain states of feeling. After Celan as after Hölderlin, and there is a sense stricter than chronology in which they must be heard together, the ways in which language behaves in poetry and in which the poem questions, dislocates, compacts the means of statement, have been made new. This renewal, which is at the same time, as in the late hymns of Hölderlin, a return to the roots of the archaic, to the strangeness of the source, takes place in the four books of verse, two of them posthumous, composed by Celan from 1963 to the spring of 1970. Though there is in them a fierce motion and diversity, the four collections result from a deliberate acceptance or, more accurately, resolution of death. It is from this ground of finality, gauged, traversed as perhaps in no other poetry, that springs their intransigent freedom.

The eighty poems in *Atemwende*, and this was felt from the moment of their publication in 1967, changed the shapes of sensibility as drastically as had Rimbaud's *Illuminations* a little less than a century before. From them a terrible exactness was born. As the untranslatable title has it, the breath of the language, the deep-lying pulse that knits a language to its felt context of history and usage, turned in its course. There can be no real return from this turning. The Adamic giving of names is over (*das Namengeben hat ein Ende*). Henceforth, the stance of the poet is one of utmost audition. He listens to the native density of things (Heidegger would say to their "thingness"), to their evident and enigmatic presentness) and lets this density penetrate, inform the lattice of words (*das Sprachgitter*).

The consequence is, even at the surface, a fantastic alchemy of words: *Wortwahr, Stillhall, Atemkristall, Rauchmund, Windgelesenes, Schneesprache*. No one had written (board) German like this before Celan, or perhaps any other language (did he know of Khlebnikov's programme for a "starspeech", *eine Sternsprache*?). But this alchemy entails much more than revolutionary craft. "Tübingen Jänner" has come among men, in silence the whirl of metaphor" (*das Metapherngestöber*). "Niemand/zeugt für den/Zeugen" (no one bears witness for the witness), unless it be the word in its lapidary uprightness, the single word "northerne and southerlose". Even the spaces between words are intense with meaning: *die Pausen reitan*—a sensation conveyed by the stringent line-breaks.

The entire conception of poetry implicit in this break through the foliage and turbulence of metaphor is spelt out in a "Fieslitz" poem, which is also one of Celan's most magical:

In den Filissen nördlich der
Zukunft
werf ich das Netz aus, das du
eigerad beschwerst
mit vom Steinsalz geschriebenen
Schatten.

The lithography of shadows and the rivers north of the future have intimate bearing (Celan's wife is a distinguished lithographer, and the stream moving north was to be that of Celan's death). But the statement is also comprehensive: it is in his transcendent net and stone and shadowspeech that the poet realizes his conviction that there are still "songs to be sung beyond, on the other side of man" (*jenseits der Menschen*). Little wonder that the idiom of these songs seems to recede again and again into privacy, that they flash uncertainly before the eye like

Der mit Himmeln gehäkelte
Fäuorrigs durch die Wolk'

But "privacy" is the wrong word.

Celan's obscurity lies in an impervious innocence of asking—and again Heidegger is a suggestive parallel. Listening to language and to what it tells or withholds of being, Celan asks "simpler", more final questions than poets have before him. And because he knows that there is, at so many levels, no "answer", he is already near death, his breath "turned" north of the future. The closing lines of *Atemwende* are consciously ambiguous: "Licht war. Rettung".

The ambiguity of reprieve is everywhere evident in the 105 lyrics, almost all very brief, that make up *Fadensonnen* (1968). In Celan's own unforgettable phrase, these poems are "die Spur eines Bisses im Nirgends" (teeth-marks on nothingness, in the void). They are crowded with, private allusions and, the panoply of death. In Etruscan tombs, in the shaft-graves of Ireland, among the archaic burial mounds on the steppe, *eternity itself ages (die Ewigkeit altert). Across the mineral landscape, there is "nettleness" (Nesselnachricht), razor-edged intimations of freedom and truth that can only be heard accurately in a kind of mad listening: "Vincents verschenktes / Ohr / ist am Ziel." The holocaust motif returns, strongly, but it is now so cryptic, so private in its universality as to be almost undecipherable. In elementary, tragic wordplay, *Pestsaen* have turned—*die Atemwende*—to *Spasmen*, and in this inversion an ominous dialectic is at work:

der Herr brach das Brot
das Brot brach den Herrn.

In *Lichtzwang* (1970), the last book that Celan saw through the press, the light which had been an ambiguous rescue at the end of *Atemwende* has become compulsion (*Zwang*). As in Blake, it punishes and maddens the brain. What is left to the poet are remnants: *Hörreste, Sehreste*. A death is owed and the poet will at once communicate, carry out and accomplish it (*ihn austragen*). The first fourteen poems in the book form one of the most powerful sequences in modern poetry. They tell of intimacy and of a tearing apart. Radiant, obscure forces draw nearer: "ein Wellstern, sonnenfern, summt". The poet makes a number of crucial visits of valediction, to those who can hear his speech though it is already stone ("Bei Brancusi, *Zu Zweit*"), and to the master who has himself long dwelt in a forest of silence (the walk with Heidegger in "Todtnauberg"). But the loved one is a sharp splinter of life, keeping the poet awake—"einem/Splitter/Leben" (a word-break which enables Celan to picture life itself as thorn-rent or fragmented). Everything now is of the frontier, of the delicate poise and edge between existence and the other shadows of being of which language, crowded inward, bears news. Snow and savour speak of "the other side", *outre-tombe*: "Grenzschnee und . . . /totsagender/Duft." The pastoral is one of death, but nevertheless Arcadian: under the shadow of the lark (*Lerchenschatten*) the hidden things are laid bare and made fallow: "brachgelegt das Verborgene".

These motifs are knit together in what must be called, quite simply, a tremendous poem (in such a case the inepiness of one's gradations is of no importance). "Auch mich, den wie du Geborenen", fuses sexual union and death through a fantastic play on the tutelary name of Mandelstam:

und die Mandelhode
gewittert
und blüht.

Meaning, singular truth, as lived in the intimacy of poet and beloved will enter into the great alphabet of syllables, where it shall endure and buttress: "doch geht in die grosse Silbenschrift ein,/was uns nah kam, einzeln." Even nothingness is newborn: *das neugeborene Nichts*, once more a Heideggerian twist of diction. The last poems in *Lichtzwang* are among the most private in literature. Celan's own definition of them is at once matchless and untranslatable: he calls them "Lesestationen im Splitwort". They contain his epitaph: "Todes quitt, Gottes/quitt." After which balancing of the books, a few lines of Yiddish and the magic name *Jherosalem* sound a mocking, triumphant note.

It is very difficult to say anything useful of *Schneepart*, the seventy poems which were published in 1971, after Celan's disappearance, but almost all of which had in fact been written before or at the same time as *Lichtzwang*. In their eerie concision and play with time—the poet speaks of himself as one who "will have been"—these texts belong to a rubric suggested by Walter Benjamin, when he spoke of poems to be "read hereafter", of an art which would, through some secret, evidential agency of time, be fully intelligible only later on, educating responses towards clarity. Landscapes—the Baltic, the sand-heaths, rue Tournefort in Paris—which have mattered in earlier verse, return; as does the Moldava in Prague with its promise of continued life after suffocation.

One of the key terms in *Schneepart* is "stuttering". The poet is a "stutterer on the traces of being". Eternity is *umbalelt*—a formidable *neologism* that tells of the world's many and stuttering tongues. If his song remains, itself, unsung (*Unbesungen*), it is also unconquerable (*Unbezwungen*). Celan names his own exact circumstance in words that have few rivals in any literature:

Es ist Überabend,
ich leuchte hinter mir selbst.

This "afterglow of self" generates dazzling virtuosities: *eingeflimmert*, in which the mouth, January, replaces, supersedes the normal "snow" (*eingeschneit*), *im weissen Daneben, Gebetsilos*, signifying towers in which grain and prayer are stored and made one. The beloved is now *fur-silduhrt*, and in paradoxical junction the poem "winters towards her". Though it is very obviously not the last poem he wrote, "Und Kraft und Schmerz" seems to embody the nucleus of Celan's purpose:

Und Kraft und Schmerz
und was mich stiess
und trieb und hielt:

Hall-Schalt-
Jahre,
Fichtenrausch, einmal,
die wilderude Überzeugung,
dass dies andere zu sagen sei als
so.

The lines which actually conclude the collection speak of "Eternity kept in bounds" by a poetry, by a "wildering" and prodigal persuasion that "things can be said otherwise", that the dust-storm of metaphor can be overcome. Indeed, there are in this posthumous set glints of naked gaiety. Even the graves have become a source and spring of being: *Brunnengräber*. And the axe—one remembers the "axe breaking *Beihort*—has blossomed: "Ich höre, die Axt hat gegilbt, /ich höre der Ort ist nicht nennbar." But in *Schneepart*, and this may be so of all the later books, each poem stands by itself. The patterns we now make out are probably fallacious.

Paul Celan, whose real name was Paul Antschel, was born in Czernowitz, in what is now Romania, in November 1920. His parents perished in a death-camp, and Celan himself spent time at forced labour. He emigrated to Vienna in late 1947, then to Paris where he spent the rest of his days. He received the highest awards of the German literary establishment, notably the Georg Büchner Preis in 1960: the marvellously incisive address he gave at that occasion is the best document we have on his image of the poet. But Celan found Germany uncanny, perhaps unendurable, and wrote from outside as Heine, Nietzsche, Kafka had done before him. He committed suicide or, as German puts it more exactly, he chose a *Freitod* in the Seine at the end of April 1970 (the last details remain unclear).

Celan is, with Rilke, the greatest poet in modern German literature. Though it does not matter, it is my impression that he may prove the more indispensable of the two, that in his vision the etching bites deeper. His place among the master-poets of the century, near the summit, is not in doubt. If this seems an obtrusive claim or a novel one, the reason may lie with the guilt that separates the current climate of British sensibility from that of Europe.

Already the academic-critical literature on Celan is disconcerting. He himself dreaded and fought against what he knew would be an industry of clerical glossing. Books and articles multiply at dizzy tations pour forth. In Germany, and, to an increasing degree, France, the Hölderlin-Heidegger-Celan constellation—and there are certain precise perspectives in which they do belong together—the privileged ground of argument and argument in what are ... "hermeneutic" and "semiotic" studies. There have been ... readings of individual poems, ... Beda Allemann, by Peter S... (whose suicide closely followed Celan) and very likely imitated Celan, above all, by Bernhard Böschenstein whose intimacy with classics, with Hölderlin, with French symbolist poetry, seems to ensure a special authority and ... But most of what is written in Celan is worthless (as is, with the exception of a few very brilliant efforts by Michael Hamburger, ... that passes for translation ... English).

This is, first, because of extreme difficulty of the material. This difficulty is neither opaque nor ingenious nor acrobatic, as it sometimes can be even in Mallarmé. It is of the essence (Böschenstein speaks of "Die Notwendige Unlöslichkeit" in an important article in *Zeitwende*, VI, 1975). It is, ... therefore, because we simply lack the necessary textual basis for thorough interpretation. Numerous poems passed through ten or twenty stages of revision, and critical recession, for which we have been announced, still ... several large volumes. The present Suhrkamp issue is the merest *vademecum*. It has neither notes on variants and omits Celan's own translations from English, Russian, Italian and French, many of which have a direct bearing on his own poetry. A fair number of the best poems, and some of the greatest among them, depend for clarification on biographical references. What we have until now is good. Paul Celan waits ahead of us, "north of the future". Yet in the interim, these two small, *opportune*, so appropriately drab, ... one of the lasting markers, one of the cairns of uprightness, by which human speech and spirit may find their way.

Laments for humanity

By Anthony Vivis

THOMAS BERNHARD:
Ein Fest für Boris
106pp. DM4.50.

Der Ignorant und der Wahnsinnige
98pp. DM8.80.

Die Macht der Gewohnheit
105pp. DM8.80.

Die Jagdgesellschaft
111pp. DM8.80.

Frankfurt: Suhrkamp.

The characteristic hero of Thomas Bernhard's plays is in the process of coming to terms with himself midway between sickness and death. There is no religious consolation on hand, no eternal reward in store for earthly suffering: what Bernhard offers is an almost clinical diagnosis of human pain. Although his characters are by no means ciphers, they are stylized rather than individualized. Like Beckett, Bernhard sets his plays on an almost bare stage—the setting of *Ein Fest für Boris* (A Party for Boris), for example, is simply: "Empty space. High windows and doors." Bernhard's language is equally austere and economical, pruned of naturalistic speech patterns and presented in the printed texts in vertical blocks of uneven lines without punctuation. This reduction of setting and language to the bare essentials focuses attention very sharply on the actions and ideas of the characters and on the texture and rhythm of the dialogue.

The party in *Ein Fest für Boris* buckles on the legless cripples who organize it to cheer up Boris, and themselves. This rare opportunity to talk convinces them that they are not patients in a cripples' home but prisoners: they are patronized, ill fed, deprived of entertainment and cultural interest, and crammed into tiny beds like boxes. So monotonous and repetitive is this half-life that their only recreation is to speculate on the least painful form of suicide.

These characters are clearly as stunted spiritually as they are physically: the loss of freedom and dignity is as painful as the loss of their legs. Bernhard frequently equates physical disability with a crippling of human communication: here he shows that suffering can unite as well as divide. The cripples are connected by a "bond of affliction" (*Krankheitsverhältnis*)—suffering becomes fellow-suffering, with an emerging possibility of mutual help.

The sickness which afflicts the characters of Bernhard's second and third plays is art, or rather the pursuit of artistic virtuosity for its own sake. The brilliantly gifted opera singer in *Der Ignorant und der Wahnsinnige* (The Ignoramus and the Madman) has perfected herself into an unfeeling, self-obsessed singing machine (*Kolaturmaschine*). By the end of the play she is so terrified of making a technical slip that she can only "cry off" her forthcoming engagements, thus destroying her career. Her father, who has sacrificed everything for his daughter's art, is reduced to drunken drivelling about the pain of existence:

dadurch existieren wir
das wir uns von unserem Existieren
abkehren

(We can only exist/by taking our minds off the fact that we exist)

This is Bernhard's most theatrically effective play so far. The master-stroke is to underscore and parallel the daughter's moral decline with a running monologue from the *Doktor* which describes in pathological detail the piecemeal dissection of a corpse from cranium to genitals. As a study of concentrated human suffering observed from the perspective of remote scientific detachment, the play generates dramatic power much as Büchner's *Woyzeck* does.

Die Macht der Gewohnheit is a lighter treatment of the same theme of obsessive perfectionism. Caribaldi is a circus master of ceremonies who sees himself as a musical maestro. To satisfy his absurd pretensions to "high art", he tries to drill a motley assortment of circus artistes into an ensemble of virtuosi. But the definitive performance of Schubert's Trout Quintet which he rehearses throughout the play eludes him; praise, persuasion and threats all fail to turn the sow's ear of the circus into the silk purse of the concert hall. The juggler neglects his arpeggios for his coloured balls, and the clown's idea of a scherzo is to somersault backwards and land on his bottom. The play's central theme of people being forced to do things they are totally unsuited for can be interpreted several ways, and the play is comic in spite of some ponderous philosophizing. Later this year the National Theatre plans to present an English version—*The Force of Habit*—in a production by Elijah Moshinsky.

In *Die Jagdgesellschaft* (The Hunting Party) Bernhard combines the themes of sickness, ignorance and self-deception within one character. The General's last remaining pleasure is to hunt in his beloved forest; the General's wife, who is tired of him, and his Ministers, who are plotting to overthrow him, "protect" the General from the knowledge that his eyesight is being destroyed by a grey cataract and his forest eaten away by bark-beetle. Only the Writer, who kills time with the bored wife by playing endless games of cards, tells the General the truth: that after having wasted his life he is already spiritually dead. Gradually the General's meaningless half-existence catches up with him and he grimly concludes that "a human life . . ./is in the last analysis/nothing, but/a human catastrophe". He accordingly shoots himself, and electric saws start hacking down the infested forest.

There is no indication in the ending of *Die Jagdgesellschaft* that the sick can be healed, the mad made sane, or the living triumph over death. Nevertheless, in reducing his characters to skeletons of humanity who are tortured by the very consciousness of their existence, Bernhard does not paint a totally black picture of human potentialities. In forcing them to face the appalling reality of their own natures, in making them painfully aware of sickness and madness, he offers them a chance of salvation, for while they can see the truth they are still human:

das Leben ist eine Tortur . . .
underzerseits kommed wir
gerade in den Angstzuständen
zu uns selbst

(Life is a torment . . ./On the other hand/Only in our states of fear do we/Really face up to ourselves).

Drama from the Tyrol

By W. E. Yates

KARL SCHÖNHERR:
Gesamtausgabe
General editor, V. K. Chiavacci
Volume 1: Lyrik und Prosa. 663pp.
Volume 2: Bühnenwerke I. 868pp.
Volume 3: Bühnenwerke II, Briefe, Dokumentation. 765pp.
Vienna: Kremayr and Scheriau. Sch228 each volume.

The reputation of Karl Schönherr (1867-1943), the leading Austrian dramatist of the Naturalist generation, now rests chiefly on the forceful realism of his dialect plays of Tyrolean country life; the best known of these, *Erde*, was successfully produced in the Burgtheater in 1908 with Josef Kainz in the main role, and has been reprinted as a Reclam paperback.

Schönherr revised his works compulsively, and many exist in several widely divergent versions. A full critical edition would run to a size out of proportion with his importance, and despite its title the new *Gesamtausgabe* is by no means complete. The first two volumes include poems, prose (including a number of pieces not included in the earlier collected editions of 1927 and 1948) and texts of the main dramas; divergencies from the original published editions are regrettably not annotated. There are also substantial essays on Schönherr's life and dramatic work by V. K. Chiavacci and Margret Dietrich respectively, and illustrations.

The third volume, which is edited and introduced by Franz Hadamowsky, contains a selection of variant versions of the dramas and selected letters, together with bibliographical and chronological tables. The bibliography of Schönherr's work is not entirely complete: it does not, for example, list all the reprints of the once popular historical drama *Glaube und Heimat*, nor a 117-page version of the first edition of *Die Trenkwalder* (a text not included in the collection). Other texts that Schönherr himself published but that are missing include *Der Kampf* and *Der Spurius*, the 1905 version of *Sonnwendtag* (which began his connection with the Exl-Bühne troupe) and the first version of *Der Komödiant*, which was staged in the Burgtheater in 1924 and published in a handsome edition with illustrations by Ferdinand Andri.

All three volumes include a glossary of dialect words, and the third contains an index to the whole edition.

Habsburg myth, Republican reality

By Wendelin Schmidt-Dengler

About ten years ago the Italian Claudio Magris published a doctoral thesis on the Habsburg myth in Austrian literature. This thesis has been widely discussed and, on the whole, accepted by critics and scholars. According to Magris, Austrian literature from the Restoration onwards has been characterized, for better and for worse, by what he terms a "verfremdende Mythisierung"—historical realities are not regarded as empirical facts but are transposed on to a mythical plane. In this way, literary reality becomes estranged from historical reality. Magris argues that this "mythicizing" process began with the house of Habsburg and the supra-national state which it stood for. But the crux of his thesis is that this Habsburg myth, far from dying a natural death with the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1918, then entered its most pronounced phase.

Magris is able to develop his proposition from such authors as Hofmannsthal (1874-1929); Arthur Schnitzler (1862-1931); Franz Werfel (1890-1945); and above all, Joseph Roth (1894-1939). He manages furthermore to bring the writings of both Robert Musil (1880-1942) and Karl Kraus (1874-1936) under the heading "Habsburg Myth" in that these writers too, despite the polemical and ironical stance which they adopted, are seen by him as emotionally bound to an empire which was no more. In other words, it is Magris's view that the reality of the First Austrian Republic was simply not registered by the writers of the day whose interest was focused on the past.

But if we leave aside for a moment the big names most commonly discussed in literary histories and turn our attention towards the "literary supplements" of the big Viennese daily newspapers, the so-called *feuilletons*, and towards those novels which in the first years of the Republic achieved notable popular success, we begin to see that Magris's proposition is only partially valid. These writings, which for the most part are almost totally forgotten today, make clear and direct statements about the new Republic. Often the birth of the Republic becomes the central theme. Although the "popular" novelists are often at ideological loggerheads, they are nevertheless concerned with similar topics and subjects.

If we look first of all at the characters and the setting, we see that the action takes place mostly in Vienna and that the events and characters described are often taken straight out of contemporary life. Consequently many of these books can be read as romans-à-clef. A good illustration of this tendency is Karl Huffnagel's novel *Repablick* (1924). ("Repablick" is meant to be a dialect corruption of Republic.) Huffnagel (1872-1927), who published mainly under the pseudonym of Prumgartton, became prominent as an antisemitic pamphleteer who made a bid to win over the working classes for his ideas.

In this novel, which is about the first days of the Republic, there appear a federal chancellor by the name of Laufer (Runner); the Geyers (Vultures), both father and son; and a writer by the name of "crinkly Charlie" (*krauses Karlchen*). It is not too difficult to decode this rather strained attempt at humour and to arrive at the names of Karl Renner (the first chancellor of the First Republic and the first president of the Second Republic); Victor and Friedrich Adler (prominent socialist politicians); and Karl Kraus (the famous satirist).

Similar tendencies in the selection of content and in the treatment of theme can be observed in the works of another bestselling author of the day, Hugo Bettauer (1872-1925). In his famous novel *Die Stadt ohne Juden* (A City Without Jews) which sold 55,000 copies in 1924, there is a character who is both chancellor and foreign minister just like the historical figure Dr Mayr, who held both offices at that time. Even Arthur Schnitzler appears as that man of letters who, it is said, was able to plumb the depths of Vienna and the Viennese" and to identify and describe the phenomenon of the *süsses Mädel* (a kind of sweet young thing from the lower orders, often the amorous companion of those young men about town on the lookout for light-hearted sexual adventure).

For modern readers it is somewhat uncanny in the way that the federal chancellor features in almost all this fiction. In a novel by Heinrich Maria Seibert, an author with Christian-Social (i.e. conservative) leanings, there is once again a federal chancellor, this time a positive figure who is held up as a kind of "crinkly Charlie" (*krauses Karlchen*). It is not too difficult to decode this rather strained attempt at humour and to arrive at the names of Karl Renner (the first chancellor of the First Republic and the first president of the Second Republic); Victor and Friedrich Adler (prominent socialist politicians); and Karl Kraus (the famous satirist).

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"Forellenreigen" (Trout-dance), a two-colour fabric design by Kolo Moser from the April 1899 number of Ver Sacrum, *the journal of the Vienna Secession. It is reproduced from Christian M. Nebehay's* Ver Sacrum: 1898-1903, *a sumptuously illustrated selection from the journal's six-year run, together with commentaries and important bibliographic material (330pp with 380 illustrations, 83 in colour. Vienna: Tusch, Sch 1,980).*

Ver Sacrum mirrored the intellectual and artistic aims and activities of the Secessionist painters and architects grouped around Gustav Klimt, Kolo Moser, Josef Hoffmann, Alfred Roller and others. Herr Nebehay's book takes one into the heart of Viennese Jugendstil and the currents which swirled beyond it. Its main part is devoted to the principal artists who worked for Ver Sacrum *and gives detailed biographies and plentiful examples of their characteristic contributions. There is a complete index of all artists who appeared in the journal and a list of all exhibits shown by the Secession before the Klimt group parted company with it. In his introduction, Herr Nebehay sets* Ver Sacrum *in the contemporary European art-context and offers a fascinating comparison of its achievements with that of such other well-known journals as* Pan, Jugend *and* The Studio.

Marxist subjugates aesthetics to politics.

Benjamin's thesis is nicely exemplified by the controversy which surrounded the Burgtheater after the downfall of the monarchy. A literary feature in the left-wing morning paper *Der Abend* from 1919 contained a report on five performances of Goethe's *Iphigenie* in the Burgtheater with Hedwig Bleibtreu. The drama was performed exclusively for workers and played on each occasion to a full house. The critic is full of praise for that "masterpiece of rare magnificence", but is of the opinion that the members of the audience were disappointed in that they were not able to follow the play. The claims of the workers, then, are given absolute priority before the claims of art, whereas Paumgartten places the claims of *art* before the educational aspirations of the working classes.

Oppositional viewpoints often find common ground in the matter of value-judgments concerning the cultural tradition but they differ as to the dissemination and communication of this tradition. For the socialist intellectuals the primacy of things social before things aesthetic is a point of doctrine. Music, painting and literature are seen merely as functions in the historical process and are allowed no determining role outside their own competence. And while the conservatives turn their eyes towards the past in their unconditional rejection of all contemporary artistic production, the *Hinterbrühler* and the left luxuriate in visions of the contours of a new social order in which a new art will arise as the natural consequence of the removing of class barriers.

Both camps maintain at best somewhat defective relations with contemporary reality, as we can see all too clearly in the novels. Of great significance are the words which are used to describe wouldbe supernatural events and apparitions: "Demons" and "spectres" populate the Vienna of 1918 and 1919. A good example here is the best-selling author, Karl Hans Strobl (1877-1946), a conservative and pan-German. One of his novels is called *Gespenster im Sumpf* (Phantoms in the Swamp). The story is as follows: Vienna is a kind of Atlantis, a sunken city. Rich Austrians live in subterranean regions. The government, significantly called "The Red Hand", directs operations from the catacombs and arranges the kidnapping of a young American woman. For her safe return they demand a sum of money with which they hope to restore the state finances. The novel ends with a (super) natural catastrophe which apparently engulfs not only Vienna but the whole world as well.

Hugo Bettauer's *The City without Jews* provides another example of caricature, only this time the underlingness is directed towards a different end. In this utopian novel the Jews are forced to leave Vienna after the Christian-Social Party has proposed a motion to this effect (which also received the support of the Zionists) in Parliament. Vienna now suffers total economic eclipse since the most capable businessmen have been excluded from the city. Thanks to a piece of genial trickery on the part of a young Jewish artist, however, the Jews can be lifted, the Jews return and the economy is salvaged. In modern readers this satire produces feelings of unease and embarrassment.

Of all people it is the socialist Bettauer who countenances the capitalist system. He seems to give countenance to a prejudice which we know was calamitous in its consequences, for in his eyes it is the Jews who are representative of the system.

In none of these novels are class differences reconciled. A novel by Heinrich Maria Seibert, *Volk in der Wiege* (Nation in Infancy), is a well-meaning attempt to do just this—albeit with a Christian-Social bias. The daughter of a manufacturer—she is a member of the nobility—refuses to sell her father's textile factory after his death because she wants to save the workers' jobs. Her good intentions are nullified, however, by the efforts of a strike which is engineered by Russian secret agents. She is killed finally in the ensuing struggle between Austrian freedom-fighters and the workers, who are depicted as nothing less than the tools of the Russian rabble-rousers. The armed struggle portrayed in Seibert's novel is in itself a clear indication that the author has lost touch with contemporary reality.

It is characteristic of all these writers that they take escapist flight into political and state happenings on a gigantic scale. They seem to find a kind of sado-masochistic pleasure in their evocation of a terrifying future.

It is true that the new Republic as such is chosen as the theme of these novels, but it is never grasped in concrete terms. It is never portrayed as a given reality in which, quite simply, men could live and work. It is never viewed as something new which men should try to improve upon. It is never looked on as a new constitutional system for which the ground has still to be cleared if it is going to have a chance of surviving. Even the socialist Bettauer sees the Republic as no more than a temporary phenomenon. This conviction of the provisional character of the Republic leads many writers like Bettauer and Strobl to the conclusion that Austria can be rescued from her impotence only by means of American finance.

If we as modern readers consider the works of Heimito von Doderer (1896-1968) or Ödön von Horváth (1901-1938) with this literary background in mind, we can easily discern a number of parallels in respect of content and motifs. In Doderer's *Die Dämonen* (1956) we also find reflected—thirty years on, of course—this sometimes uneasy relationship which obtained between men's political ideas and their actual historical situation. Here too, as in the novels of Bettauer and Strobl, and similarly in Horváth's *Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald* (Tales from the Vienna Woods), it is American cash which is seen as the solution in many a hopeless cause.

But it is the very similarity of the subject-matter—the same historical background, Viennese society portrayed in all its different strata—which illustrates the qualitative differences in approach and execution. It may well be that Doderer's retrospective attempt in *Die Dämonen* to achieve some kind of harmony between the antagonisms which divided the First Republic were a trifle strained. On the other hand, in those texts which we have been considering there is a complete absence of any reconciliatory tendencies. Indeed, the thought of being able to provoke the "other man" becomes one of the primary reasons for writing.

Bettauer's tragic death in 1925 is an illustration of the provocative potential inherent in the literature of the day. It demonstrates with some force the violent reactions which these novels and newspaper pieces were sometimes capable of producing. Bettauer was assassinated by a dental mechanic. He had been motivated by the desire, he said, to preserve the morals of the young from Bettauer's corrupting influence. The widely diverging newspaper reports concerning Bettauer's death and the different viewpoints as to what sort of man had perpetrated the deed are confusing enough, but for all that represent in themselves a clear pointer to the prevalent prejudices of the day. The *Neue Freie Presse*, a conservative publication, expresses regret over the death, draws specific attention, however, to the provocative nature of Bettauer's erotica, and concludes that the writer was hoist with his own petard. In contrast, the centre-left *Tag* makes praiseworthy mention of the novel; it's deep humanity and sees in him the victim of a fascist plot.

The texts which I have discussed are evidence of a crisis of consciousness. And however negligible their literary value may be, these novels and feuilletons repay investigation. They are a forgotten chapter in Austrian literary history. We might say "conveniently forgotten" for they are characterized by a radicalism which was later thought to be shaming. The Habsburg myth was then a suitable vehicle of escape into a past which from the late 1920s on was viewed to be truly past—and hence a safe and uncontroversial area. Most Austrian writers continued throughout the 1930s to seek refuge in this area. They considered it uncontaminated by contemporary political ideologies. Those Austrian authors who began writing after 1945 similarly avoided giving their support to any particular political party. This absence of political engagement demonstrates the profound metamorphosis which took place in the intellectual climate between 1918 and 1945. Just how this anti-ideological position was exposed by the next generation of writers as being symptomatic of a more deeply rooted conservative ideology is another story.

Theatre before theory

By Rex Last

FRITZ HOCHWÄLDER:
Dramen
Volume 1: 328pp. Sch 310.
Volume 2: 336pp. Sch 310.
Lazaretti, oder der Säbeltiger
58pp. Sch 50.
Graz: Styria.

Fritz Hochwälder, master craftsman of the contemporary Austrian stage, writes four-square in the rich tradition of his native theatre. A Viennese (b 1911) who fled the city of his birth when the Nazis assumed power in Austria, he has lived in Switzerland ever since. His original trade was that of an interior decorator, but the authorities of his adoptive country imposed an embargo on the pursuit of this craft, so he found himself obliged to exchange brush for pen and became a full-time dramatist.

Although his earliest play dates back to 1933, he did not make any real impact, apart from attracting the odd encouraging noise from the critics, until *Das heilige Experiment*, written during the war years and produced in this country as *The Strong Are Lonely* with Donald Wolfit in the lead, guaranteed him an enduring reputation among the theatre-going public, if not in the groves of academe. His commission for the Eurovision Greatest Theatre in the World series of dramas, *Der Befehl* (The Order), further enhanced his international fame.

Hochwälder's plays are written first and foremost for the stage; he is concerned with theatre before theory, and has no patience with those who would exploit the stage to propound a philosophy or impose a dramaturgical dogma. But this does not mean that Hochwälder is in the business of mass-producing "safe" West End plays. His style is deceptively lucid and fluent; beneath the apparently uncomplicated surface are strong and complex undercurrents of significance and rich rhythmical patterns. Equally, he seems unadventurous in his predilection for the classical framework and the "well-made play", observing the unities and strongly motivating both plot and characterization; but he achieves a remarkable concentration and dramatic impetus which lend a new vigour and potential to mainstream theatre.

Hochwälder is preoccupied with exploring the utter nastiness of contemporary society: *Der Öffentliche Ankläger* (The Public Prosecutor), for example, bends the historical facts of revolutionary France to show Fouquier-Tinville becoming a victim of the system of institutionalized terror he, as a jurist, was instrumental in enforcing.

Hochwälder's latest drama, *Lazaretti oder der Säbeltiger* (Lazaretti, or The Sabre-Toothed Tiger), is very much the mixture as before, this time in a contemporaneous setting, but as in his other major dramas there is a sense of historicity: from the point of view of both time and place, they are acted out within a hermetically sealed environment, a kind of flytrap which the participants enter unwittingly and once there, they are unable to escape, but are forced to remain and argue out their case for survival with Shavian intensity.

Lazaretti, like its predecessors, is concerned with the vicious circle of violence, the pursuer becoming the pursued. Man resembles the extinct sabre-toothed tiger of the play's subtitle in that he is doomed, since his chief instrument of destruction, the brain, has become a victim of its own success and, like the tiger's tusks, will grow out of all proportion until its sheer enormity brings about his downfall. It is Lazaretti's plan to found a secret society on the lines of the Jesuits or Freemasons, to meet violence with violence, murder with murder: but his scheme contains the seeds of its own destruction in that he is compelled to resort to the methods of his opponents—and since he is a part of humanity, he is one of their number too. Guilt, he proclaims, lies not within social or ethnic groupings, "but rather within man himself, the inborn beast, which must be held in check by counter-terror, counter-violence". The infernal machine races on out of control towards the obliteration of mankind, and Hochwälder invites us as detached and helpless observers to contemplate our own black destiny.

Lazaretti is not included in the collected dramas, which regrettably do nothing towards lifting the wall of scholarly silence which surrounds this remarkable dramatist: the plays are presented as plain texts; there is no indication of variations between earlier and later versions, no critical comment (a study of the relationship between text and stage is long overdue), and, worst of all, no indication that the two volumes contain only a selection of Hochwälder's work. The publishers could at the very least have managed a chronology of the works and could have appended the crucial essay "Über mein Theater", but this set does little more than further postpone the day when a full and scholarly edition of the works is published.

Facing both ways

By Hugh Wood

MOSCO CARNER:
Alban Berg
255pp. Duckworth. £12.

Nearly thirty years ago, Mosco Carner was a persuasive pioneer on behalf of the Berg Violin Concerto. Berg was then esteemed as the mediator of Schoenbergian severity; and later, after Schoenberg's music itself had become more widely heard, despised for much the same reason. Both judgments diminished him into an appendage of his master.

That Berg's stature has now *risen far above such superficial attitudes is due to two factors. First, we can now at long last experience all of his music. It is easy to forget that Wozzeck was not staged in* this country until 1952, and *Lulu* not until 1962. And only over the past two decades have we been able to get to know such important works as the Altenberg Songs and the Three Orchestral Pieces. The Violin Concerto, now a twentieth-century classic, is no longer his solo contribution to the repertoire.

Secondly, his music has also generated a supporting literature. The late Hans Redlich's study appeared in 1957. The biographical section may be no more than a rapid, though extremely vivid, sketch; but a rereading of his discussion of the music will show it to have been brilliantly done. Willi Reich's book of 1965 is stronger on biography, backed up by sources then newly available, and by personal reminiscence—Dr Reich is a Berg pupil. Its musical section is less distinguished, but the reprinting of some of Berg's best polemical journalism alone makes the book valuable. In 1971 Berg's letters to his wife, Helene, appeared in English. The joker in the pack, and probably the master card, is Wiesengrund Adorno's study of the music, prefaced by a personal memoir. A translation of this brilliantly idiosyncratic writer's monograph, published in 1968, is long overdue.

Dr Carner retains, like his predecessors, the customary division into life and works. His biographical section is, admittedly, the fullest yet. It draws upon all the sources mentioned above and also upon the not hitherto available Berg-Schoenberg correspondence. His deliberate neglect of Berg's early life as "not interesting enough" is perhaps an error in judgment: for (as Reich demonstrates) it was very early on that Berg's literary culture, apart from anything else, was formed. The comparison, as a fellow-asthmatic, with Proust is intriguingly presented, but not followed up: they have more in common than this. Berg's contempt for psychoanalysis makes satisfying reading: it is delightfully comic to learn that Berg found Freud incompetent to deal with a simple case of flu.

It is also interesting to have confirmatory details of Berg's treatment by Universal Edition—Dr Hertzka has always been a figure much over-romanticized, not least by Berg himself. The ups-and-downs of his life-long relations with Schoenberg, on which the Helene letters have already thrown much new light, display the quiet strength of his character at its best. Details of his various uncompleted operatic projects, a corrected account of Nikisch's abortive attempt to stage *Wozzeck* years before their 1925 Berlin premiere, a fresh description of his collaboration with Kraisker over the Violin Concerto—all these incidentals are new and fascinating.

Nevertheless, the value of the biographical section rarely rises above the synoptic: it usefully brings together material from disparate sources, rather than creates the definitive narrative account of a life. And the style, scarcely elegant, sometimes jars. It is difficult to introduce a general topic which interrupts the chronological sequence of biography; but there should be no grinding of gears on one's return to the main narration. The recurrence of phrases like: "To anticipate . . ." "Apropos of Berg's own symphony . . ." "To return to 1920 . . ." "We have to retrace our steps . . ." "We close this chapter with . . ." is not only irritating, but a failure in the construction of narrative.

The works are treated in genres, and there is a strong case to be made out against this—simply, that Berg was not a genre composer. He was typical of the best type of composer of our time in that he composed sparingly, and rarely more than once in any one medium. It is better to take the works in order. Only thus can one show a remarkably integrated compositional personality developing, by tracing the influence of Schoenbergian discipline upon the Seven Early Songs and the Piano Sonata: Berg's temporary attraction towards the shorter forms which, although it gave us the Altenberg Songs, was nevertheless a detour from his true path; the residual reaction from Schoenbergian concision back towards Mahlerian expansiveness which was not only responsible for the Three Orchestral Pieces, but is still to be detected in the final interlude from *Wozzeck* and the *grave* interlude from *Lulu*; and many other such issues.

Recently we have learnt more sharply to distinguish between true analysis—at its best a minor but worthwhile re-creative act—and the merely efficient description of music which, in the even more minor art of the programme note, is useful to the listener as a travel guide is to the traveller. Dr Carner is essentially a descriptive writer, and his accounts of the Lyric Suite

Self-portrait by Berg, 1909.

and the Violin Concerto are something more than programme notes. But we really need something better than this. It remains a cruel equation that a hundred programme notes—however extended and painstaking—do not add up to one book.

The number of misprints throughout is quite hair-raising; and the publishers must also be blamed for the slovenly printing of the music examples. They are either absurdly large, as if it were a child's first piano book; or else rephotographed from previously existing scores, and this looks ugly because it is inconsistent; in some places they are illegibly indistinct, in others tilted drunkenly at an angle to the surrounding type-face. This is an expensive book: and standards of book production cannot really have sunk so low.

It is unfair to blame an author for not writing the book that he never intended to write in the first place. But the truth is that we do not need another volume of lives-and-works. The time is ripe for at least four different books on Berg.

He would, first of all, be an ideal subject for a study in the manner of Otto Erich Deutsch on Schubert and Mozart: a documentary biography. This would marshal letters, concert programmes, press notices, contracts, receipts, and so on. These are plentiful enough to build up a fascinating collage portrait in this way. Dr Carner lived in Berg's Vienna, but his references to this fact in the present volume are somewhat spare and muted. If he were to edit such a documentary his linking narrative would ensure complete authenticity, and his personal testimony would be uniquely valuable.

The second method of approach would do for Berg what Edward Lockspeiser achieved for Debussy: it would trace all the extra-musical sources of influence on his work, until there emerged a complete picture of his cultural milieu. Again, such a project is peculiarly appropriate. Berg's exceptional sensitivity to all culture, his early, lasting and deep involvement with literature, poetry and drama played a vital part in determining the character of his music. In recent years there has been a quickened interest in many aspects of late Habsburg Vienna: and Berg was very close to the centre of all this activity. Tantalizingly, the seed of such a study is already present in Dr Carner's present book: his useful Chapter 4, "Interlude: Pre-War Vienna", mentions, all too briefly, Kraus, Altenberg and Loos. But again, he is in a position not to lean quite so heavily upon the very secondary source of Stephen Toulmin and Allan Janik's *Wittgenstein's Vienna* (1973): the authority of personal experience could make a full-scale cultural history really valuable.

Even more pressing, of course, is the need for a thorough study of the music itself. To describe a style: that is a real task. Before one begins to analyse the development of Berg's own language it is necessary to assess his debt to tradition, and his contemporaries outside his immediate circle (such as Debussy, Mahler, Schreker); also, the complex interactions of the three Viennese on each other (Berg's admiration and knowledge of Webern's music, for example). Dr Carner does not touch either of these matters. But he does raise many topics which need to be exhaustively discussed. Berg's was a complex compositional personality, full of unresolved antinomies. His interest in number-symbolism, his creation of exactly symmetrical formal proportions, his intricate manipulation of subsidiary series from a matrix-row—these habits became increasingly important to him in his later years. How did he manage to reconcile with them the romantic expressiveness, the apparently artless spontaneity of his art? Were they a sort of harmless obsessional neurosis, or an essential (and is that the same as "audible"?) part of the compositional result? This is only one of many fascinating questions.

In its relation to tradition, Berg's art wears a Janus-face. There is a deep paradox between the conservative aspect of his music and the amazing innovating passages which are often to be found alongside it: passages which—whatever they owe to extreme moments in Strauss and Schoenberg—nevertheless go beyond them, anticipating the utterance of composers like Lutoslawski and Ligeti. A measure of ambivalence lies near the heart of his work: a unique and curious combination of fine craftsmanship, labyrinthine subtlety of character, proliferating—rather, than uncontrolled—late-Romantic expansiveness, speculative, revolutionary time-travelling, autumnal ripeness and mastery.

Stravinsky's remark about Berg's music being like an old woman of whom one says "how beautiful she must have been when she was young" was obviously not kindly meant. Nevertheless, it catches one of these Janus-faces so exactly and with such uncanny insight, that it is a pity that Dr Carner chooses, out of loyalty to his subject, to miss the point of it.

But what is needed above all is simply a full-length biography of Berg, written from primary sources, mobilising—and there is need of hurry—the witness of personal contacts still living: a book which should give us a complete account of his life with the thoroughness and grasp of a Thayer or a Newman. Dr Carner has already shown in that he can achieve much, I think, with precision. From this book a remarkable portrait would, I think, emerge. Berg is almost alone among the great composers in that he was an exceptionally decent human being. An aristocracy of temperament which ill-health, poverty and non-recognition did nothing to damage; powers of compassionate empathy which never became sentimental or turned the artist into a propagandist; a personal charm which must have been irresistible, even in such minor manifestations as the drawing of cartoons; and the naive delight in narrating the details of what he had had to eat. Yet, when one looks at the photographs, there is about these fine features something veiled, impenetrably secretive: the exact correlative of a certain quality in the music—opaque, difficult to grasp. To capture for posterity the personality of this great human being and great composer is a worthwhile task.

Documents of friendship

By Kenneth Segar

HUGO von HOFMANNSTHAL and OTTONIE GRAFIN DEGENFELD:
Briefwechsel
579pp. Frankfurt: Fischer. DM 58.

HUGO von HOFMANNSTHAL and RICHARD BEER-HOFMANN:
Briefwechsel
262pp. Frankfurt: Fischer. DM 32.

Of the published correspondences of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, two stand out as offering the reader particular insight into his development as man and artist. There is that early exchange of letters with the high priest of German aestheticism, Stefan George, showing the precocious Hofmannsthal taking first steps towards an independent vision of high art as something in no way elitist, but the patrimony of all. Then there is the magnificent tome of letters which passed between Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss, inviting us into the workshop in which they shaped their operas, and revealing how the poet's craft survived fruitful collaboration and conflict with the genius, theatrical good sense and sometimes questionable taste of the composer.

Other correspondences, too, illuminate Hofmannsthal's cultural preoccupations, like that with the historian, lawyer and politician Josef Redlich, or that in which the most intensely intellectual response to his work is offered by the fiery Rudolf Borchardt. These correspondences are of the kind described by the literary historian and critic Richard Alewyn as containing artistic or literary substance, the interest of a drama, intellectual tensions and historical perspectives. But there are yet other correspondences, like that with Eberhard von Bodenhausen, whose central interest for us lies in the documentation of Hofmannsthal's experience of and comment on friendship. The two most recently published complete correspondences, with Richard Beer-Hofmann and Ottonie Degenfeld-Schonburg, fall respectively into the former and latter category.

Ottonie came into the poet's life through his most valued friend Eberhard von Bodenhausen, whose sister-in-law she was. Hofmannsthal found her attractive at first meeting, writing to Bodenhausen in December 1906 that she was the kind of woman one would like to share a desert island with for a year while living off gulls' eggs; this gentle, slightly unreal eroticism pervades the correspondence.

At one point, Hofmannsthal defines their relationship as one in which he does not so much "love" as "hope"—a reference to the original raison d'être of their corresponding: Hofmannsthal was attempting to rescue Ottonie from a dangerous depression following the loss of her husband in 1908. If, he writes of his "hoping", he could see her restored to life, again committed to all its errors and pain, he would willingly have himself erased from her memory. One hears the words which Harlequin sings to the abandoned, shocked heroine of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal *Ariadne auf Naxos*: "Kusst dich aus dem Dunkel heben,/Wär es auch um neue Qual,/Leben musst du, liebes Leben,/Leben noch dies eine Mal", and is grateful to Ottonie for inspiring the poet to create his marvellous heroine in her image.

His act of deep friendship, sustained through two decades (with his last letter to her written on the day of his death), takes the form of appealing to the mind to heal itself through contact with great literary works. He sends Ottonie a reading list, a seemingly prissy response to her need, but trivial neither in its effect on the recipient nor in its implication for Hofmannsthal. The lady gradually begins her reading course (having twice mislaid the bibliography!) and reacts positively to Hofmannsthal's attachment expressed in his continuing role as director of studies.

And Hofmannsthal himself can be seen to be making an implied statement of his view of culture: not a never-never world of fiction and fantasy, but a permanent mental possession providing the superstructure of the real world of experience. The lady herself is clearly not able to sustain the intellectual pressure. She appears, in fact, a very ordinary person, attracted to and enlivened by the circle of mental heavyweights around Hofmannsthal, like Borchardt and Rudolf Alexander Schröder, but most content to provide the ambience for their meetings and exchanges, and finally happily involved again in the general round of domestic events.

Yet Hofmannsthal more and more stresses her value to him as, precisely, a non-literary person. He is caught up in and delighted by friendship, which he here and elsewhere considers one of life's greatest gifts. Alewyn's view of earlier volumes, that letters for Hofmannsthal were a never-ending conversation, is amply borne out here. Unlike so many distinguished men, Hofmannsthal never writes letters as monologues for posterity; the recipient's last letter to him and continuing presence in his mind are at the core of what he now pens. As a counterweight to his often painful reticence, his hypersensitivity, his insistence on propriety and good taste at all times, his refusal to conduct relationships on any but his own terms, there is in this fact an unexpected and pleasing warmth.

It is also a phenomenon that is mirrored in his art. The central interest of his imaginative work could be said to be (and on his own admission was) not created characters themselves, but always the relationship between them — "Beziige" is his key-word. He even saw this relationship as itself having the status of a person ("Individuum"), and his art everywhere alludes to one of his profoundest experiences, that whereby his circle of friends becomes for him a symbol of the "mystery of contemporaneity".

And what of the age? Apart from Hofmannsthal's expressing uncertainty that his generation can survive 1914-18, but also faith that the nation as a whole will do so, the correspondence lets in little light from beyond the aristocratic villas and watering-places. Here, as everywhere in Hofmannsthal, the reader can be brought face to face with what looks like lip-service to reality without genuine commitment. The aesthete hurling talks of a "higher calling" which must be protected from the threat of reality and chaos; in May 1918 the "pressure of the age" means that the war (which he had originally greeted with the unbecoming enthusiasm of so many intellectuals *of his day*) could not have come at a worse moment for him; perhaps, he suggests, their private lives will be simplified by the world collapsing about them; all he asks is for two pieces of meat a day to keep his brain in some sort of order, and so on.

In the context of what it was possible to know of the war, of Europe, of the lives of ordinary people, this private form of egocentricity makes the public moral posture that much more pompous.

If the correspondence with Richard Beer-Hofmann fails to be as stimulating as one could have wished, the fault lies in the fact that the two friends met so often. For we hear of the thousands of conversations Hofmannsthal had with his older friend, mentor and counsellor. Fortunately, there is some evidence here of the way in which Hofmannsthal used Beer-Hofmann as a sounding-board for his large concerns: the desire to create an intellectual and aesthetic structure which will enhance the business of living, to achieve something lasting, and yet to hold life lightly ("Il faut gleser la vie"), if change and destruction are not to maim, this last desire another great theme of his art.

One part of the correspondence which exercises a horrible fascination is that which reflects the "Jewish problem". The cosmopolitan Hofmannsthal shows brutal honesty in his view of Beer-Hofmann's Jewish drama *Jaakobs Traum* (1919), accusing his friend of chauvinism and misplaced nationalistic pride, which he regards as the source of all evil for the generation surviving 1914-18. He further uses the occasion to berate Beer-Hofmann for his rejection of Josef Redlich, a friend of Hofmannsthal's who happened to be a baptised Jew. These aggressive reactions are then extended to embrace earlier works of Beer-Hofmann which Hofmannsthal had originally received with enthusiasm. In his reasoned reply, Beer-Hofmann insists that he uses the motif of the chosen people with symbolic, not nationalistic, intent; and Hofmannsthal retracts, claiming that war-fatigue has been responsible for his almost pathological reaction towards any statement concerning those "puzzling entities", nations —even his own. Later, he can decide that Beer-Hofmann's position is a genuinely religious one, in accord with Dostoevsky's view that a man *who has no people has no God*, and that his friend has sought and found both.

Apart from revealing the intensity with which Hofmannsthal conducted intellectual relationships, we have in this episode a telling reminder of one of the tensions of Viennese life in the period. It was a city full of Jews—religious Jews, Jews by descent and habit, assimilated, apostate Jews—and also a city whose antisemitism had for nearly half a century been engaged in a head-on clash with the economic, professional and cultural hegemony of its Jewry. In this environment, the interrelationships of Jews and their relations with non-Jews rarely escaped strain and distortion. This correspondence adds its testimony to the mass of sad documentation.

The Hofmannsthal of both these correspondences shows a complex involvement in the lives of his friends, and this he shapes with his customary poetic precision of word. From time to time, the sensitivity and perception of *praeceptor Austriae* finds expression. But everywhere, in accordance with his favourite quotation, culled from Addison, the "whole man", for better or worse, "moves at once".

Tradition and experiment

By Rex Last

JUTTA SCHUTTING:
Lichtungen
76pp. Salzburg: Otto Muller. Sch 126.

CHRISTINE BUSTA:
Salzgärten
92pp. Salzburg: Otto Müller. Sch 126.

H. C. ARTMANN:
Aus meiner Botanisiertrommel
95pp. Salzburg: Residenz. Sch 138.

Gedichte über die Liebe und über die Lasterhaftigkeit
190pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM10.80.

The German muse, it seems, has always been struggling to escape from the lengthy shadows cast by historical events or great figures—from the impact of the French Revolution, Goethe and Nietzsche, to the two world wars and the Nazi era in more recent history; but now so too the Austrian. This landlocked country is no more cultural annexe to its larger neighbour in the north: it enjoys a strong, distinctive native tradition, with historical roots in imperial elegance, sophistication and the Catholic religion, with a leavening—if that is the *mot juste*—of Jewish cultural influence; and its geographical ties reach out more strongly to the lands in the east than to either France or England. Nor has Austria had to shake itself free from the burden of a recent historical guilt on which both Germanys still compulsively brood.

In its poetry, as in its cultural life at large, Austria presents a scene of the greatest contrasts, where within a severely conservative and traditionalist environment avant-garde poetry flourishes as nowhere else, and there is a surprising sense of unity in the artistic community. In contrast to Germany, practising writers of all generations came together after the war in a collaborative effort to rebuild Austrian literature; and such friction as exists is between them and the non-playing captains of the literary establishment. The Graz quarterly *manuskripte*, devoted to the printing of previously unpublished graphical and literary work of an experimental nature, cheerfully set about the Austrian PEN Club a little while back, claiming that it consisted simply of a few individuals prominent in other spheres, "a couple of 'vons' and a handful of university professors. Most them have rank, few have a name". And with equal cheerfulness it printed a dusty rejoinder in the next issue from a legal representative of the offended parties.

In such an environment it is not surprising that the widest range of poetic talents can and does flourish, nor that their various voices are neither parochial in tenor nor merely national in impact. At one end of the scale stands a trio of religious women poets writing more or less within the traditional mould of the confessional lyric after the pattern set by Ingeborg Bachmann and Paul Celan (the metaphorical poets); and, at the other, experimental and political end of the scale, a cluster of poets, some belonging to the seminal Wiener Gruppe, whose gifts are by no means merely whimsical or insubstantial.

The least important of the traditionalists under consideration is Jutta Schutting; her poems pour forth a slow-motion cataract of verbiage, of poetry trying hard not to be too poetic. Her peregrinations through the clutter of her mind have been dignified with the title "surreal", but deserve rather to be dubbed arbitrary and contrived, needing to be pruned, as in these lines from Lichtungen, of a surfeit of roses:

eine Rose als Geisel entführen
den Rosenduft live übertragen
auf den Tisch des Abendmahles
das Abendmahl malen
für jede vom Reif verschorfte Rose
zehn ... an die Wand stellen

(to take away a rose as a hostage/ broadcast the scent of a rose live/ paint the Last Supper on the Last Supper table/for every rose harmed by frost ten ... to be put against the wall).

While Schutting is a traditionalist to some degree masquerading as an experimentalist, Christine Busta strikes an honest, middle-of-the-road note in *Salzgärten* with her conception of poetry as

Leben,
in Bernstein geborgen,
begraben.
(Life,/caught in amber,/buried there.)

Hers is a gentle, unassuming, melancholy voice which fuses external observation with inner contemplation into lines, which, although on occasion trite, frequently achieve great power.

Meine Vögel sind fort,
ich weiss nicht, wo sie jetzt
singen.
Ein Windnest bin ich geworden.

Manchmal nistet der Schnee
und erfüllt mich ein Weilchen.
Verlassenheit sucht mich heim,
sie wird mich nie mehr
verlassen.

(My birds have flown,/I know not where they are singing now./ ... I have become a nest for the wind./ Often the snow nests/and fulfils me for a while./Desertion seeks me out,/it will never desert me now.)

In her chill, uninviting landscapes there is little consolation, and religious sentiments, when they obtrude, represent a challenge rather than a source of strength or comfort:

Herr, ich kann nicht mehr beten!
Ich bin müde vom Elend des
Menschen,
vom Leiden der Kreatur.
Deine Schöpfung ist herrlich,
aber erbarmungslos.

(Lord, I can pray no more!/I am tired of the wretchedness of man,/ of creature suffering./Thy creation is splendid,/but pitiless.)

The sharp and acrid note in the title of *Salzgärten* (Saltings)—her latest collection, is matched by the shrill, lonely screech of the peacock in Christine Busta's *Pfauenschrei* (1962). Lavant, who has the securest reputation of these poets, is also seeking to come to terms with the anguish of existence; for her, as for Busta, "Herbst ist nicht ausser, Herbst ist innen." (Autumn is not without, but within.)

She seems strangely numbed by life; is strongly drawn to the earth; but it receives her almost as a stranger.

More adventurous than Busta in her use of language, Lavant translates the observed world into a sphere of private imaginings, a self-contained metaphorical superstructure with a highly derivative ring so self-indulgent that the reader is left to stand on the outside looking in.

The experimentalists and political poets are in pursuit of totally different game. Ernst Jandl has stuffed his poetic quiver with all manner of exotic projectiles, seeking to present, in his words, "poems that don't leave the reader cold". And he achieves far more than the momentary effect which is all most poetry of this ilk can attain; he infuses the most unlikely poems with unexpected depth of meaning, as in this liped gem from *Laut und Luise* (1971):

ein Herr ohn Brille mit Hort
rief "Teufel! mir bleibt
ein Nachtculenpärchen,
ein Huhn und fünf Lerchen
benisten ganz frech
sein Nest"

Artmann always presents a "moving" target—in both senses of the word, for when the bilious mood is upon him, he can let loose genuine emotional chords, as in the charming poems of *Aus meiner Botanisiertrommel*. In this vein he composes with disciplined finesse, waxing almost Petrarchan in a suite of poems dedicated to Antonin from *Gedichte über die Liebe*, and achieving pure lyrical in this gentle aubade:

als die dunkle nacht
wie schaum in den gärten zerfiel,
als der frühe hahn
wie eine rote zunge den tag riief
als ich dio augen wieder aufschlug
meinem mädchen zugewendet,
fragte ich: wie kann es sein,
wie kommt es, dass nun schon
so der tau glänzt
und ist doch die sonne
noch brusthöhe hinter den bergen?

(when the dark night/disintegrated like foam into the gardens/when the early cock/greeted the day like a red tongue,/when I opened my eyes again,/turned towards my girl,/I asked: how can it be,/how is it that even now/the dew glows so/and yet the sun is/ still deep down behind the mountains?)

Artmann's charm lies in his infinite variety, capturing the emotion more for the brilliant array of images and virtuoso turns of phrase than for any total vision that might emerge.

Erich Fried, on the other hand, although equally an experimenter with language, is concerned to write poems with a message, poems that argue a point, but at the same time poems that move and are essentially concerned with humanity rather than dialectic. His effects are achieved with a striking economy of style, as in the superb miniatures in *Gegengift* (Antidote), his latest collection (*TLS*, October 4, 1974).

Fried is no dogmatist—in his 1974 collection *Höre, Israel* (Hear, O Israel) the Jew castigates extremists on both sides with equal vehemence—and for all his preoccupation with politics he is the finest analysts a poet concerned with his craft, of which he is a brilliant exponent, as his translations of Shakespeare—without exception the finest in the German tongue—ably demonstrate.

Gegengift is more interrogative in tone than his previous work: "Meine Muse hat Kanten" (My muse has sharp edges) is the title of one section, and the message of the whole confirms this view: time, for him, life is a cruel mistress, always snatching defeat from the jaws of victory when the elusive objective seems just within reach. But he is no passive pessimist: in the long closing section he accepts the notion that language now fails to communicate; and this contradiction, shared by Jandl and Artmann, underlines the strange but by no means unwelcome fact that in Austria at least it is the experimentalists who have attracted a large and growing audience, while the more conventional lyricist is becoming increasingly irrelevant.

Like Beckett in the Burgtheater, this is not a little startling, but in the end it is the elegance of a former age, the glittering theatre, not the incongruous speech and actions on stage, which looks a little jaded and out of place.

Design by Kolo Moser for Ver Sacrum, *see caption on page 712.*

The Viennese imprint

By Hans Haider

Vienna is an important place on the "book map", a good address for the book industry and of course the number one address in Austria, even among publishers, since the publishing capacity in Graz, Salzburg and Innsbruck is relatively small. It has to be said, however, that the import of books into Austria is ever increasing, while the export trade is steadily decreasing. In 1964 the index of exported books was 5 per cent higher than the index of imported ones. Ten years later it stood at two books exported for every three imported. Nevertheless, Vienna continues to hold its own surprisingly well in the book market, which is largely controlled by the concentration of West Germany's giant publishing houses. The foreign trade balance is a significant part of the total printing business, and the world paper crisis in 1974 was weathered quite well by Austria's large-scale producers. The Salzer-Übereuther combine, for example, which is responsible today for 45 per cent of Austria's book exports, installed at the peak of the paper shortage a "Cameron" machine, which is only the second one in Europe, the first installation being with Mondadori. This prints and binds 30,000 books a day and has been in full production since 1975.

Nevertheless, despite its economic success Vienna is not a "city of books" like Leipzig or Frankfurt, nor a literary centre, a place where a young author can hope to find the right publisher, or where he merely has to go to the next street when he wants a new one. The days of meeting financially powerful Viennese publishers in a coffee-house are gone forever. The publishers are either out hunting the Anglo-American world for best-seller rights with the aid of scouts, or doing their publishing business as a side-line to other undertakings in state, community, union, church, or party organizations. Many of these part-time publishers are not prepared to put private capital at risk, and are rather cautious functionaries, especially where the publishing might involve something experimental or radically critical of society. They also show no desire to promote poetry volumes unlikely to cover their expenses, namely any editions of less than 2,000 copies. Poetry is therefore increasingly forced to appear in magazines or anthologies, or must be handled by small publishers. Austria's most active literary publishing house, the Residenz Verlag of Salzburg, has the copyright for some of Peter Handke's and Thomas Bernhard's works. It was able to establish itself as *the* "publisher of Austrian literature" during a spell of inattention by their competitors in West Germany.

All new work that came out after the war was almost without exception published in West Germany—Heimito von Doderer (Biederstein, Munich), Albert Paris Gütersloh, and Ingeborg Bachmann (both by Piper in Munich), as well as almost everything from the Wiener Gruppe (Hans Carl Artmann, Friedrich Achleitner, Konrad Bayer, Gerhard Rühm, and Oswald Wiener), and from the Graz group Forum Stadtpark, whose members are now in their mid-thirties: Wolfgang Bauer, Peter Handke, Barbara Frischmuth, Gerhard Roth, and Helmut Eisendle. The prose writer George Saiko was published by the Swiss firm, Benziger. Among those to go to Luchterhand, now in Darmstadt, were Ernst Jandl, Michael Scharang and Helmut Zenker. The largest German publisher, Suhrkamp in Frankfurt, is at the same time Austria's largest. They publish many Austrian writers from Paul Celan to Friederike Mayröcker and Thomas Bernhard. Hanser of Munich publishes Elias Canetti.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Rainer Maria Rilke, Arthur Schnitzler, Karl Schönherr, Georg Trakl, Franz Werfel, Joseph Roth, Robert Musil—they all had German publishers in their time. There were of course periodical attempts to bring the Austrians back home. This ended in 1938, when the great exodus from Vienna began. Not only authors, but also all the psychoanalysts, as well as the publishing personalities with their copyrights, were forced into exile.

The most prominent publisher in the years between the wars, Paul von Zsolnay, a former property owner, went to London. In 1923 he founded the house which now bears his name because Franz Werfel gave him the chance to print *Verdi, Roman einer Oper*, which sold some 250,000 copies. The elegant, sharp-tongued doyen, who died in 1961, published such authors as Sholem Asch, Max Brod, Pearl S. Buck, Egmont Colerus, Colette, A. J. Cronin, Franz Theodor Csokor, Theodore Dreiser, Kasimir Edschmid, John Galsworthy, Ernst Lothar, Heinrich Mann, Felix Salten, Eduard Stucken, Franz Thiess, H. G. Wells, and again and again Franz Werfel.

Europaverlag scored a notable success in bringing home Manes Sperber, the Austrian novelist and essayist who lived in Paris and won the Büchner Prize in 1975. This "exile publishing house" which was established in Zurich during the war by the philanthropist Emil Oprecht, now belongs to the Austrian Trade Union Federation.

The dominating publishing personality in Austria in the past thirty years has been Fritz Molden. Originally in the Austrian Resistance, he took over his father's newspaper, *Die Presse*, after the war, only to leave the newspaper business to set up a publishing house in 1964. He had no intention of sticking to the literary or ideological tradition, but in line with his market-oriented strategy, he wanted to manoeuvre into the German market with non-fiction books, especially from the Anglo-Saxon world, and above all to publish and give generous terms to Austrian authors.

He did not have much luck with the established writers. But he broke into the German best-seller business by securing the German copyright for the memoirs of Stalin's daughter, Svetlana. With the slogan "We pay as much as the Germans" Fritz Molden was able to secure the rights for Mario Puzo's *The Godfather*, Robin Moore's *The Green Berets*, and Hildegard Knef's *Der gesschenkte Gaul* (*The Gift Horse*). With a total publication of two million, of which 600,000 copies are from Molden's original edition, *Der geschenkte Gaul* is the most successful book by a German author since the end of the Second World War.) Fritz Molden also published a critic of Tito, Milovan Djilas, the Czech opposition leaders Milan Kundera, Ladislav Mnacko, Ota Sik, and Antonin Liehm, and the Russian, Sakharov, which excited the attention of newspapers in the Eastern bloc: it was frequently pointed out that he was the son-in-law of Allen Dulles, former head of the CIA.

Adopting a generous advertising budget and with the help of a subsidiary in Munich, Molden managed to gain a foothold in the West German market such as no other Austrian has been able to do since. Today, this Munich subsidiary already has 80 per cent of the total sales, issuing forty to fifty different books a year. Fritz Molden is often criticized on account of his enthusiastic involvement in politics, as in commissioning a book about the massacre at the Munich Olympic Games (Gerhard Eisenkolb's *München Schalom*), as well as a novel about Ulrike Meinhof, *Die Gefangene*, written by her ex-husband Klaus Rainer Röhl. "That's certainly snapping, when I can make money with Ulrike", Röhl said at a presentation of his book to the press, "With it the twins are getting piano lessons."

Sensational bestsellers are however not the backbone of Austria's book business, which is school books. Political groups are also very active publishers. The conservative parliamentary party rallies around the Österreichische Bundesverlag—property of the Republic of Austria—which is traditionally run by "black" officials (members of the Österreichische Volkspartei) and managers. The Social Democrats run the publishing house that is owned by the city of Vienna, Verlag für Jugend und Volk, which was established after the collapse of the monarchy in order to ensure the social-democratic school reforms with the aid of the proper books.

Both of the largest political parties carry on their school-book business with an unconcealed intent to exercise some sort of ideological indoctrination. This has become completely blatant in the last two years with the new law that allows every pupil to receive his books free from the state. Teachers hand out vouchers at the beginning of the school year (September) which can be exchanged in a bookshop.

The two large party publishing houses also compete keenly in the market for children's books, but have a very potent rival in the combine Salzer Oberreuther, so these combined giants hardly ever infiltrate politics into their children's books. The series of booklets about literature and art, Protokolle from Jugend und Volk, are the only ones to have achieved importance in this field. They appear twice a year and in the ten years of their publication have grown to a complete documentation of Austria's avant-garde.

Besides issuing school and young people's books, book clubs have the effect of bringing about an ever-increasing uniformity in readers' interests. Out of every hundred books sold, fifty are marketed through book clubs, and the proportion is even higher outside thickly populated areas where there are no bookshops.

Austria's largest book club, Donauland, is connected with Germany's largest book company, the Bertelsmann group. They offer a special Austrian programme. In the past year, the best-selling books have been Solshenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* and *Der Stoff, aus dem die Träume sind* by Johannes Mario Simmel, who now lives in Monte Carlo. Time and time again the Buchgemeinschaft Donauland has produced literary surprises. For instance, they printed a licensed edition—Rowohlt has the copyright—of Robert Musil's *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften*, and, with a royalty of 10,000 copies, a success that rates as sensational on the small Austrian market.

Of course it is not the *number* of books sold that constitutes Austria's success on the international book market. Quality not quantity is perhaps the best bet for small countries. It is always the design of Austrian books that wins approval at international exhibitions.

The most thriving exports beyond the German-speaking borders are art and science books. Springer is the leading science publisher: it was established in 1924 as a branch of a Heidelberg company in Vienna and has no connection whatsoever with the West German newspaper publisher Axel Springer. A subsidiary in New York and a branch office in Tokyo are responsible for selling up to 30 per cent of the English-language editions. Seventy per cent of the production—roughly 1,000 books *since the end of the war—are exported.*

The authors of Austrian science books include *twenty-five Nobel prize winners*, and there is a special emphasis on microchemistry, protoplasmic research, constructional engineering, neurology, neurosurgery, virology, jurisprudence, political science, as well as the philosophy of the Wiener Kreis: Schlick, Hahn, Gompertz, Kraft, Carnap, Popper. Important publications in the past few years include *Advances and Technical Standards in Neurosurgery, Applied Mineralogy, Ingenieurbauten, Theorie und Praxis*, the Library of Exact Philosophy series and another series of cell biology monographs.

The publications of the Austrian Academy of Sciences are very popular due to a book-exchange service. Most of the mathematical and natural science texts are published by the Springer-Verlag. Philosophical and historical publications were for many years the special province of the publisher Böhlau, which acted as a commission agent. The Academy of Science separated itself from Böhlau in 1972 and went into business on its own. Even today one can buy from the Verlag der Österreichschen Akademie der Wissenschaften the remaining editions of the academy's publications from the nineteenth century at secondhand prices.

Besides Böhlau, which was *founded in the seventeenth century* and specializes in humanities and the arts, there are several other, old publishing houses concerned with the sciences. Wilhelm Braumüller, established in 1783, printed Otto Weininger's *Geschlecht und Charakter* in 1903, and in 1918 Oswald Spengler's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*. Today they specialize in medicine, theology, philosophy, philology, history and political economics. Urban und Schwarzenberg, founded in 1866, is one of the most important specialist medical publishing houses in the German-speaking countries, and has pioneered a loose-leaf system making it possible to revise continually and add to a standard work.

The leading publisher of art books, Anton Schroll-Verlag, established in 1884, is renowned in Vienna because of the excellence of its reproduction technology. At the turn of the century it published the architect Otto Wagner, and works by the Wiener Werkstätte. The Österreichische Kunsttopographie, as well as many facsimile prints from the former Kaiser's art collection, appear under its imprint. Schroll's largest international project is a two-volume documentary study by Carl Pruscher, *Kathmandu*

Country girls

by John Neves

ELFRIEDE JELINEK:
Die Liebhaberinnen
176pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM12.

Elfriede Jelinek's new novel is bound to seem at first sight to represent a step backwards in literary technique. Having proved herself a master of the art of montage in *Wir sind Lockvogel, Baby* and *Michael*, she now casts all this aside to tell a simple story of country folk in conventional time sequence, using her characteristic technical innovations for purely decorative purposes.

Written in the form of a *Heimatroman*, *Die Liebhaberinnen* tells the contrasting stories of Brigitte, the simple country girl who made good, and Paula, the simple country girl who went to the bad, both are activated in all that they do by the social norms of their village on the one hand, and the influence of the media on the other, to the exclusion of any exercise of free will. Thus both are out to marry as young as they can, and regard work outside the home as a means to an end; both look for their salvation to the possibility of starting a family and expanding their material welfare, having once encountered love—whatever that may be.

A good deal of the book's heavy satire hinges on the impossibility of finding love in a life whose contours are entirely dictated by socio-economic and mass communication conventions. In the event the two "girl lovers" of the title force their opposite numbers to marry them by wilfully brought-on pregnancies, this being the "normal" thing to do in their circumstances.

Unfortunately, Elfriede Jelinek makes the mistake of thinking that the picture of social motivation she sketches will gain in strength if she continually reminds the reader of her aims in penning it. (This is only true in so far as she satirizes her artistic intention from time to time.) In general, the social criticism is laid on so thick that it is hard to take it as a realistic analysis of a specific class of Austrian society. Her hatred of cultural norms in the countryside burns so fiercely that she treats her humble heroines with utter contempt. Nor does she offer any solution to their problems, ranging as they do from the excessive dominance of the males in a conservative society to manipulation by capitalist industry.

Valley—The Preservation of Physical Environment and Cultural Heritage (in English, with 1,100 illustrations and 700 plans).

In 1969 Schroll branched out with a new enterprise, which is now independent and called Edition Tusch. It issues private art editions for collectors as well as scientific books, artists' treatises, and *oeuvre* catalogues.

Viennese publishers of drama can hardly hold their own on the German market. The most successful is Thomas Sessler, which owns the rights for the popular playwright, Ödön von Horvath. In 1973 Sessler took over the drama department from Universal Edition, and with it the rights of many young Austrian playwrights, as well as those of Eastern European, especially Czech and Polish, authors. Recently Sessler took over the representation of Soviet dramatists for the German-speaking countries (except for East Germany).

The music publishers do a much more lucrative business. They mix their enduring commercial successes with more risky undertakings. Universal Edition keeps the money rolling in with Bruckner, operettas, and banal old-time favourites ("Trink, Trink, Brüderlein trink"). Nevertheless they have always invested money in modern composers, such as Ernst Krenek, who after many years, had his first success with *Jonny spielt auf*, or Kurt Weill, who finally made it with *Dreigroschenoper*, or Alban Berg, who had to wait long after the original production of his *Wozzek* for proper recognition. UE bought up the rights to the Czech composers Janacek and Martinu at the right time, so that when they are performed in Czechoslovakia today, fees are due in a Western currency. The copyright owners were circumspect enough to transfer their rights before Hitler came to power. The Viennese branch of UE has Roman Haubenstock-Ramati and György Ligeti under contract, but also many more foreigners such as Dallapiccola, Boulez, Kagel, Berio, and Halffter.

Together with the second most important Austrian music publisher, Ludwig Doblinger, UE brought out a few years ago the complete collection of Joseph Haydn's symphonic works. More recently, UE started working alone on an Urtext-edition, in which works by classical composers appear with fingerings and explanatory material by the best interpreters.

Ludwig Doblinger, which is 100 years old this year, is characteristically Viennese in style and also runs a music shop. Doblinger continues the tradition of Haslinger and Artaria (Beethoven's publishers), in laying strong emphasis on the personal attention they give to their composers. Franz Lehar was a Doblinger author until he established his own publishing house. Egon Wellesz is a Doblinger composer, as well as such good names as Angerer and Schollum. Doblinger's instrumental tutors are used throughout the world, especially those for the recorder, horn and clarinet. Its most costly editorial undertaking is a new edition of Bruckner's symphonies, which appears under another company's name, and the Hugo Wolf complete edition.

Science and music—these are the fields where Austrian publishers have really scored internationally. But what has made Vienna a name on the international publishing map is in the end not its printing technology, nor its business flair, but simply its cultural and scientific standards.

Young lions of Graz

By Peter Labanyi

PETER LAEMMLE and JÖRG DREWS (Editors):

Wie die Grazer auszogen, die Literatur zu erobern

Texte, Porträts, Analysen und Dokumente junger österreichischer Autoren

288pp. Munich: Edition Text+Kritik. DM28.

Experiment often seems to take root within the bulwarks of reaction. Graz first became a magnet for the Austrian avant-garde when, some fifteen years ago, a group of young artists managed to set up an exhibition and arts centre in the town: Forum Stadtpark, as their association was called after the café that, perhaps inevitably, served as its home. Its organ was *manuskripte* which, spurred by violent hostility from the cultural mandarinate and crippling financial straits (contributors are to this day unpaid), has remained the most adventurous German-language literary magazine. The juxtaposition of visual arts and literature (though the stress in *manuskripte* is heavily on the latter) echoes the contacts between the painters of the Wiener Schule and the writers of the Wiener Gruppe. After the latter broke up in 1964 following the suicide of Konrad Bayer, its members continued to publish in *manuskripte*; continuity with the original avant-garde was also maintained by contributions from the Dadaists Raoul Hausmann and Hans Arp.

The Wiener Gruppe was energized by close friendship and collaboration among the quintet of Friedrich Achleitner, H. C. Artmann, Gerhard Rühm, Oswald Wiener and Bayer. What unites the current generation of Graz authors beyond their connections with Forum Stadtpark and *manuskripte*? Are they the true inheritors of the radical linguistic explorations of the Wiener Gruppe, or does their comparative public and critical success suggest that they have domesticated experimental writing? The cynic will be quick to point out how Peter Handke's spectacular career has paved the way for authors such as G. F. Jonke, Gerhard Roth and Barbara Frischmuth. With the exception of the dramatist Wolfgang Bauer, these three are by far the best known of the "group": a fact which may say as much for Suhrkamp Verlag's reputation as for the judgment of its talent scouts.

Such questions are prompted by *Wie die Grazer auszogen, die Literatur zu erobern*, a useful compendium of critical essays and new texts. The unevenness is an accurate reflection of the subject-matter. The background is usefully sketched by pieces on *manuskripte* and on Handke's literary apprenticeship in Graz, where he came to study law in 1961. But the centrepiece of the volume is a substantial and pungent evaluation: "tribute to tradition—aspects of a post-experimental literature". The title crystallizes the argument: Jonke, Frischmuth and Handke have betrayed the Wiener Gruppe legacy by conventionalizing it. Their opportunistic and pragmatic attempts at synthesis have failed because experimental technique cannot, by their nature, be applied to traditional forms. They have misunderstood progressive writing as a series of finger-exercises for orthodox literary activity rather than a full-scale assault on it.

If one adopts such a terrorist text as Oswald Wiener's autodestructive "novel" *die verbesserung von mitteleuropa* as yardstick, the indictment seems plausible enough; Helmut Eisendle's project of fusing literature and science is seen as a courageous exception. The thematic obsessions of the Graz authors—disease, madness and suicide; the intermeshing of language, thought and perception—are also the terrain which Thomas Bernhard explores, but with infinitely more passion and commitment. The remaining contributors to *Wie die Grazer auszogen* do little to correct this picture of compromise: the essay on Jonke is almost as wearying as its subject's latest slab of whimsical tautology. The general lack of conviction is laid bare by the brace of prose sketches by Günter Falk, which irresistibly recall the frozen intensity of pathological precision of Konrad Bayer. Klaus Ramm's equally remarkable "24 General Paragraphs" on Falk, a virtually unknown figure, rise to the occasion. This is the only study in the anthology that is predicated on the absurdity of attempting to reach neat, confidently normative conclusions in smooth, linear prose about texts that set themselves against precisely such modes of thought and writing.

Benn and some successors

By Michael Hamburger

GOTTFRIED BENN:
Lyrik: Auswahl letzter Hand
With an essay by Max Rychner
415pp. Wiesbaden: Limes. DM25.

A. C. TORNWYK:
Zwischen Troja und der Fünften Avenue
48pp. Wiesbaden: Limes.

WALTER RICHTER-RUHLAND:
Zeitspindel
Afterword by Peter Jokostra
61pp. Wiesbaden: Limes. DM 15.

WALTER HELMUT FRITZ:
Schwierige Überfahrt
96pp. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. DM 15.

HANS-JURGEN HEISE:
Vom Landurlaub Zurück
72pp. Dusseldorf: Claassen. DM 18.

HORST BINGEL:
Lied für Zement
With an afterword by Karl Krolow
89pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM 4.

HELGA M. NOVAK:
Balladen vom Kurzen Prozess
70pp. Berlin: Rotbuch. DM 7.

F. C. DELIUS:
Wenn wir, bei Rot
69pp. Berlin: Klaus Wagenbach.

RAINER MALKOWSKI:
Was für ein Morgen
85pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM 6.

FRANK GEERK:
Notwehr
104pp. Cologne: Kiepenheuer und Witsch. DM 10.

In the twenty years that have passed since his death, Gottfried Benn has become a rather remote figure to most of his successors, preoccupied as they were with the very things—politics, history, sociology—which he claimed to be irrelevant to poetry. The reissue as *Lyrik: Auswahl letzter Hand* of his *Gesammelte Gedichte* of 1956, which he prepared for publication shortly before his death, could well have been the occasion for a radical reassessment of his work by those who had been inclined to reject it as irrelevant to their concerns. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the essay chosen for this edition is one first published in 1949, in the periodical *Merkur*, by a critic who must seem even more remote to most younger German readers. The necessary confrontation has not taken place, at least within the covers of the book. Benn is presented as a "classic", not as the "enfant terrible" he delighted in being and could be again.

A. C. Tornwyk's distinguished sequence of poems, *Zwischen Troja und der Fünften Avenue*, is reminiscent of Benn's work in places, if only because it juxtaposes Troy with Fifth Avenue, lean music with the Hindu Kush of the fourteenth century; yet the poem is held together by an ethical and humanistic commitment altogether different from Benn's nihilistic aestheticism. Tornwyk draws on a lifetime's experience as an army officer, diplomat and traveller. Though not previously known as a poet, he has resisted the trivialities of autobiography, careful to render only the epiphanies, and to render them in concise poetic terms.

Zeitspindel is the last collection of a poet more widely known in his lifetime as a translator from the Russian. Walter Richter-Ruhland died at sixty-four shortly before the publication of this book. Although he was not a professional writer, earning his living as a bookseller, then as a civil servant, his work is much closer to dominant trends and styles than that of A. C. Tornwyk, whose visionary and morally impassioned poem owes its strength to a sustained defiance of the zeitgeist. Richter-Ruhland's verse is spare, often elliptic, with a tendency to epigram. Where it employs imagery, rather than bare statement, its imagery enacts a tension between everyday experience and potentialities of a richer life that have been lost or missed—if not "betrayed", as the opening poem suggests. In its self-ironizing, self-deprecating way, this verse is confessional. Since it is consistently honest and precise, it has the virtues of its limitations.

Walter Helmut Fritz, too, writes out of immediate experience, with a related sparseness and bareness of utterance; but the experience that the poems record has the richness and variety relegated to a potential life in the other book. Domestic life, personal relationships, travel impressions, artistic and literary discoveries—all are celebrated in *Schwierige Überfahrt*, not without metaphysical or imaginative overtones, but in a tone and diction at times too even. There is little irony, little verbal play, little of Richter-Ruhland's tension between *spleen* and *idéal*. Private and public crises are noted, rather than brought home to the reader by verbal and rhythmic urgency. This new collection will not disappoint those who look to Walter Helmut Fritz for a poetry of positive, directly communicated responses; but it is not a major departure from his earlier work.

In *Lied für Zement*, Horst Bingel has selected and rearranged poems from his earlier collections, complemented by new poems. Though he shared the political preoccupations of so many West German writers in the 1960s, his approach to political themes—as to any themes whatever—differs from those of his contemporaries. His "Fragegedicht (Wir suchen Hitler)" is one of several political poems that achieve their effect neither by bluntness nor by rhetoric, but by puzzling and deliberately tantalizing the reader—a technique that he applies just as effectively in poems about love, music or landscapes. The most blatant of his devices is the incomplete statement, as in the Hitler poem:

Hitler is
international poetry
Goethe foreknew
it
Goethe our

where it is left to the reader to supply the missing noun, and so to question his own associations or stock responses. More subtle alienation effects are produced by the unexpected turn of phrase or imagery. A poem called "Defence of the Martians" suggests, but never explicitly evokes, an earth devastated by nuclear war. Bingel's work is idiosyncratic to the point of quirkiness, especially in the sequence of poems about a character called "Pom", but it has wit, agility, and a seriousness that leaves a disturbing residue in the mind.

With Hans-Jurgen Heise, too, it is hard to tell whether any one poem is intended to be descriptive, satirical or expressive. Though much of his imagery is unrealistic, if not surrealistic, it rarely strays very far from observation and comment, as in the poem with the English title "Bottled and shipped":

Sucked dry
by the fountain pens
of English wine importers
lies the bay
Out of Jérez
they have made Sherry
(Only the beach cars between
Puerto and Sanlúcar
still connect
two immobilised decades)

In a speech appended to this collection, Heise speaks of a "paradoxising sequence of black humour" and this characterizes one peculiarity of his work, based on his belief in the liberating energy generated by metaphor. Like Bingel, Heise has shown that even political and social realities can be rendered poetically in a manner less literal than Brecht's.

With Helga Novak's ballads, we return to political poetry of the most ideologically rectilinear kind, too businesslike to indulge in metaphorical extravagance. Her subjects (and she is fascinating in the point of brutality, as in the story of the castrated male collaborator leaving his owner, a small girl, to apply the same treatment to her baby brother. Both the subjects and the manner recall popular broadsides, though the morals are those of an up-to-date radicalism directed against oppression and exploitation in Germany, Portugal, Sicily and the Soviet Union under Stalin. The collection includes work from earlier books. In their uncompromising earnestness and plainness these ballads are forceful enough, hammering in the point they are intended to make.

F. C. Delius, too, emerged in the 1960s as a left-wing radical, but—in his poems at least—his political commitment has always been tempered by humour, awareness of human complexity, and a lyrical response to particulars. Some of the most striking poems in *Wenn wir, bei Rot*, such as "Armes Schwein" and "Mitläufer", explore the contradiction between the simplifications of ideology and the realities of individual behaviour. Delius has come to excel at the seemingly casual and spontaneous account of events, occasions or situations that reveal a significance by no means inherent in them. His colloquial verse conceals a great deal of art and reflection. His new book includes a poem written in English—"The most expensive poem in the world"—that is far from being one of his best.

Was für ein Morgen is the first book by a poet who shares Delius's concern with individual persons, rather than causes, and can convey that concern in a seemingly effortless way. "Portrait G.S." is a good example. In the fewest possible words this poem sketches the character of a woman conditioned to believe that other people always know better. No conclusion is drawn, and none is needed. It would be patronizing to say that Rainer Malkowski's first collection is promising, for these thoughtful and subtle poems attempt no more than they have achieved.

Frank Geerk won notoriety when two of his poems became the subject of a court case in Switzerland, on the grounds that they were infringements of "religious freedom", meaning that they are blasphemous. To judge by these seventy-seven poems, which include the offending ones, Geerk has merely voiced views and attitudes common enough in his generation, especially in sexual matters. He has done so with vigour, exuberance, and a roughness, not to say crudity, disarming in places. Yet the poems are promising at best. If Geerk wants to produce something other than documents of the generation war he will have to apply himself to the craft of writing. On the level of popular verse, without self-indulgence, he could learn a good deal from Helga Novak.

Kafka & Co via Marx

ERNST FISCHER:
Von Grillparzer zu Kafka
Six Essays
385pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM9.

Ernst Fischer never falls victim to the German critical diseases of abstraction or ponderous obsequiousness. In *Von Grillparzer zu Kafka* he offers separate essays on six major Austrian writers, and, for all his Marxist presuppositions, allows the objects of his study to emerge in clear, unprejudiced perspective. Equally, he is able both to analyse his quarry in detail and to set him in his widest historical context. Fischer is perhaps at his best in the Kafka study where he accepts rather than defies Kafka's complexity and his refusal to come into focus, and ends on a note of humility which many others could do worse than emulate: "Kafkaism will pass when the conditions which brought it into being no longer obtain, but there will remain the

R. L.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE
ASSISTANT KEEPER

. . . to undertake a wide range of duties concerned with the preservation and use of the public records (dating from the Norman Conquest to the present day), and with the various services to the public and government departments provided by the Public Record Office. The work will include arranging and classifying the records, preparing guides and handbooks, and superintending the public search rooms.

Candidates should normally have a degree with 1st or 2nd class honours, or a post-graduate degree, and a good reading knowledge of at least 2 modern or classical foreign European languages.

Salary (Junior London): as AK First Class. £5,180-£7,885 or AK Second Class, £3,170-£4,075. Level of appointment and starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 28 June, 1976) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours) or London 01-839 1992 (24 hour answering service). Please quote ref. G(20)382.

Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council

Library Service

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

Intake Branch Library, Doncaster
Librarians' Scale/AP4/AP5, £2,922-£4,095
(for Chartered Librarians)

To be responsible for the efficient management of this full-time purpose-built branch, 2,600 square feet, opened September, 1974, in the centre of a large suburban estate, with monthly issues averaging 11,000. Duties include the supervision of clerical staff, control and exploitation of book stock, and local aspects of promotion of uses of media should be chartered librarians. A casual user bar allowance is payable. Assistance with housing and removal expenses in appropriate cases.

Application forms and further details from the Chief Executive (Personnel Section), Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council, Priory Place, Doncaster (tel. 0302 26921). Closing date 25th June.

ENGINEERING EMPLOYERS' FEDERATION

INFORMATION OFFICER

A challenging position to develop an information system.

The EEF, representing some 5,000 firms, is concerned with the development and promotion of sound industrial relations practices. It is the medium through which the engineering industry's views to which members turn for advice and information.

Information Services is a new department formed by bringing together the data collection, processing and dissemination functions of the library, statistical and computer services.

You will be responsible to the head of information services for the organisation and day-to-day running of the service, with two other information officers to help you. You will need to construct a thesaurus of British industrial relations terms.

A degree in the social sciences, a formal qualification in library or information science and experience in co-ordinate indexing using optical coincidence feature cards would be an advantage.

Applications, with a curriculum vitae, to J. Gordon Jones, Head of Information Services, Engineering Employers' Federation, Broadway House, Tothill Street, London, SW1H 9NQ, or write or telephone for applications form and further details to Mrs. P. Bingham, Personnel Officer, 01-839 4314.

STOCK EDITOR

£4,620—£4,926

Applications are invited from appropriately experienced Chartered Librarians for this responsible and rewarding post, which is concerned with not only the adult lending stocks, but also with display publicity and participation in extra mural activities.

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Parliament Square, London E2 9LN or telephone 01-981 0077 any time, quoting reference 9/7. Closing date June 28, 1976.

London Borough of TOWER HAMLETS

Civil Aviation Authority
Librarians

Applications are invited for the following vacancies:

Librarian, Air Traffic Control Evaluation Unit, Bournemouth (Hurn) Airport

The Librarian will be responsible for a small Library containing books, technical reports, periodicals, maps, charts and computer documentation and with the aid of one clerk will provide a service to the ATCEU and two other local units.

Cataloguer, Bibliographical Services Section, Central Library, Central London

The main duties are book ordering, cataloguing and classification by UDC, and compilation of bibliographies.

Assistant Librarian, Reader Services Section, Central Library, Central London

The duties of this post include assisting on the Information Desk (answering enquiries and helping visitors), scanning periodicals, abstracting, literature searching and assisting in the ordering, maintenance and distribution of CAA and government publications.

Candidates must have a Professional Qualification in Librarianship together with at least 2 years' practical experience.

These posts are all graded Assistant Librarian and starting salaries will be between £2832 and £3057, according to qualifications, age and experience, on a scale rising to £3909. All three posts attract a pay supplement of £313.20 per annum and for the two Central London posts an Inner London Weighting allowance of £498 per annum is payable.

Conditions of service include contributory pension scheme, sick pay and four weeks annual leave.

Write or telephone for an application form, stating the position in which you are interested, to:

CAA

Mrs M. J. Emery-Smith, Civil Aviation Authority Personnel Branch Pz, Room 158, Aviation House, 129 Kingsway, London WC2B 6NN. Telephone: 01-405 6922 Ext. 358

The closing date for completed application forms is 28th June 1976.

Cumbria Education

School Librarian

£2,922 to £3,282

Penrith

Cumbria County Council invites applications from men and women who are suitably qualified librarians for the above post in a small market town on the eastern edge of the Lake District.

The school library serves the two comprehensive schools of Tynefield and Ullswater, with a total population of 1,500 pupils.

The post offers an opportunity for a young, enthusiastic librarian interested in school library work.

Further details and application forms, returnable by 25 June, from the Headmistress, Tynefield School, Penrith, Cumbria. Telephone Penrith 4181.

Nottinghamshire County Council
Education Department

ASSISTANT SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

A Qualified Librarian (male or female) is required for this post at the Carlton Le Willows Comprehensive School, Wood Lane, Gedling, Nottingham, NG4 4AA. Salary will be within the Librarians Scale £2127-£3282 p.a.

Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house, in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

For further details write to the Assistant County Librarian, Education Library Service, County Library, County Hall, West Bridgford, Nottingham (quote ref. 000) or telephone Nottingham (0602) 821212 extension 702.

Applications (no forms), including the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent direct to the Headmaster at the School. Closing date 28 June, 1976.

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Organiser of Library Services

Chartered Librarian required to be one of three Organisers of Library Services in Inner London Schools.
Salary Scale: £5,911-£6,466 (inclusive of London Weighting).

Details and application forms from the Education Officer, EO/Estab 2A/1, Addington Street Annexe, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB.
Forms to be returned by Friday 25 June 1976.

SCOTTISH RECORD OFFICE
Research Assistant

. . . for duties which include supervising the historical search rooms, dealing with enquiries and photocopy orders, listing and indexing historical collections (including maps and plans) and older legal records, preparing copy and proof-reading for record publications, and assisting with exhibitions of documents and public lectures.

Candidates must have a degree or equivalent qualification; preferably in history, together with a good command of Latin and a knowledge of Scottish history. Knowledge of Scots Law advantageous.

SALARY: as RA I 3,665-£4,765 or RA II £2,460-£3,840. Level of appointment and starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 2 July, 1976) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants. RG21 1JB, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 68551 (answering service operates outside office hours) or London 01-839 1992 (24-hour answering service). Please quote ref. G(23)382.

OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

Assistant Librarian

required with special responsibility for periodicals. Candidates should at least have passed examinations leading to chartered status; degree an advantage. Salary in Librarians scale £2,127-£3,282 (not less than £2,922 for a chartered librarian).

Further details and application forms available from the Librarian, Oxford Polytechnic, Oxford OX3 0BP.

Closing date 21st June, 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF YORK

Borthwick Institute of Historical Research

ASSISTANT ARCHIVIST

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Archivist vacant from 1 October, 1976 at the Borthwick Institute of Historical Research. Applicants must have a university degree and either suitable research experience, preferably in ecclesiastical history, or a diploma in archive administration. A knowledge of mediaeval Latin is essential.

Salary within the scale £2,766 to £3,960 or £3,174 to £4,416, depending on qualifications, with USS.

Four copies of application, naming three referees, should be sent by Friday, 25 June, 1976 to The Registrar, University of York, Heslington, York YO1 5DD, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Please quote reference number 5/0001

Going on holiday?

To ensure that you continue to receive your TLS while on holiday, please inform

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London WC1X 8EZ
Tel: 01-837 1234

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Assistant Librarian

£2,745-£3,186

Applications are invited from men or women for the above vacancy at our Head Office in Leeds. The Library provides technical, legal and scientific information for all functions at Head Office and to the Authority's eight Divisions.

Applicants should have passed the Final Examination of the Library Association, or possess a relevant degree. The ability to produce working translations from German and/or Russian technical literature will be a distinct advantage.

The person appointed will assist the Librarian particularly with cataloguing and classification, technical enquiry work and the production of a library bulletin.

Application forms are available from the Personnel Officer, Yorkshire Water Authority, West Riding House, 67 Albion Street, Leeds LS1 5AA (telephone Leeds 446201, extension 269), to whom they should be returned by Wednesday, June 23, quoting reference RN 252.

Yorkshire Water

Knowsley Library Service

SENIOR ASSISTANT
(Branch Children's Librarian)

SENIOR ASSISTANT
(Education & Youth Services)

Applicants, male or female, should have completed a recognised final qualification in Librarianship. The starting salary will be within Librarians Scale up to £3,282 per annum. Applications from Chartered Librarians with a view to appointment within AP3 will be welcome. Both these posts are based at Kirkby Library, a large modern building which serves as the Headquarters for both the Reference and Education and Youth Services.

Further details and application forms from the Borough Librarian, Blacklow, Roby Road, Huyton L36 4HA (051-480 8585).

Completed application forms must be returned to the Personnel Officer, Municipal Buildings, Civic Centre, Kirkby L32 1TX, by 18th June, 1976.

KNOWSLEY

County Library
Assistant Area Librarian
NORTH EAST DERBYSHIRE

Senior Officers Grade I £4,239 to £4,545 p.a.

Applications are invited for the above post from qualified librarians with an interest in administration and good experience of branch and central library work including the control of staff.

Application forms and further details are available from the County Librarian, County Offices, Smedley Street, Matlock. Closing date for applications, June 23, 1976.

DERBYSHIRE County Council

CITY OF WAKEFIELD
METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
WAKEFIELD AREA HEALTH AUTHORITY
PONTEFRACT POSTGRADUATE MEDICAL CENTRE

LIBRARIAN

AP4/5 (£3,066 to £4,095)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians (preferably with qualifications and/or experience).

The Librarian appointed will be on the staff of the City of Wakefield Metropolitan District Council seconded to the Area Health Authority. Knowledge of service will be in line with those adopted by the District Council. Hours of duty will total 37 per week (average) but these may include work outside normal office hours.

Requests for application forms (accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope) should be addressed to the Chief Executive (Personnel Section), Town Hall, Wakefield, to whom they should be returned by June 23, 1976.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT
Directorate of Community Services

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

PO.2 (1) £6,720-£8,945

A fully qualified and widely experienced librarian is needed to be responsible for the day-to-day running of our comprehensive Library Service which comprises 15 libraries, a mobile library and associated specialist services.

Prospective applicants may have received information from the Society of Metropolitan and County Chief Librarians to the effect that there has been a downgrading in the salary and status of the Head of Tower Hamlets Library Service. This information is incorrect.

The Service is headed by an Assistant Director of Community Services, and the Chief Librarian acts as his principal professional adviser.

If you require further information please telephone Mr. Goodfield on 01-790 1818.

London Borough of TOWER HAMLETS

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, London E2 9LN, or telephone 01-981 0077 anytime. Closing date 28th June. Please quote ref. 9/6.

London Borough of Hackney
Libraries Services

Branch Librarian

AP.5 £4,206-£4,476 p.a. inc. plus salary supplement of £312 from 1 July, 1976.

Applications are invited from qualified librarians to take control of a small branch library catering for both adults and children. There is ample involvement with schools and children's extension work, and interest and experience in these aspects of the library service is essential.

Application forms from Head of Borough Personnel Services, Town Hall, Hackney, E8 1EA. Telephone 01-986 9276 (24-hour answering service) quoting job reference No. 493.

Closing date for applications 28th June, 1976.

Hackney where job satisfaction counts

Senior Assistant Librarian

Up to £3,493

We require a librarian to be second in charge at one of our libraries. This post is ideal for a bright young man or woman who has just passed his/her Final Examination.

An interest in children's work will be a decided advantage.

Application form and further details from Manpower Services Division, London Borough of Harrow, P.O. Box 57, Civic Centre, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 2XF.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES
Trinidad

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARIAN IV. Candidates should be graduates (preferably in science), with a professional qualification, a minimum of three years relevant professional experience, sound administrative ability and knowledge of the literature of the Caribbean. Salary scale: £4,125-£5,625 (Jan. 1976) TT$ 20,000-TT$ 27,000 p.a. Assistance with accommodation is available. Up to 10 per cent furnished at 1st 10 per cent rental allowance of 20 per cent; pensable salary. Up to 10 per cent economy passages on appointment and on termination. Allowances and passages for dependants. Passages for personal effects including children's clothes and gaming three months before and one month after the Christmas vacation. Passages to Barbados, Jamaica, Leeward and Windward Islands, St. Augustine, Trinidad.

Further particulars of the post are available from same source as from the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, 36 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0BT.

UNIVERSITY OF YORK
OPERATIVE WRITING

APPLICATIONS which may be from poets, novelists or playwrights, are invited for the post of Creative Writing Fellowship in the University of York, tenable for one year from 1 October, 1976. Salary within the range £2,766 to £3,960 or £3,174 to £4,416 depending on qualifications, with USS.

Applicants should have a small number of poems and the names of two referees should be sent to the Registrar, University of York, Heslington, York YO1 5DD, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Please quote reference number 5/0002

ALISTAIR HORNE RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP
St. Antony's College
Oxford

The aim of the Fellowship is to give assistance to a candidate prepared to write a book in the field of modern history, preferably since 1914. The Fellowship will be tenable for one year in the first instance.

Candidates should submit a plan of their proposed research and their financial position to The Warden, St. Antony's College, Oxford, by June 30, 1976.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a fulltime project librarian to the Tonybee Project, Nicosia, to commence 1 Sept. 1976 or as soon after as possible, and ending 31 December, 1977. The post will be for work on biographical data for the project, at Oxford University, with the A.P.D. (Cyprus) Project, Nicosia, and in Cyprus, and will involve, but not exclusively, compilation of a biographical dictionary of Cyprus, and other work according to the aptitudes and experience of the successful applicant. Applicants should be graduates, preferably with a degree in Cyprus Studies. Applications, with curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, should be sent to Professor Dennis Grid Collingwood, Oxford, by 1 July.

LIBRARIANS

LIBRARIAN

Qualified LIBRARIAN, aged 25 plus, to join young energetic staff in Library for City firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Interest in music/Unversal Royal Institute. Legal library experience desirable but person with knowledge of local law important. Will travel, preferably with car, would be considered. Salary £3,000 to £3,500 according to age, etc. Pleasant working conditions. Telephone 628 4866.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Intending candidates for the post of LIBRARIAN and ARTS SERVICES OFFICER are invited to write for particulars with the Secretary to the Council, The Library Association, 7 Ridgmount Street, London, WC1E 7AE.

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Temporary)

To work in the College Library. This is a temporary post until 31st August, 1977, but the person appointed will be considered for any permanent vacancy after that date. Applicants should be qualified Librarians with suitable experience and an enthusiasm for the role of the Library in further education.

Salary: Librarian scale—£2,127 to £3,282 per annum.

Application forms from the Chief Administrative Officer, College of Technology, Lansdowne, Bournemouth BH1 3JJ.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL LIBRARY

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in charge of the joint Botany/Zoology Library. Candidates should be graduates, but those who have not yet completed their course may be considered. Further qualifications and experience will be additional advantage. Initial salary at an appropriate point on a scale £2,361 to £3,282.

Letters of application, quoting reference Ch.1.1.1., together with the names of two referees, should reach the Librarian, Botany/Zoology Library, Bristol, Tyndall Avenue, Bristol BS8 1UG, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 21st June, 1976.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY
(Library Association Library)

A vacancy exists for a LOANS ASSISTANT to run the loans counter and postal loan services of books, periodicals and microfilms. About (8,000 loans are made annually. The level of the post, a non-professional (grouped Clerical Officer) to work within the guidance of the leading Adviser, would suit graduate or well qualified school leaver. Salary scale £2,127 to £2,337 including London weighting (Ass. II under 21), about £1,800 per annum. Apply Library Assistant, The British Library (Library Association Library), Bloomsbury Street, London WC1B 3QB.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
THE LIBRARY
LAW LIBRARIAN

The University expects to enroll its first students in a new School of Law in 1977 and the Library hopes to appoint now to a post of Assistant Librarian/Senior Assistant Librarian to assist with the building up of the collection of legal materials, to carry out the duties of the Law Librarian in general and undertake such other duties as may be assigned to him or her. Applicants should have a good honours degree, preferably in Law, a professional qualification and experience in librarianship and be able to take up the post in the autumn of this year.

The post is in Grade IIA of the Senior Library Staff (Salary range £2,766 to £3,960) but the initial appointment is not gazetted to a point above point 2 of the scale (£3,174).

Applications (one copy only) giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience, together with the name and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed with the Establishment Officer, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 19 June, 1976. In naming three referees you are particularly requested to give only the names of those who can immediately be approached by the University. No forms of application are issued.

UNIVERSITY OF EXETER
EXETER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates (preferably with a qualifying Library School diploma) for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the University Library, Assistant Cataloguing Department in charge of a section. As the duties involve Readers' Services experience and some computer-assisted library work will be an advantage.

Initial salary on Grade 2 (Clerical Officer) scale £2,127 to £2,337 (including London Weighting) rising to £2,361 to £2,621 (Jan. 1977) and thereafter by annual increments of £234 to £3,282 (Jan. 1981). Clerical Grade 2, promotion thereafter £2,790 to £3,960.

Full-time posts are superannuable. All post required to be filled as soon as possible.

Further details and application forms are available from the Principal Bursar-Technical Services, Hill Building, Streatham Drive, Exeter EX4 4QJ. Completed forms to be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

APPLICATIONS are invited from honours graduates with appropriate professional qualifications and experience of work in an academic library for two vacancies in the grade of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (A.L.). For one post an interest in music might be an advantage. Salary will be within the range £3,174 to £5,418 per annum, depending on age and qualifications. Superannuation scheme will apply.

Further particulars may be had from the Secretary of the University Court (Room 23), The University of Glasgow, Glasgow, G12 8QQ, with whom applications (eight copies) giving the names and addresses of two referees, should be lodged on or before 19th June, 1976.

In reply please quote Reference No. 5846 BF.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED LEGAL STUDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from recently qualified GRADUATE LIBRARIANS for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT tenable from 1 August, 1976. Salary on scale £2,301 to £2,856 plus £480 London Allowance. Superannuation scheme.

Apply with names of two referees to the Deputy Librarian, 17 Russell Square, WC1B 5DR, by 28 June.

LOTHIAN REGIONAL COUNCIL
LIBRARIAN

Salary on scale £2,922-£3,282

A Chartered Librarian is required to be responsible for the College Library.

Application forms and further particulars available from Principal Bursar, Lothian Regional College of Further Education, Milton Road East, Edinburgh EH15 2PP (Tel. 031-661 4874).

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (m/f) from suitably qualified candidates with a knowledge of Russian for general duties and work on Slavonic and Orthodoxy including Russian Reclassification.

Salary £2,409 to £2,904 plus £312.

Applications naming two referees to reach the Librarian at Sidgwick Avenue by June 25th.

LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD EDUCATION COMMITTEE
BOURNE COLLEGE
Principal: W. Ap Rhys Evans, M.A., C.Eng., F.I.Mech.E.

STAFF VACANCIES
Main College (Boys), Bourne Road, Southgate, N.14.
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates to assist in the running of the College Library. Duties include cataloguing, indexing work and responsibility for the periodicals collection.

Montagu Annexe, Montagu Road, Edmonton, N.9.
LIBRARY ASSISTANT (R.G.)

To assist the operation of library services. Library experience is desirable. This post is term time only.

Salary scales (including London Weighting, 1976) Librarian's Scale: £2,766 to £3,033 (minimum of £3,135 for Chartered Librarians). Clerical Grade 2, promotion thereof, £2,790 to £3,960.

Full-time posts are superannuable. All post required to be filled as soon as possible.

Further details and application forms are available from the Principal Bursar-Technical College, Bush Hill Street, Enfield, EN1 4HS. Completed forms to be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING
Education Committee
Archives Division
SENIOR ASSISTANT

LIBRARIAN (Chartered), AP4 (£2,766 to £3,960 per annum). The duties are mainly concerned with the Archives Library.

Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Librarian and Area Officer, Central Library, St. Edwards Way, Romford, RM1 3AR. Closing date June 18th, 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF KEELE
THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS INVITED FOR POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Acquisitions). Applicants must have good library experience and professional qualifications. Salary scale: Grade IIA (£2,766 to £3,960) or Grade IIB (£3,174 to £4,416).

Applications, with names of two referees, should be sent by 30th June, 1976, to the Librarian, Keele University, Staffs ST5 5AD, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF STIRLING
LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from candidates with appropriate academic and professional qualifications of experience for a POST OF A MONITOR (Grade 2) in the Library. The successful candidate will be responsible for the supervision of a section of the library collection, of computer assisted library work, and of other duties.

The salary will be £2,301 to £2,856 per annum, plus £480 London Allowance. The post will be tenable from the appointment date onwards, or as soon as possible thereafter.

Further particulars from the Secretary (T.L.S.), University of Stirling, Stirling, who should receive applications, together with the names of two referees, not later than 16 July, 1976.

WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SPLIT SITE SIXTH FORM COLLEGES
The Willows, Leamington Spa

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above appointment. Applicants must have a Library Science qualification and have had suitable library experience.

Salary Scale: A.P.5 equals £3,825 to £4,095.

Job description, details and application forms from the Principal to whom completed applications should be returned by 30th June, 1976. Please quote Education Officer.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF SEFTON
LIBRARIAN (Arts Services)

Will an intending applicant for the above post please write to the Director of Leisure Services, Bootle Town Hall, Oriel Road, Bootle, Merseyside, L20 7AE.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

The College invites applications for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The duties are those of being responsible for the ordinary work of the College Library under the direction of the Fellow Librarian. Applicants (who may be men or women) should be graduates and have library qualifications. The salary is on a scale ranging from £1,725 to £2,625.

Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should be sent to the Librarian by 30 June, 1976.

NORFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY
CENTRAL NORWICH

MOBILE LIBRARIAN
Assistant's Scale
£2,187 to £2,664

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons with an interest in Mobile Library work for a post based at County Hall, Norwich, under the County Librarian. Mobile Library Headquarters is at Hall Road, County Hall and the staff of 14 mobile libraries and a Service Van. A five-day week, Monday-Friday, is in operation.

The County Council will reimburse the fee cost of the cost of removal expenses, and up to £250 disturbance allowance.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Divisional Librarian, Central Norfolk Division, County Hall, Norwich, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of this notice.

QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE
(UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

Campden Hill Road
Kensington, London W8 7AH

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LIBRARY SEARCH in the College Library, tenable from September, 1976. Candidates should possess a good honours degree, but applications will be accepted from those awaiting examination results.

Further particulars may be obtained from the College Librarian on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Applications, naming two referees, should be sent to the College Secretary as soon as possible.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

POETRY ARENA

Ted Walker, Christopher Logue

NEW CANADIAN POETRY
[illegible]
Admission 50p (Students 25p)
For inquiries telephone Organiser 01-720 1810.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MEDIA Resources Officer, qualified experienced, married teacher seeks employment, preferably South Midlands, organizing and promoting resources and services in academic or business, education [illegible] Box 640 TLS, The Times [illegible]

LITERARY-EDITORIAL post sought by American (female) married to Sunday Times correspondent. Ph.D., M.A. (Hons) English Literature. (1st) Previous editorial experience. Apprenticeship with Yorkshire Post. Competent in typescript, proficient in [illegible] reviews, considering leaving Yorkshire. Prefer London, but will consider other locations. Salary £3,000 p.a. Box 642 TLS, The Times [illegible]

SAMUEL BECKETT—" MURPHY "—

leaves from the original autograph manuscript of this his first novel written in 1935-1938. Closely written on 8 x 10in exercise book paper, heavily revised, altered and reworked throughout, illustrating undoubtedly the incredibly intensive re-creation of Samuel Beckett

A limited number of leaves on offer

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During the week of the London Book Fair from Monday to Friday, June 13 to 17, telephone: 636 4186, between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. to make an appointment: we are 2 minutes from Oxford Circus Underground Station: and see a selection of items from our stock of rare books, first editions, autograph material and manuscripts. Enquiries and wants lists are invited. Business by post or appointment. Offers of good books or collections welcomed.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

DIVISION OF MEDICAL HISTORY
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